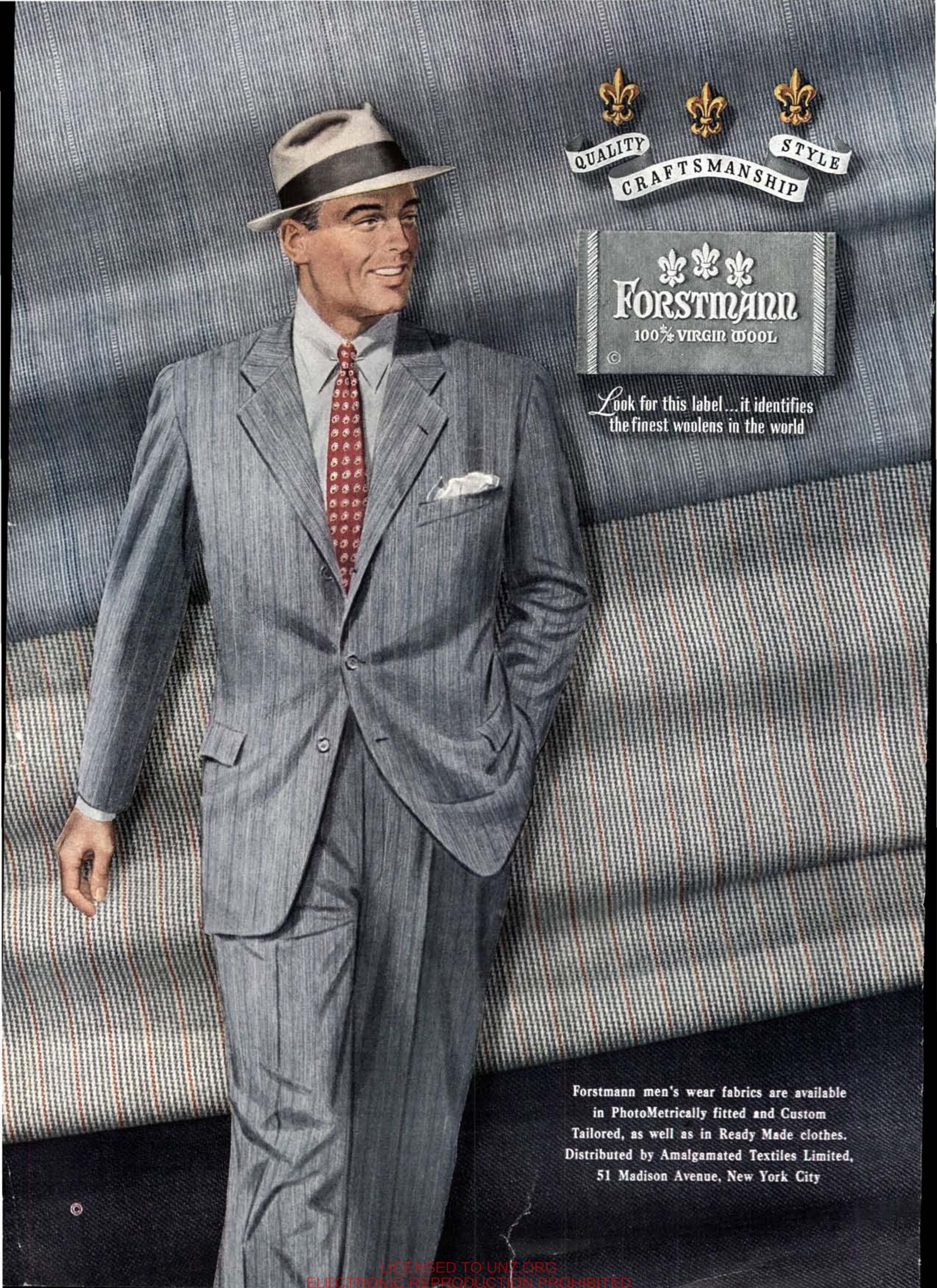
★ June 10, 1950

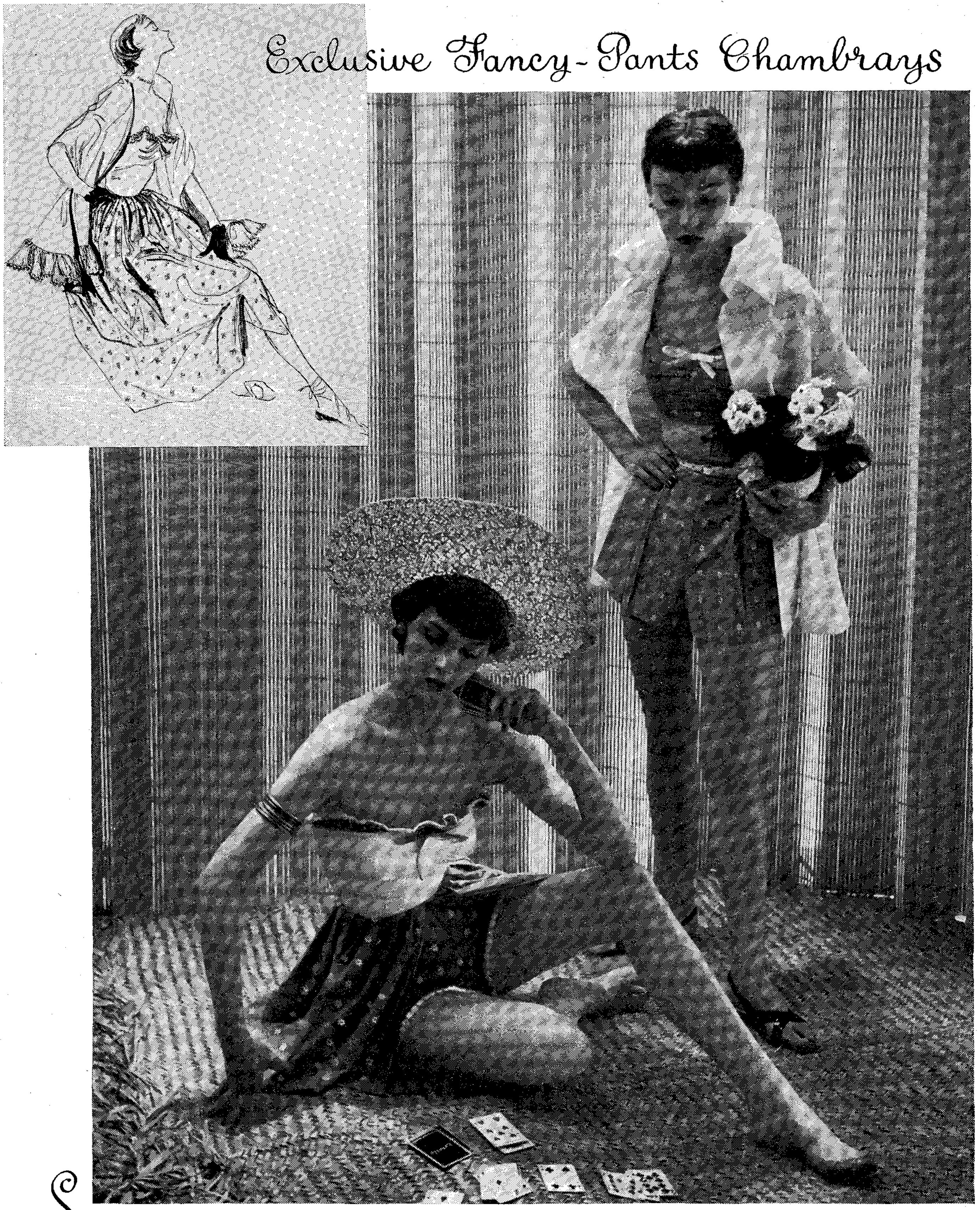
THE NEW YORKER

Price 20 cents

ICE CREAM
HOT DOG
CIRCL
FORTUNE TELLER
Helen E. Hokinson


QUALITY
CRAFTSMANSHIP
STYLE
FORSTMANN
100% VIRGIN WOOL
©
Look for this label ... it identifies the finest woolens in the world
©

Forstmann men's wear fabrics are available in PhotoMetrically fitted and Custom Tailored, as well as in Ready Made clothes. Distributed by Amalgamated Textiles Limited, 51 Madison Avenue, New York City



Exclusive Fancy-Pants Chambrays

SHARLAND

Sun-kissed series in lime, sky blue or gray cotton chambray, prettied up with starry-eyed embroidered white daisies, frosted with white piqué, then edged, here and there, with white crocheted lace. Photographed, bathing-suit with lace-edged panties, $20; two-piece playsuit with white piqué sun coat, $35. Patio Dress, sketched, with lace-edged piqué stole, $35. All in sizes 10 to 16.

Sportsclothes, Third Floor

BERGDORF GOODMAN
5th AVE. at 58th ST. • NEW YORK 19
ON THE PLAZA

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Clutterbuck—Benn W. Levy's comedy about three British couples and their complicated, rather disreputable, but frequently very amusing sexual relationships. Arthur Margetson, Ruth Matteson, and Ruth Ford. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. CI 6-9353. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, June 10.)

The Cocktail Party—T. S. Eliot's arresting play is both funny and profound, and its occasional obscurity probably won't bother you too much. Now with Henry Daniell, Margaret Phillips, and Eileen Peel. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

Come Back, Little Sheba—There is so much that is true and moving in this play about a middle-aged couple who have more or less ruined their lives that it seems a pity the author so often slips into bathos. Shirley Booth and Sidney Blackmer are superb in the leading roles, and they are capably supported by Joan Lorring, Lonny Chapman, John Randolph, Daniel A. Reed, and Olga Fabian. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Happy Time—A comedy about a high-spirited French-Canadian family and the effect its uninhibited behavior has on an adolescent boy. It is somewhat in the tradition of "I Remember Mama," but neither the wit nor the sentiment is on anything approaching that level. Claude Dauphin heads the cast. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

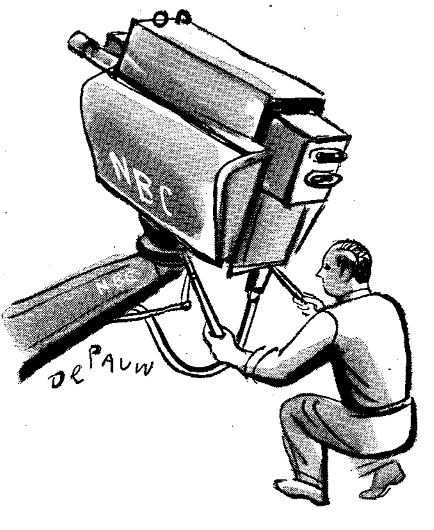
The Member of the Wedding—Carson McCullers' adaptation of her novel about a young girl's desperate need to identify herself with something or somebody has unusual humor and pathos. Ethel Waters is enormously compelling as a warmhearted old Negro woman, Julie Harris is extremely touching as the loneliest little girl in the world, and seven-year-old Brandon De Wilde gives a remarkable performance as one of her young playmates. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Wisteria Trees—Admirers of Chekhov may consider Joshua Logan's version of "The Cherry Orchard" something of a desecration, but it has its affecting interludes, thanks largely to a superlative performance by Helen Hayes. The Russians who now appear as residents of Louisiana include Kent Smith, Walter Abel, Peggy Conklin, Douglas Watson, and Bethel Leslie. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**death of a salesman:** The tragic windup of a man who suddenly comes to realize that he can't go on any more. Albert Dekker is now playing the man. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **detective story:** Sidney Kingsley's roughhouse in a New York police station, with Ralph Bellamy cast as a tough cop. (Hudson, 44th St., E. LU 2-1087. Mondays through Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 8:40; Fridays at 9. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **mister roberts:** Henry Fonda, Paul Stewart, William Harrigan, and Dick Van Patten patrolling the deck of that Navy cargo ship. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

The Consul—Gian-Carlo Menotti's one-man achievement is an opera in the true sense of the word. Neither the score nor the libretto is particularly distinguished by itself, yet in combination they are tremendously powerful. With Marie Powers, Gloria Lane, and Patricia Neway. Vera Bryner substitutes for Miss Neway at the Monday-evening and Wednesday-matinée performances. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17

Gentlemen Prefer Blondes—Lorelei Lee may not be precisely the girl she was in Anita Loos's novel, but she and her peculiar friends provide a nice, rowdy evening. Miss Loos and Joseph Fields collaborated on the book, Jule Styne did the music, and Leo Robin wrote the lyrics. Carol Channing, Yvonne Adair, and Jack McCauley are in the large and breezy cast. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Lost in the Stars—Perhaps too much of the spirit and atmosphere of Alan Paton's novel "Cry, the Beloved Country" has been lost in this adaptation for the stage, but Maxwell Anderson's libretto is frequently moving, and the score, by the late Kurt Weill, is a superior one. With Todd Duncan. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Page
BOOKS 86
THE CURRENT CINEMA 75
HORSE SHOWS AND HUNTS 85
LETTER FROM PARIS 76
OF ALL THINGS 84
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:
MARKETS AND MENUS 63
THE RACE TRACK 82
TELEVISION 44

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 9-6300
EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address.

Peter Pan—Jean Arthur is Peter, Marcia Henderson is Wendy, and Boris Karloff is both Mr. Darling and Captain Hook in this stylish and intelligent revival of the Barrie fantasy. Also, Leonard Bernstein has provided some excellent incidental music. A first-rate production, though the play itself may call for a somewhat indulgent attitude. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays and Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

Texas, Li'l Darlin'—This musical about the editor of a magazine that might well be *Life* and a political campaign in Texas is intended to be a satire, but the authors are never quite witty enough to bring it off. However, Johnny Mercer has written some bright lyrics, and Kenny Delmar, Loring Smith, and Fredd Wayne turn in pleasant performances. (Mark Hellinger, Broadway at 51st St. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Tickets, Please!—Except for a few sketches entrusted to its stars, Paul and Grace Hartman, this revue seems a little lacking in humor. Among the other performers are Dorothy Jarnac, Roger Price, Jack Albertson, Tommy Wonder, and Patricia Bright. Nine people collaborated on the music, the lyrics, and the sketches, which may be just a few too many. (Coronet, 49th St. W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**kiss me, kate:** "The Taming of the Shrew" as Shakespeare might have written it if he had had a hand from Cole Porter. Now with Keith Andes and Anne Jeffreys. (Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **south pacific:** Anybody here doesn't know about "South Pacific"? Ray Middleton has replaced Ezio Pinza, but we still have Mary Martin. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.) . . . **where's charley?:** Ray Bolger's resurrection of "Charley's Aunt." (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

A Streetcar Named Desire—A return engagement of Tennessee Williams' play, with Uta Hagen and Anthony Quinn heading the cast. Produced by Irene M. Selznick and directed by Elia Kazan. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, June 11.)

The Madwoman of Chaillot—Martita Hunt and John Carradine in a reappearance of Jean Giraudoux's play. Produced by Alfred de Liagre, Jr. Opens Tuesday, June 13, and will run through Sunday, June 25. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:30. Matinées Thursday, June 15, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Show-Off—Lee Tracy in a theatre-in-the-round production of George Kelly's comedy. Produced by David Heilweil and Derrick Lynn-Thomas, and directed by Martin Manulis. (Arena, Hotel Edison, 234 W. 47th St. PL 7-1093. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, June 17.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Except on Sundays, Jules Lande's band plays for dancing in the Garden, a summery spot where you can be sure of not getting sunburned.

Astor Roof, Broadway at 44th St. (CI 6-6000)—Through Saturday, June 10, Harry James and his band, bouncing echoes off

The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 18, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; R. H. Truax, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XXVI, No. 16, June 10, 1950. Entered as second-class matter, February 10, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1950, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Philippines, Latin America, and Spain, $7.50; Canada, $8.00; Other Foreign, $10.00.

rely on Elizabeth Arden

for the bronzed...

the beautiful body

Trust these matchless preparations
to keep you sun-lovely...never sun-sorry.

Ardena Sunpruf Cream, for a tantalizing tan, perfect under your powder... or without any powder at all. 1.25

Ardena Sun Tan Oil; leaves skin bronzed and satin-smooth; never leathery. 1.00, 1.50, 5.00

Sun Gelee; shields skin from burning rays; encourages tan. 1.00, 1.50

Eight-Hour Cream; works wonders on blemishes; prevents sun-chapped, sun-dried lips. Keeps heels, elbows smooth. 1.50, 2.50

Sun Gold harmonized makeup for sun-tanned skin.

Sleek, the scented depilatory, 1.25

Velva Leg Film, 1.25, 2.25

Blue Grass Cream Deodorant, 1.25,

New Blue Grass Liquid Deodorant, in spray bottle, 1.00

"Panama Hattie" Beach Bag; a real Panama hat (to wear), holding Sun Tan Oil, Sunpruf Cream, Ardena Skin Lotion, Milky Liquid Cleanser, Pat-A-Crême, comb and mirror. 15.00 prices plus taxes

Ardena Skin Lotion
Ardena Suntan Oil
Milky Liquid Cleanser
ARDENA
SUN-PRUF
CREAM
No 2
ELIZABETH ARDEN
NEW YORK
PAT-A-CRÊME
Elizabeth Arden

Elizabeth Arden

691 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 22, PLAza 9-2940

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17

Broadway, many stories below. On Monday, June 12, Carmen Cavallaro's band moves in. Closed Sundays.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Harold Nagel's orchestra operates during dinner on the Cascades Roof, which is closed on Sundays, and for cocktails "under the clock," except Sundays. No dancing.

Café Society, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—Art Tatum, communing with his piano, Jack Prince's mild jestings, and Charlie Parker's strident little dance band. Cliff Jackson is the interlude pianist.

Diamond Horseshoe, 235 W. 46th St. (CI 6-6500)—Ninety minutes of old-fashioned minstrel-show tumult, in which Walter Dere Wahl's mock acrobatics, the Rigoletto Brothers' mock prizefight, W. C. Handy's true-blue trumpeting, and Harry Armstrong's honest singing stand out as the principal good deeds. Dancing.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Some of our proudest peacocks preening themselves beneath the ageless palm trees. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Cotillion Room, during dinner and supper, Georgie Gobel in an anecdotal state of mind, plus Josette and Walters, who just love to dance. Stanley Melba's orchestra and Ralph Lane's rumba band play nice music. On Sundays, there is a show at dinner only. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Stanley Worth performs every day for cocktail dancing and during dinner and supper in the Café Pierre.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, at dinner and supper, Martha Stewart and the Blackburn Twins do their vaudeville show, and John Sebastian coaxes surprising sounds from his harmonica. Bob Grant's and Mark Monte's orchestras. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the Rendez-Vous Room, a replica of the Vienna of your fondest dreams, you'll find Maximillian Bergere's and Emery Deutsch's dance music after eight-thirty. . . . ¶ In the Palm Court, Leo LeFleur's cocktail-hour music. No dancing.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—In the Grill, the Three Suns and Nat Brandwynne's orchestra offer a plentiful supply of dance music. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—On the Roof, still its good-looking old self, dancing to the easygoing bands of Milt Shaw and Horace Diaz. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Every afternoon and evening, Irving Conn's orchestra supplies the clientele of the Café Lounge with music to dance to.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Blue Barron's large dance band is in the Café Rouge. Closed Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—The first green pasture the well-brought-up young man thinks of as he dons his initial pair of long trousers. Paul Rickenbacker's orchestra (to be replaced on Sunday, June 11, by Payson Ré's) and a rumba band.

Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (SC 4-8100)—Every smogless evening, you may dance as well as dine in the open air, not too near and yet not too far from the haunts of the taxicab.

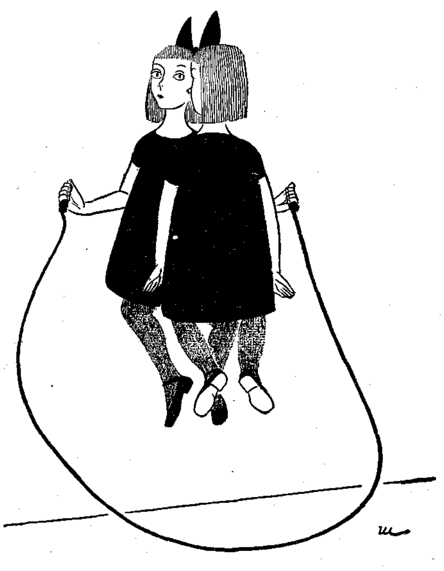
Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Through Tuesday, June 13, Luba Malina, the vernal urge in a Mainbocher gown, sings a few worldly numbers with just a pleasant trace of a Continental accent. Next evening, Monica Lewis, a domestic songbird, takes over. Emile Petti's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band for dancing.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—On the Starlight Roof, Vic Damone, a glamor-boy singer, accompanied by Ronnie Selby, appears at dinner and supper. Guy Lombardo's orchestra plays at dinner and again, assisted by Mischa Borr's band, at supper. On Sundays, no show, but the Borr band plays until ten.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): In this leafy bower, Cy Walter's bright offbeat piano, every day but Sunday, at cocktails and dinner and again later in the evening. Graham Forbes fills in on Sundays. . . . **LE COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, dean of night-life band leaders, holds forth here after eight. Phil D'Arcy's trio helps out with the dance music. Closed Sundays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): The boys from Syracuse and the bloods from Park Avenue elbow to elbow. Except Sundays, Bela Bizony's gypsy band soothes their savage breasts from dinnertime on, and Ernie Warren's trio performs after ten. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): The denizens of Radio Row uneasily taking their ease. Piano and violin after nine-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, those piano-playing overseers of new talent, are polishing up Miss Hank Fort, who sings her own peculiar Tennessee mountain music, and Herb Corey, an impressionist who does a very funny Carol Channing. Hazel Webster plays solo piano. Sunday is old-movie night; Monday is amateur night. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): A friendly Latin-American playground providing a plethora of song and dance, some of it by the house guests. Closed Sundays. . . . **NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): The bar, an amusing example of the paint-gun school of interior decorating, has Rudy Timfield doing dinner and supper piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **MADISON,** Madison Ave. at 58th St. (VO 5-5000): At cocktail time, there's Joan Bishop's piano Mondays through Fridays, and Bernie Dolen's dance band Saturdays and Sundays until nine. . . . **SHELBURNE LOUNGE,** Lexington Ave. at 37th St. (MU 9-5200): Through Wednesday, June 14, Patricia Bright, a brisk dealer in travesty; the Golden Gate Quartet; and the exemplary hot harpist Robert Maxwell. Cy Coleman's progressive new trio supplies the music. Closed Sunday. . . . **BYLINE ROOM,** 137 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4759): Except Sundays, Mabel Mercer, singer of our best grade of modern love songs, is in her small parlor, upstairs over the tumultuous Show Spot bar. Sam Hamilton is her pianist. . . . **L'AIGLON,** 13 E. 55th St. (PL 3-7296): From eight until early in the morning, except on Mondays, Louis Hawkins, from his piano, conducts a joint dinner party and community sing in the neat little second-floor Empress Room. . . . **OLD KNICK MUSIC HALL,** Second Ave. at 54th St. (PL 9-2724): A slapdash revival of Gay Nineties saloon life—sawdust, singing waiters, and the like. Paul Killiam is a funnier-than-average conférencier, and Jerry Bergen is an enchanting idiot as an old-style Dutch comic. Closed Mondays. . . . **LA COMMEDIA,** 59 W. 52nd St. (PL 9-3477): Thelma Carpenter sounds real good in this small pavilion, where (after ten-thirty) she collaborates with the piano team of Billy Kyle and Laurie Brewis, who is one of the better new English instrumentalists. Closed Mondays. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Jimmy Daniels is holding his celebrated Greenwich Village at-homes in his dignified new playroom. Norene Tate and Garland Wilson, his confreres of long standing, are at the piano, singing and clowning from dinnertime on, and Babe Hines later does her red-hot-mama songs. Closed Mondays. . . . **SHERRY NETHERLAND CAFÉ,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2800): Don Abney at the piano from seven to one, except Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ GRINZING,** 323 E. 79th St. (RE 4-9117): Fritzi Scheff, one of the great charmers of the old school, is singing at dinner and supper here every night but Monday.



BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Back to its robust normal with Dean Martin's and Jerry Lewis's brusque humor, Betty Bruce's lively dancing, a line of eight new Copa dolls, and the old, familiar faces at the ringside tables. On Thursday, June 15, a new show will be hatched. Dancing. . . . **RIVIERA,** Fort Lee, N.J. (Fort Lee 8-2000): Tin Pan Alley's sumptuous and hustling idea of country life. The major guest at the moment is Tony Martin. On Monday, June 12, Danny Thomas, whose sense of humor is bumptious but often bearable, checks in with Fran Warren, a femme-fatale thrush. Dancing. too—New York-American, Latin-American, and Coney Island-American.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Eadie and Rack, those adroit duettists, operate a pair of pianos and the town's blithest greenroom from suppertime until all hours (except Saturdays), and John Kelley, Jr., does piano weekdays during dinner. In the back room, Phil Leeds and a new group called the Mad Moiselles are the local jokesmiths. There also the Billy Williams Quartet sings gaily, and Stuart Ross and the Herman Chittison Trio make good music. . . . **LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Michael Brown, that mild-mannered inventor of satiric, sardonic, and/or Surrealist ballads; Gigi Durston, that cheerful little earful; George Hall, a Protean humorist; and an engaging young group of choristers named the Four Lads. In the background, the miraculous music of the Norman Paris Trio. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The Weavers, a happy-go-lucky group of folk singers, among them Pete Seeger and Ronnie Gilbert, toss their variegated wares around without any foolish fuss about Art. Clarence Williams' trio, in which Carl Lynch plays fine guitar, supplies dance music. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

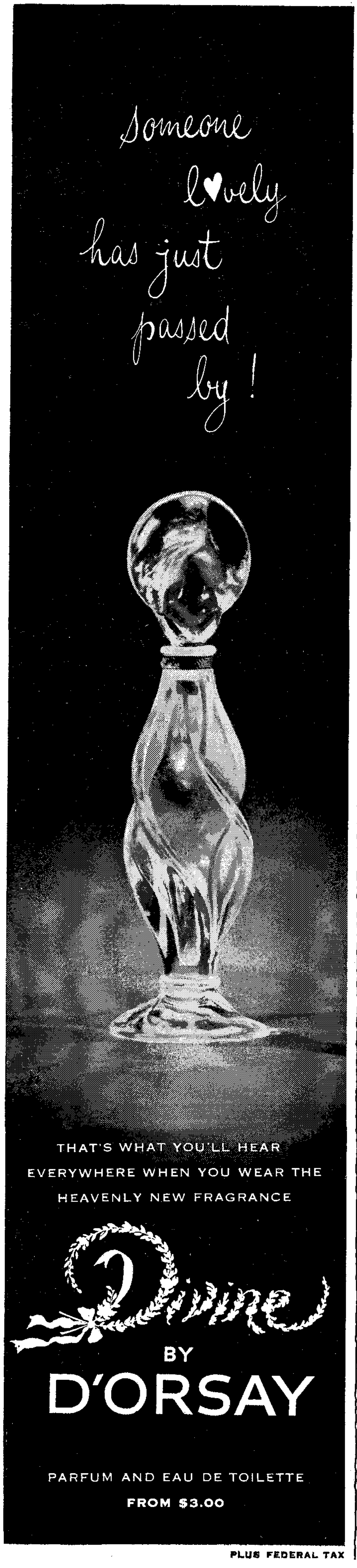
EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): This small Hall of Fame offers Wild Bill Davison and his blast-furnace trumpet, together with Peanuts Hucko, Gene Schroeder, Cutty Cutshall, Buzzy Drootin, and other hot shots. Ralph Sutton plays rich piano while they cool their instruments. Tuesday nights, when other sharpshooters drop in for target practice, are often sheer madness. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin's Dixieland band is at work here. Sunday afternoon is jam-session time. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): A new band, Dixieland in mood, made up of Jimmy Archey, Tommy Benford, Pops Foster, and Dick Wellstood, among others. Don Frye is at the piano between sets. Jam sessions Monday nights; closed Sundays. Dancing. . . . **BOP CITY,** 1619 Broadway, at 49th St. (JU 6-3170): On Thursday, June 15, one of the treats of the season will be unwrapped—Louis Armstrong's all-star jazz, produced by himself, Jack Teagarden, Earl Hines, Barney Bigard, Cozy Cole, and Arvell Shaw, plus George Shearing's all-abstract music, compounded by himself, Margie Hyams, Denzil Best, Chuck Wayne, and John Levy. Closed

Only
by
Vanity Fair

Cascades of
permanent pleats
create the
beautiful bodice
and slender fullness
of this graceful
slip in peerless
nylon tricot.

© 1950, VANITY FAIR MILLS, INC. • EXECUTIVE OFFICES, READING, PA.

MARK SHAW



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Mondays. . . . **PARK SHERATON**, Seventh Ave. at 55th St. (CI 7-8000): The Mermaid Room has suddenly come to life with Joe Bushkin's fiery trio, which is in action every evening but Sunday. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (CI 7-9134): Errol Garner, now equipped with a trio, plays masterly piano, and Bud Powell, Fats Navarro, J. J. Johnson, and others fill in. Jam sessions Mondays, when Mr. Garner takes a night off. . . . **STUYVESANT CASINO**, 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-5289): Those Friday jazz sessions. On June 9, the bands of Sidney de Paris (Pops Foster, James P. Johnson, and Jimmy Archey) and Wild Bill Davison (Joe Sullivan, Vic Dickerson, and Tony Sbarbaro). Dancing. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): More Friday-night welkin-ringing rituals, involving (on June 9) Big Sid Catlett, Joe Marsala, Willie the Lion Smith, Edmond Hall, and J. C. Higginbotham. Dancing.

IN THE COUNTRY

DANCING—**GLEN ISLAND CASINO**, New Rochelle, N.Y. (New Rochelle 6-6500): Through Wednesday, June 14, Steve Kisley's orchestra. The next night, Gene Williams' band replaces it. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHANTICLER**, Millburn, N.J. (Millburn 6-1454): Mace Irish's orchestra, except Mondays.

DINNER—Places to dine (without dancing, unless noted) while out motoring—**BETHPAGE, L.I.:** Beau Sejour (Hicksville 3-0091); closed Tuesdays. . . . **CLOSTER, N.J.:** Closter Manor (Closter 5-0277); closed Mondays. . . . **COLD SPRING HARBOR, L.I.:** Mooring-on-the-Sound (Cold Spring Harbor 998). . . . **CONGERS, N.Y.:** Jean's (Congers 8-6178); closed Mondays. . . . **CROTON FALLS, N.Y.:** Massé's (Croton Falls 7-8560); closed Tuesdays. . . . **DANBURY, CONN.:** White Turkey Inn (Danbury 3-2726); closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Fox Hill, on Route 7 between Danbury and Ridgefield (Ridgefield 870). . . . **DOVER PLAINS, N.Y.:** Old Drovers Inn (Dover Plains 2781). . . . **EAST HAMPTON, L.I.:** Sea Spray Inn (East Hampton 475). . . **EAST NORWICH, L.I.:** Rothmann's Inn (Oyster Bay 6-0266). . . . **FISHKILL, N.Y.:** Boni's Inn (Beacon 167). . . . ¶ Gertrude Hart's (Beacon 979). . . . **GARRISON, N.Y.:** Bird and Bottle (Garrison 4-3342); closed Tuesdays. . . . **GLENWOOD LANDING, L.I.:** Swan Club (Roslyn 3-0037); dancing every evening except Monday. . . . **HAMPTON BAYS, L.I.:** Cruiser Club (Hampton Bays 342); closed Tuesdays. . . . ¶ Canoe Place Inn (Hampton Bays 150). . . . **HARTSDALE, N.Y.:** Tordo's (White Plains 8-0597). . . . **LAKE SUCCESS, N.Y.:** Mori's (Great Neck 2-3600); closed Tuesdays. . . . **NEW HOPE, PA.:** Tow-Path House (New Hope 3784). . . . **NORWALK, CONN.:** Silvermine Tavern (Norwalk 6-2588). . . . ¶ Stirrup-Cup (Norwalk 6-5044); dancing on Saturday evenings. . . . ¶ Jolly Fisherman (Norwalk 8-3246). . . . **POUNDRIDGE, N.Y.:** Emily Shaw's Inn (Poundridge 4-9371); closed Mondays. . . . **RIDGEFIELD, CONN.:** Hearthstone Outpost Inn (Ridgefield 1120). . . . ¶ Stonehenge (Ridgefield 232); Peter Walters at the piano. . . . **ROSLYN, L.I.:** Blue Spruce Inn (Roslyn 3-3300); closed Mondays. . . . **SMITHTOWN, L.I.:** Riverside Inn (Smithtown 1016); closed Tuesdays. . . . **SOUTHAMPTON, L.I.:** Bowden Square (Southampton 788). . . . **SOUTH HUNTINGTON, L.I.:** Round Hill (Huntington 1371); closed Mondays. . . . **SYOSSET, L.I.:** Stockholm (Syosset 6-1798); closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Villa Victor (Syosset 6-1706). . . . **TARRYTOWN, N.Y.:** Tappan Hill (Tarrytown 4-3031); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings. . . . **WAPPINGERS FALLS, N.Y.:** Wendover Farms (Poughkeepsie 8100); dancing on Saturday evenings. . . . **WESTBURY, L.I.:** Westbury Manor (Westbury 7-2184). . . . **WESTPORT, CONN.:** Red Barn (Westport 2-3971). . . . **YORKTOWN HEIGHTS, N.Y.:** Croton Heights Inn (Yorktown Heights 2-4090); closed Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries open around 10 and close between 5 and 6, Mondays through Saturdays.)

GALLERIES

AFRO—Oils by one of the leading Italian abstractionists, in his first one-man showing in America. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.; through June 9.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY AND NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS—Its annual exhibition, containing over a hundred and thirty works in various mediums. (American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St. Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5; through June 30.)

ART BY MENTAL PATIENTS—Paintings, drawings, and sculptures, some of them oddly interesting, by psychotherapy patients at Boston's Metropolitan Hospital. (Brown, 2 W. 46th St. Mondays through Fridays, 8:30 to 6; Thursday evenings until 9; through June 15.)

CHINESE ART—An agreeable showing of scroll paintings, statuettes, bronzes, pottery, and other objects from the Sung and Yuan dynasties. (China House, 125 E. 65th St.; through June 12. Closed Saturdays.)

DUCCIO TO DALI—Twenty pictures, in a random but generally worth-while selection that runs from pre-Renaissance Italian to modern European and American. (Delius, 116 E. 57th St.; through June 20.)

EAST MEETS WEST—Paintings, curiously similar in style, by the American Wallace Putnam and the Chinese San Yu. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.; through June 15. Closed Saturdays.)

EUROPEAN—Paintings by Matta, Magritte, Ernst, Miró, and other modern European masters. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.; through June 10.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **DURLACHER**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings and drawings by Walter Stuempfig, Pavel Tchelitchew, Peter Blume, Barbara Hepworth, and other living American and English artists; through June 30. Closed Saturdays. . . . **FEIGL**, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: American and European moderns, among them Vaclav Vytlacil, Chaim Soutine, and James Ensor; through July 22. . . . **FERARGIL**, 63 E. 57th St.: A pleasantly varied collection of oils and other works by such gallery members as Joseph Foshko, Maxwell Mays, and Lucius Crowell; through July 31. Closed Saturdays. . . . **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57th St.: Oils by Milton Avery, Pedro Figari, Pierre Grimm, and Eric Isenburger; through June 30. Closed Saturdays. . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 32 E. 57th St.: Oils, water colors, and sculptures by the gallery's artists, among them William Kienbusch, Russell Cowles, and Robert Laurent; through June 30. Closed Saturdays. . . . **MATISSE**, 41 E. 57th St.: Miró, Giacometti, Picasso, Dubuffet, MacIver, and others, in a showing of oils and sculptures; through June 30. . . . **PARSONS**, 15 E. 57th St.: Oils, 1949-50, by members of the gallery, including Ad Reinhardt, Jackson Pollock, and Hedda Sterne; through June 16. Closed Saturdays. . . . **PERSPECTIVES**, 34 E. 51st St.: A number of assorted objects—guitars, masks, mobile paintings, chess sets, and so on—made by Calder, Hayter, Man Ray, and other artists, in moments of whimsey. Weekdays, noon to 6; through June 10. . . . **WEYHE**, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.: A well-balanced collection of water colors by Bruno Krauskopf, Mary Thomas, Dorothy Sturm, and others. Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 5; Saturdays, 9:30 to noon; through July 28.

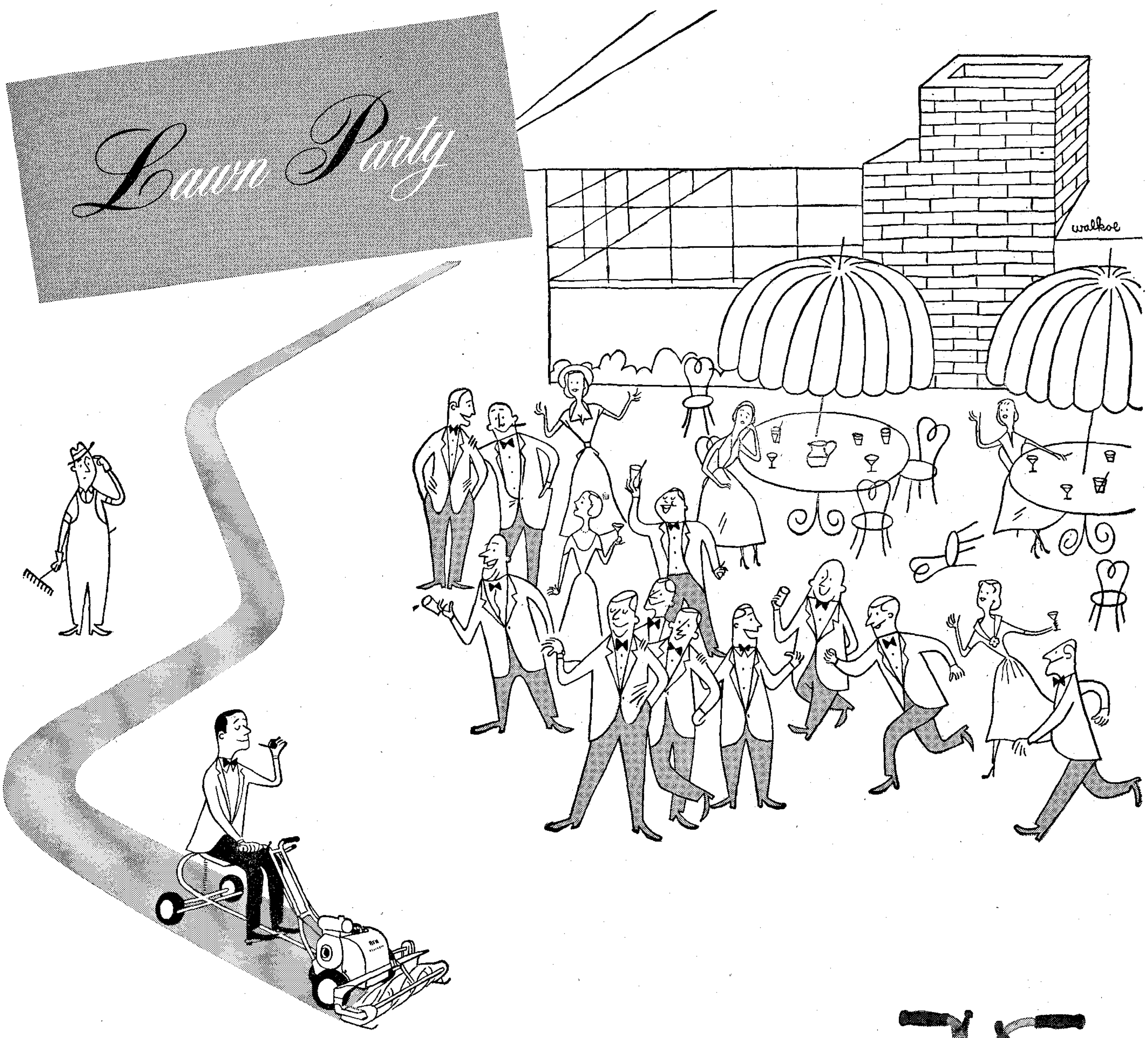
PAUL KLEE—Adroit and incisive abstractions, in an exhibition devoted mainly to his earlier pieces. (New Art Circle, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 1; through June 30.)

LANDSCAPES—A small selection of French, Dutch, and English scenes, with examples by Courbet, Ruysdael, Constable, artists of the Barbizon school, and other famous exponents. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.; through June 30. Closed Saturdays.)

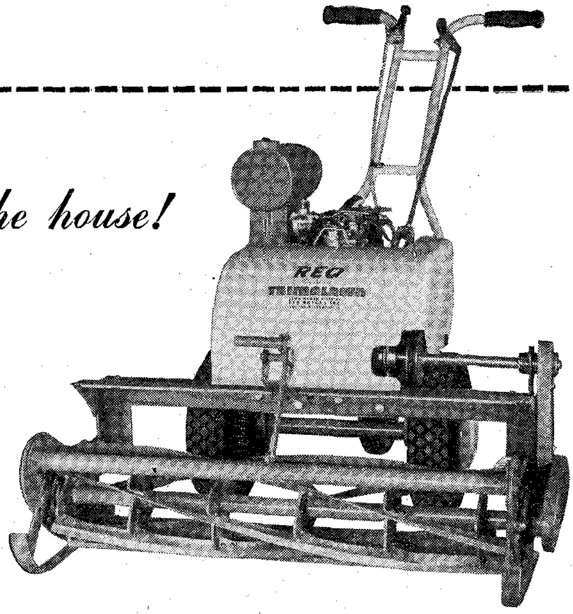
MODERN FRENCH—Paintings by Braque, Picasso, Rouault, Bombois, Utrillo, Dufy, and others whose works might be called classics of the modern movement. (Perls, 32 E. 58th St.; through June 30. Closed Saturdays.)

SEONG MOY—The second one-man show of abstract paintings by a young Chinese-born artist, many of them based, though remotely, on traditional Chinese themes. (Hacker, 24 W. 58th St.; through June 30.)

EDVARD MUNCH—Etchings and drawings by the late Norwegian artist, who was one of the



It's so nice to run a **REO** *'round the house!*



A Reo De Luxe Trimalawn Power Mower, *that* is! That's why you'll find a Reo *on* all the best places. In fact a Reo Trimalawn transforms a common, frowzy plot of grass into a lawn fit for entertaining royalty.

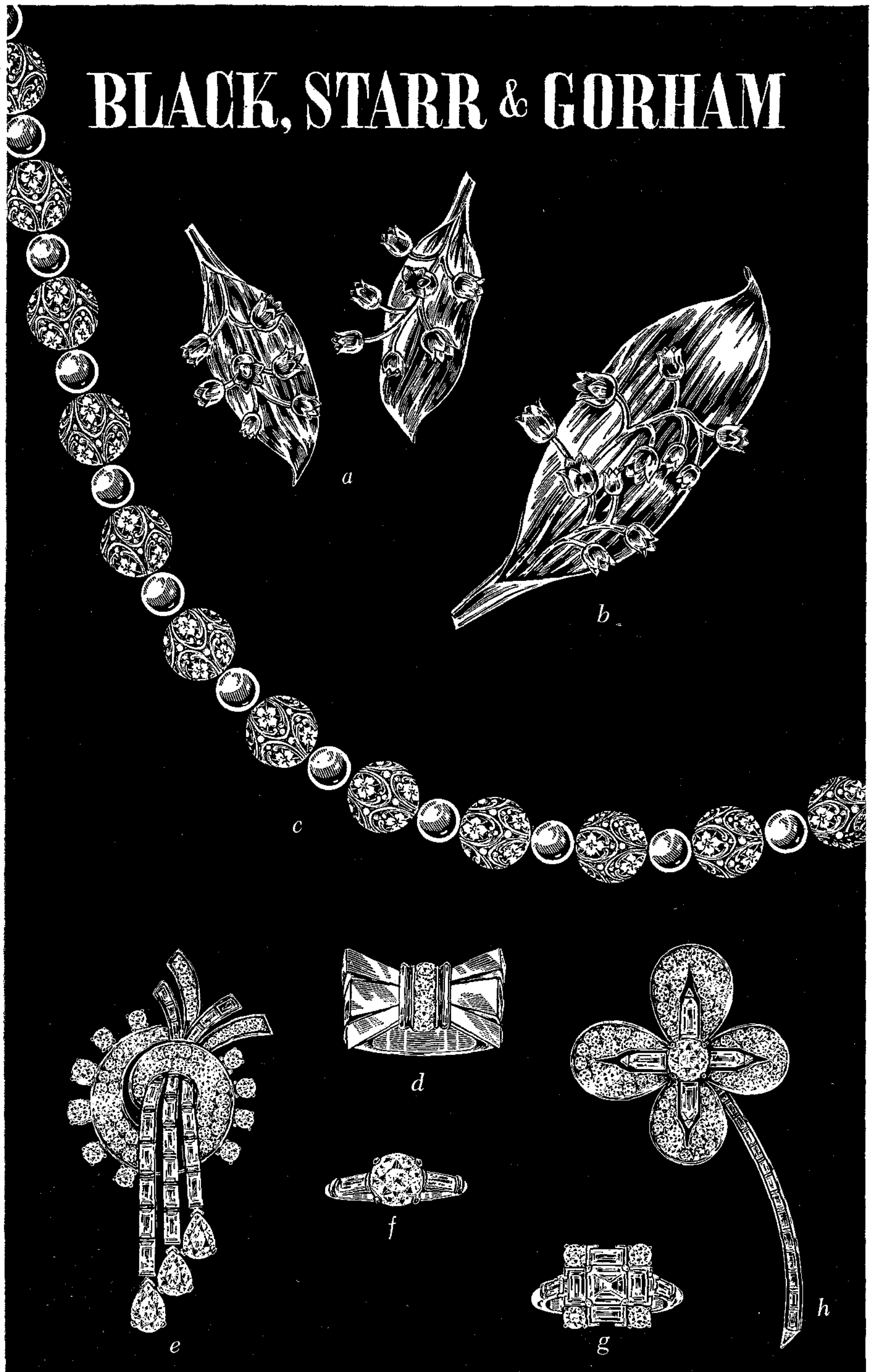
This is no ordinary power mower—it's known as a "trimmer" type, heretofore restricted to vast estates or country club areas, but cleverly adapted by Reo to the needs and pocket books of the average home owner.

There's a Reo Power Lawn Mower dealer near you—probably listed in your classified telephone directory. Ask him to demonstrate the Reo De Luxe Trimalawn on your lawn.

DE LUXE TRIMALAWN • 25″ cutting width • 1½ hp, 4-cycle Reo engine; may be equipped with riding sulky, extra wing units and snow plow.

REO MOTORS, INC., Lawn Mower Division, Lansing 20, Michigan

BLACK, STARR & GORHAM



ACCESSORIES OF BEAUTY

14K Gold: *a.* lily-of-the-valley earrings, *$160* pair . . . *b.* matching brooch, *$270* . . . *c.* filigree bead necklace, *$150* . . . *d.* bowknot ring with diamonds, *$365* . . . Diamonds and Platinum: *e.* brooch, *$3350* . . . *f.* solitaire, *$1800* . . . *g.* ring, *$1225* . . . *h.* clover brooch, *$3550.*

Shown Actual Size • Federal Tax Included

Mail Orders Promptly Filled

FIFTH AVENUE AT 48TH STREET, NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

EAST ORANGE MANHASSET WHITE PLAINS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

forerunners of Expressionism. (Kleemann, 65 E. 57th St.; through June 30.)

National Association of Women Artists—The annual showing of oils, water colors, sculpture, and prints, with almost four hundred entries. (National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5; through June 21.)

Chris Ritter—Semi-abstract oils, water colors, and prints, done in the last year or so. (Laurel, 108 E. 57th St.; through June 9.)

Sculpture—An outdoor exhibition of works by members of the National Sculpture Society and the National Academy. (National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St. Daily, 11 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through Aug. 31.)

The Woman in French Painting—As seen through the eyes of the painters from the more or less ascetic sixteenth century through the frivolous seventeenth and eighteenth and the Impressionistic nineteenth. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.; through Sept. 2.)

Some of This Week's Openings—At the PINACOTHECA, 40 E. 68th St.: Toni La Selle. Mondays through Fridays, 1:30 to 5:30; through June 29. . . . ¶ Group shows at the BABCOCK, 38 E. 57th St.; through Sept 9. Closed Saturdays. BUCHHOLZ, 32 E. 57th St.; through June 30. Closed Saturdays. CONTEMPORARY ARTS, 106 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 10:30; through Aug. 31. DOWNTOWN, 32 E. 51st St.; through June 30. KOOTZ, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.; through June 30. MIDTOWN, 605 Madison Ave., at 58th St.; through June 30. JACQUES SELIGMANN, 5 E. 57th St.; through June 30.

Note—The semiannual art exhibit in Washington Square will be on view daily, from noon until dark, through Sunday, June 11.

MUSEUMS

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Recently acquired American Indian and pre-Columbian Mexican material is now on display. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; through Sept. 4.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An anniversary show, consisting of works of art looted by the Nazis from Jewish homes and synagogues, along with woodcuts by Ilya Schor depicting the prewar life of East European Jews. (Mondays through Thursdays, 3 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6; through Aug. 31.)

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Twentieth-century American and European glass, including pieces manufactured by Steuben, Lalique, Orrefors, and others; through Sept. 17. . . . ¶ An exhibition of American paintings, drawings, and prints from 1900 through 1950 will open on Friday, June 16. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A large, comprehensive, and spirited showing of works by the late American watercolorist Charles Demuth, plus an illuminating retrospective (1922-48) of paintings by Franklin C. Watkins; both through June 11. . . . ¶ In the Museum garden (entrance at 4 W. 54th St.), a one-story house, designed by Gregory Ain; through Oct. 29. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

MUSIC

Opera—The AFTER DINNER OPERA COMPANY: "The Jumping Frog of Caleveras County" (New York première), by Lukas Foss; "Triple Sec," by Marc Blitzstein; and "Grounds for Marriage," by J. S. Bach; through Sunday, June 11. . . . ¶ "In a Garden," by Meyer Kupferman (with a libretto by Gertrude Stein); "Savitri," by Gustav Holst; and "The Boor," by Marc Bucci; starting Wednesday, June 14. (Master Institute Theatre, Riverside Dr. at 103rd St. Wednesdays through Sundays, at 8:30. For tickets, call PL 7-5587.) . . . SALMAGGI OPERA: "Madame Butterfly," Friday, June 16; and "La Traviata," Saturday, June 17. (Triborough Stadium, Randalls Island. Evenings at 8:45. For tickets, call CO 5-8861.)

Goldman Band—Edwin Franko Goldman conducting the first in this year's series of Gug-

BY APPOINTMENT
PERFUMERS TO
H. M. QUEEN MARY.
YARDLEY, LONDON

Lavender goes to your heart

Let the fresh breath of Lavender put you in the mood for fun the whole day through. Begin with Lavender Soap, richly fragrant so that it's really refreshing. Add a smooth, fragrant cover of Lavender Dusting Powder. And then, to make you more enchanting, no matter what the day may bring, finish with Yardley English Lavender. Use it generously, so it becomes a part of you.

YARDLEY

English Lavender

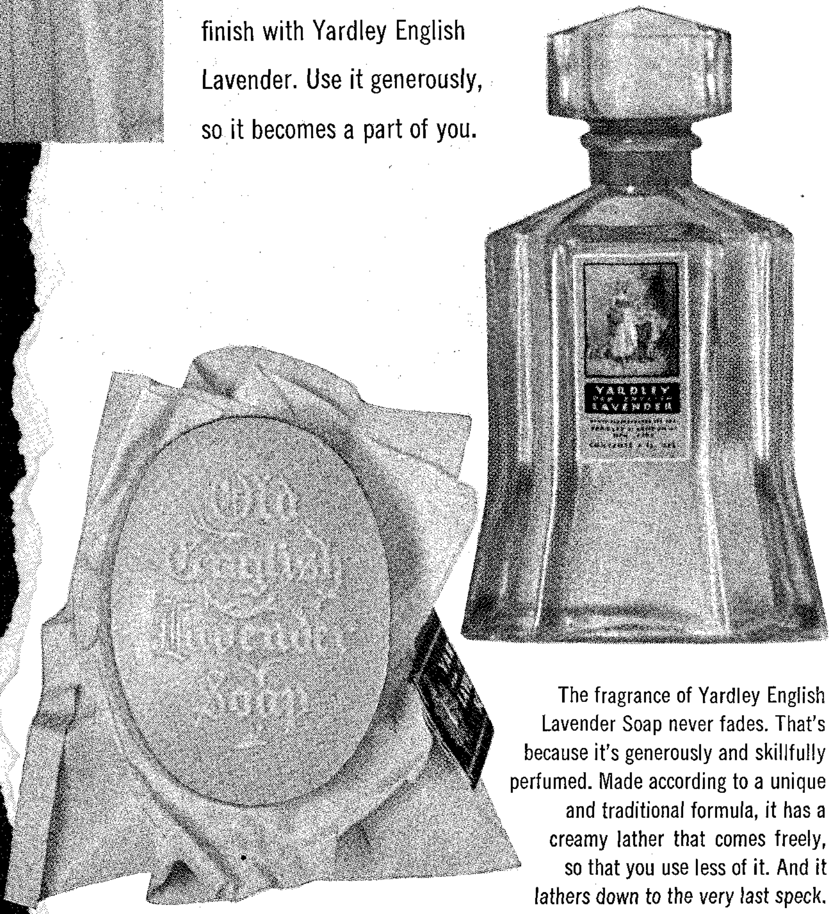
Yardley English Lavender,
from $1.75*

Dusting Powder, $1.50*

Yardley English Lavender Soap,
$1.35 (box of three)

Bath size, 75c a tablet

*Plus tax



The fragrance of Yardley English Lavender Soap never fades. That's because it's generously and skillfully perfumed. Made according to a unique and traditional formula, it has a creamy lather that comes freely, so that you use less of it. And it *lathers down to the very last speck.* It's double-wrapped to treasure the fragrance.

Yardley products for America are created in England and finished in the U.S.A. from the original English formulae, combining imported and domestic ingredients. Yardley of London, Inc., 620 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C.

DISCRIMINATING PEOPLE PREFER HERBERT TAREYTON

HERBERT TAREYTON
CIGARETTES
Cork Tip
MODERN SIZE
TAREYTON

MR. TOWNSEND BROWN, II, popular member of New York and Chicago society. Discriminating in his choice of cigarettes, Mr. Brown says: "No other cigarette can compare with Herbert Tareyton for value."

Discriminating people prefer Herbert Tareyton *because they pay no more for this better cigarette.* They appreciate the kind of smoking that only a genuine cork tip can give . . . the cork tip doesn't stick to the lips, it's clean and firm. And discriminating people prefer Herbert Tareyton because their modern size not only means a longer, cooler smoke, but that extra measure of fine tobacco makes Herbert Tareyton today's most unusual cigarette value.

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THEM YOU'LL LIKE

Copr., The American Tobacco Company

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

genheim Memorial Concerts. (Central Park Mall. Friday, June 16, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

Automobile Road Race—Latter-day Barney Oldfields, doing their best to get no place in particular in a hell of a hurry. Among the events will be a hundred-mile cross-country dash by members of the Sports Car Club of America and other organizations, and a race between some antique cars. (Bridgehampton, L.I. Saturday, June 10; first race at 10 A.M.)

Baseball—At YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Detroit, Thursday, June 8, at 8:30, and Friday, June 9, at 2:30.... ¶ Yankees vs. St. Louis, Saturday, June 10, at 2, and Sunday, June 11, at 2:05 (doubleheader).... POLO GROUNDS: Giants vs. Pittsburgh, Tuesday, June 13, at 8:30, and Wednesday and Thursday, June 14-15, at 2:30.... ¶ Giants vs. Chicago, Friday, June 16, at 8:30, and Saturday, June 17, at 2:30.... EBBETS FIELD: Dodgers vs. Chicago, Tuesday, June 13, at 8:30, and Wednesday and Thursday, June 14-15, at 1:30.... ¶ Dodgers vs. St. Louis, Friday, June 16, at 8:30, and Saturday, June 17, at 2.

Crew—Intercollegiate Rowing Association Regatta. (Marietta, Ohio. Saturday, June 17.)

Fencing—National Championships—Friday, June 9, at 6:30: Men's Sabre Team. (Salle Santelli, Henry Hudson Hotel, 353 W. 57th St. CO 5-6100.) . . . ¶ Saturday, June 10, at 10:30: Men's Foil Team. (Saltus Club, Y.M.C.A., 215 W. 23rd St. CH 3-1982.) . . . ¶ Saturday, June 10, at 7:30: Women's Foil Team, preliminaries. (Fencers Club, 320 E. 53rd St. EL 5-8898.) . . . ¶ Sunday, June 11, at 10:30: Men's Epée Team. (Fencers Club.) . . . ¶ Sunday, June 11, at 8: Women's Foil Team, finals. (Fencers Club.) . . . ¶ Monday, June 12, at 6:30: Men's Three-Weapon Team. (Saltus Club.) . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 13, at 1: Women's Foil Individual, preliminaries. (Fencers Club.) . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 13, at 7:30: Women's Foil Individual, finals. (Fencers Club.) . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 14, at 10:30: Men's Foil Individual, preliminaries. (New York Athletic Club, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-5100.) . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 14, at 7:30: Men's Foil Individual, finals. (Salle Santelli.) . . . ¶ Thursday, June 15, at 10:30: Men's Epée Individual, preliminaries. (New York Athletic Club.) . . . ¶ Thursday, June 15, at 7:30: Men's Epée Individual, finals. (New York Athletic Club.) . . . ¶ Friday, June 16, at 10:30: Men's Sabre Individual. (Fencers Club.) . . . ¶ Friday, June 16, at 8:30: Final Individual, all weapons. (Roosevelt Hotel, Madison Ave. at 45th St. MU 6-9200.)

Golf—U.S.G.A. Open Championship. (Merion Golf Club, Ardmore, Pa. Thursday through Saturday, June 8-10.) . . . ¶ New Jersey State Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Montclair Golf Club, Montclair. Thursday through Sunday, June 8-11.) . . . ¶ Metropolitan Golf Association Intercollegiate Championship. (Nassau Country Club, Glen Cove. Tuesday, June 13.) . . . ¶ Palm Beach Invitation Tournament. (Wykagyl Country Club, New Rochelle. Thursday through Sunday, June 15-18.)

Horse Shows—Upperville Colt and Horse Show. (Upperville, Va. Friday and Saturday, June 9-10.) . . . ¶ Greenwich Horse Show. (Greenwich, Conn. Saturday and Sunday, June 10-11.) . . . ¶ Ox Ridge Hunt Club Horse Show. (Darien, Conn. Friday through Sunday, June 16-18.)

Polo—Sundays at 3:30—BOSTWICK FIELD, Westbury.... BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase.

Racing—At BELMONT PARK: Daily at 1:15; through Saturday, June 10. The Belmont Stakes, Saturday, June 10. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track Thursday and Friday between 11 and 1, and Saturday between 10:47 and 1:25.) . . . AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:15, from Monday, June 12, through Tuesday, July 4. The Queen's County Handicap, Monday, June 12; the Tremont, Wednesday, June 14; and the Shevlin, Saturday, June 17. (Trains will leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11:10 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:47 and

Traditional graduation gift

for either son or daughter is a fine watch.

"It's from Tiffany" has also been a continuing tradition

in many families from generation to generation.

14 kt. Gold Watches
Man's watch with oblong dial, 17 jewel Concord $ 71.
with round dial, 17 jewel International 255.
Woman's watch with round dial, 17 jewel Mathey-Tissot 45.
Watch bracelet, 17 jewel Movado,
set with rubies and diamonds 495.

Prices include Federal Tax
We give mail orders prompt attention.

TIFFANY & CO. FIFTH AVENUE & 57TH STREET, NEW YORK

LINEN'S THE WORD:
THE FIRST WORD FOR GENTLE GROOMING
AND THE LAST WORD IN STYLE TODAY!

Over the years, Linen has become a one-word synonym for Taste in a Well-Bred Wardrobe. Today, it's a one-word sign-post to Outstanding Style, in addition.

Rogers Peet has it in Jackets, Slacks, Bermuda Shorts and Caps . . . in a wide choice of the wonderful colors* which only fine Linen produces . . . in a superb Linen woven *crease-resistant* in Ireland.

JACKETS, $37.50. BERMUDA SHORTS, $14.95.
SLACKS, $18. CAPS, $3.75.

*Jackets and Shorts in Navy, Grey, Eggshell, Toast or Maize (Shorts also in Red or Green) . . . Slacks in Grey, Eggshell, Toast, Maize or Red . . . Caps in all colors.

MAIL ORDERS INVITED

Rogers Peet Company

A label that spells character

In New York:
Fifth Avenue
at 41st Street

Thirteenth St.
at Broadway

Warren Street
at Broadway

And in Boston:
Tremont St.
at Bromfield St.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

1:25.) . . . **MONMOUTH PARK**, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2:30, from Friday, June 16, through Wednesday, Aug. 9. (Boats will leave Pier 80, W. 40th St., at 11:15, and Pier 1, Battery Pl., at noon. They will be met by buses for the track.)

TENNIS—Sears Cup Matches. (Baltimore Country Club, Baltimore. Friday and Saturday, June 9-10.) . . . ¶ Church Cup Matches. (Philadelphia Cricket Club, Philadelphia. Friday through Sunday, June 16-18.)

TROTTING—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:40; through Saturday, Sept. 23. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Thursdays at 7:03, and Fridays and Saturdays at 6:49 and 7:03.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—At Lake Success, visitors are admitted Mondays through Fridays to meetings of the Security Council, the Interim Committee of the General Assembly, the Trusteeship Council, the Atomic Energy Commission, the Commission on Conventional Armaments, the Technical Assistance Program (starting Monday, June 12), and various commissions of the Economic and Social Council. For tickets, call FIeldstone 7-1100, Ext. 2156, the day before you want to go. Frequent trains leave Penn Station for Great Neck, where they connect with buses for Lake Success. Incidentally, questions about the United Nations can be answered by the Information Center for the United Nations, 535 Fifth Ave., at 44th St., MU 7-0877.

QUEEN MARY'S RUG—The needle point rug that Britain's Dowager Queen stitched up over a period of eight years. (Theodore Roosevelt House, 28 E. 20th St. Weekdays, 10 to 5; Tuesday evening until 9; and Sunday, 1 to 5; through Friday, June 16.)

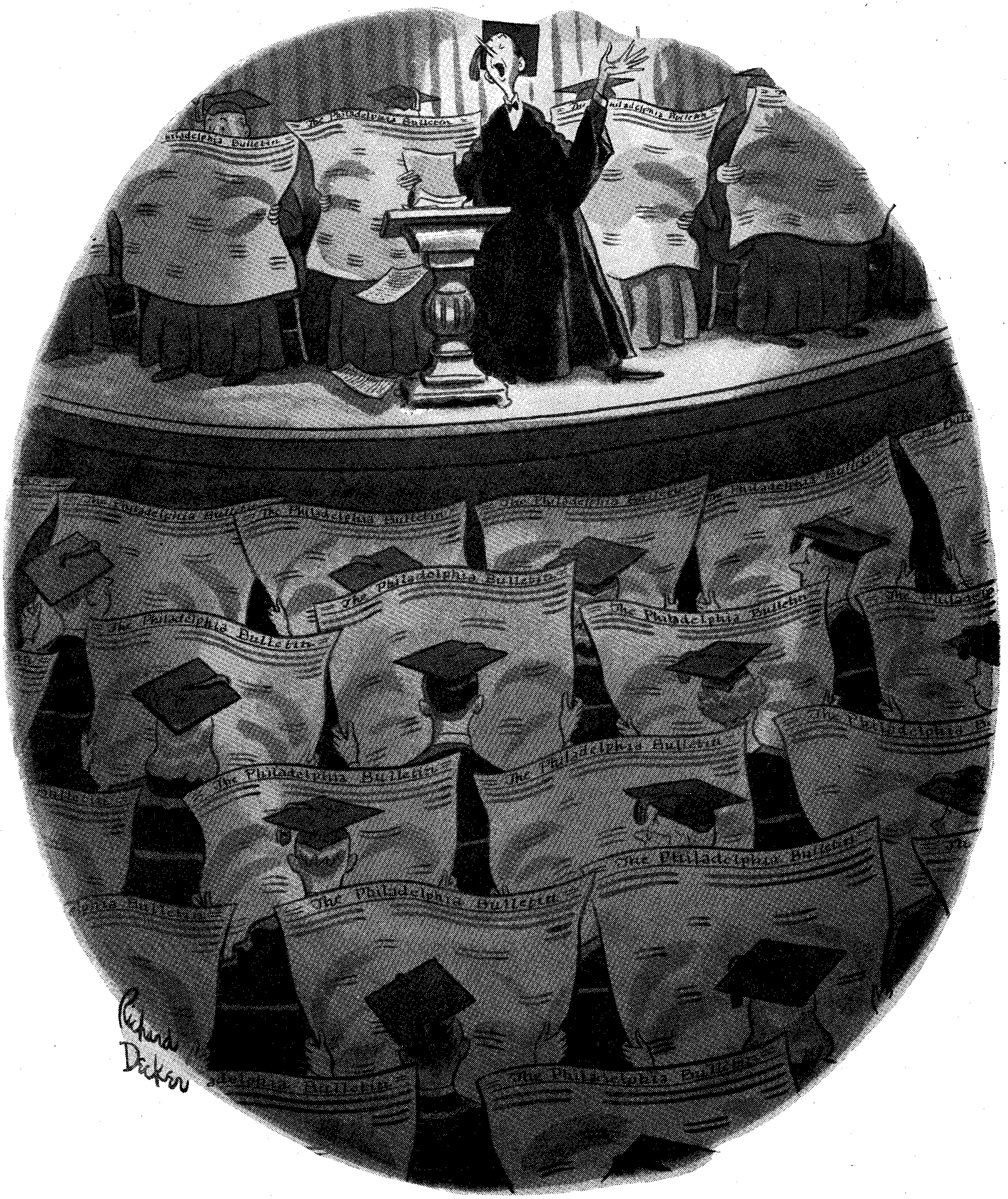
FLOWER SHOW—The annual peony and rose show, sponsored by the Horticultural Society of New York and other organizations. (Essex House, 160 Central Park S. Tuesday, June 13, from 2:30 to 10, and Wednesday, June 14, from 10 to 4.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.—Garden and other furniture, sculptures, and paintings, owned by Mrs. John W. Cutler and others. (Thursday, June 8, at 10:30 and 2.) . . . ¶ French and English furniture, tapestries, paintings, and other decorations, the property of the late C. Ledyard Blair. (Exhibition at Blairsden, Peapack-Gladstone, N.J., Friday, June 9, from 10 to 5; auction at the same place, Saturday, June 10, at 10:15 and 1:45. A limited number of persons will be admitted to the auction. For information about tickets, call TR 9-8300.) . . . ¶ Eighteenth-century French furniture, paintings by Renoir and other artists, rugs, and china, owned by Mrs. L. Arnault. (Exhibition at 972 Fifth Ave., Tuesday and Wednesday, June 13-14, from 10 to 5; auction at the same place, Thursday, June 15, at 10 and 2. A limited number of persons will be admitted to the auction. For information about tickets, call TR 9-8300.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM—The show for the month of June is "Color in the Sky," which deals with rainbows, the northern lights, and such. (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)

TRANSATLANTIC LINERS—Queen Mary: Sails Thursday, June 8, at 1 P.M. . . . ¶ Ile-de-France: Sails Thursday, June 8, at 4 P.M. . . . ¶ Caronia: Arrives Friday, June 9; sails Saturday, June 10, at 3:30 P.M. . . . ¶ Media: Sails Friday, June 9, at 3:30 P.M. . . . ¶ Nieuw Amsterdam: Sails Friday, June 9, at 4 P.M. . . . ¶ De Grasse: Sails Saturday, June 10, at 11 A.M. . . . ¶ Queen Elizabeth: Arrives Wednesday, June 14; sails Friday, June 16, at midnight. . . . ¶ Parthia: Arrives Saturday, June 17. . . . ¶ Washington: Arrives Saturday, June 17.

COMMENCEMENT DATES—Barnard and Columbia, Thursday, June 8; Dartmouth, Sunday, June 11; Vassar, Monday, June 12; Yale, Monday, June 12; and Princeton, Tuesday, June 13.


The Philadelphia Bulletin
Richard Decker

In Philadelphia nearly everybody reads The Bulletin

(*Advertisement*)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Adam's Rib—Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn enmeshed in some stimulating courtroom shenanigans. Also on hand are Judy Holliday and Tom Ewell, who do the film a lot of good. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; starting June 13.)

Annie Get Your Gun—A faithful translation to the screen of the lively musical comedy about Annie Oakley, the sharpshooter, for which Irving Berlin created all kinds of fine tunes. Betty Hutton may be a little too jittery as Annie, but Keenan Wynn, Louis Calhern, Howard Keel, and J. Carrol Naish are right on the target. (State, B'way at 45th, LU 2-5070.)

The Astonished Heart—There's wit enough in this one, which presents Noel Coward as author and actor, to make you overlook some threadbare notions about extra-marital love among the middle-aged. An English film. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; through June 9. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; June 13-14.)

The Bicycle Thief—A chronicle of the quest for a stolen bicycle by a workman and his son, transformed by Vittorio de Sica into just about the best picture that has ever been turned out in Italy. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

The Red Shoes—Tucked away in this interminable British study of life among devotees of the dance is a stylish ballet. Moira Shearer, Leonide Massine, and Ludmilla Tcherina are in the cast. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturdays and Sundays at 5:30, and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

Riding High—Bing Crosby in a remake of "Broadway Bill," the film about an assortment of horse enthusiasts and a noble beast. Directed by Frank Capra, and a genial affair all around. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, VO 5-3320; 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; and Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; starting June 13. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; starting June 14.)

The Rocking Horse Winner—An English film derived from a story by D. H. Lawrence about a boy who somehow manages, for the sake of his improvident parents, to pick winners at the track while riding a rocking horse in his playroom. Grim and engrossing. With John Mills, Valerie Hobson, John Howard Davies, Hugh Sinclair, and Ronald Squire. (Park Avenue, Park at 59th, PL 9-7242.)

The Third Man—Orson Welles, as a racketeer in postwar Vienna, being pursued all over the city by Joseph Cotten and several squads of cops. Directed by Carol Reed from a Graham Greene script, the film works up some lively scenes now and then. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540.)

Tight Little Island—A comical British film having to do with a whiskey drought on an island in the Hebrides during the war. Basil Radford heads the estimable cast. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

Under My Skin—A good gallop with John Garfield and Micheline Prelle, in a screen version of the Hemingway story "My Old Man," which deals with a crooked jockey on the loose with his son around the tracks of Europe. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, VO 5-3320; and Yorktown, B'way at 89th, SC 4-4700; June 8. . . . ¶ Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; June 11-12.)

The Winslow Boy—How a father rectifies an injustice done his son at an English naval academy. Told in absorbing fashion. A British picture, with Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Robert Donat, and Margaret Leighton. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

REVIVALS

The Birth of a Nation (1915)—Lillian Gish in D. W. Griffith's famous triumph. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790.)

City Lights (1931)—Charlie Chaplin hilariously hopping around a big town. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

Devil in the Flesh (1949)—A French picture concerned with the trials and cruelties of adolescent love. With Gérard Philipe and Micheline Prelle. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 8.)

Duck Soup (1933)—The Marx Brothers in nightgowns and at war. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; through June 11, tentative.)

Goin' to Town (1935)—Mae West in the midst of Southampton society. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; through June 11, tentative.)

The Great McGinty (1940)—The life and times of a dishonest politician. With Brian Donlevy. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; June 11-13.)

Henry V (1946)—Sir Laurence Olivier and Shakespeare's historical drama. An English picture. (Embassy Cinema, 74 E. 42nd, MU 7-8723. Mondays through Fridays, features are shown only after 5.)

His Girl Friday (1940)—"The Front Page" warmed over. Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; June 8. . . . ¶ Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; June 13.)

If I Had a Million (1932)—The first and best-known of the all-star episode films, with, among others, Charles Laughton, W. C. Fields, and Gary Cooper. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through June 10. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; June 11-14.)

The More the Merrier (1943)—Housing problems in wartime Washington. With Jean Arthur and Joel McCrea. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; June 9-10.)

Stagecoach (1939)—Old-school Western. Claire Trevor and John Wayne. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; June 12-13.)

Sullivan's Travels (1942)—Joel McCrea and Veronica Lake in a Preston Sturges comedy. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; June 11-13.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through June 11, at 3: "Little Lord Fauntleroy" (1921), with Mary Pickford. . . . ¶ Starting June 12, at 3 and 5:30: "The Mark of Zorro" (1920), with Douglas Fairbanks. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Jackie Robinson Story," Jackie Robinson.

Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th. (PL 7-4295)
Through June 11 (tentative): "Naked Fury" (in French), revival, Pierre Blanchar; and "Women of the Casbah" (in French), revival, Françoise Rosay.
From June 12: To be announced.

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
THE RED SHOES.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
"The Asphalt Jungle," Sterling Hayden, Jean Hagen.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
Through June 14 (tentative): "Rocketship X-M," Lloyd Bridges, Osa Massen.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
"Singing Guns," Vaughn Monroe, Ella Raines.

Little CinéMet, 6th Ave. at 39th. (LO 4-1141)
Through June 13: "Border Street" (in Polish).
From June 14: "Heart and Soul," Vittorio de Sica.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Rock Island Trail," Forrest Tucker.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Father of the Bride," Spencer Tracy, Elizabeth Taylor.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"Winchester '73," James Stewart, Shelley Winters.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
Through June 14 (tentative): "Kill the Umpire," William Bendix.

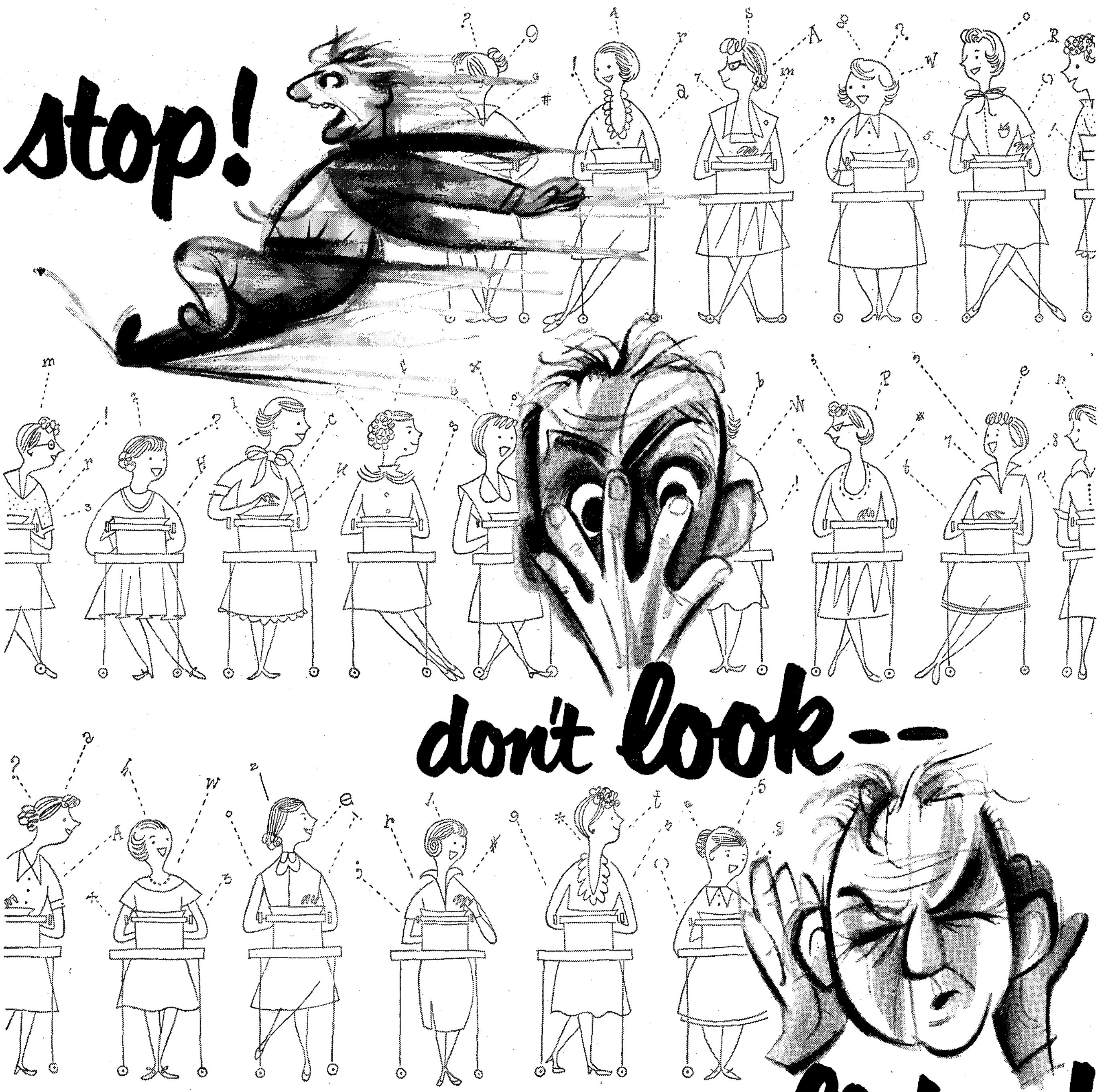
Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
June 8: "Love That Brute," Paul Douglas, Jean Peters.
From June 9: "Night and the City," Richard Widmark, Gene Tierney.

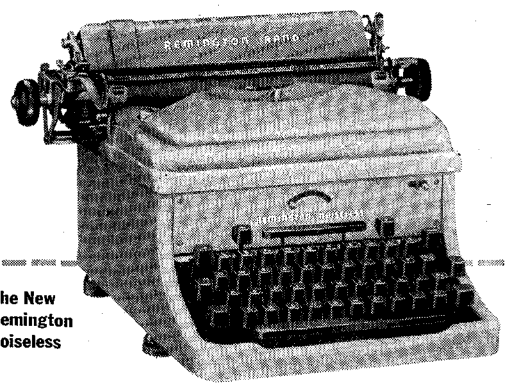
State, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
ANNIE GET YOUR GUN.

Strand, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
June 8: "Caged," Eleanor Parker.
From June 9: "Return of the Frontiersman," Gordon MacRae.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
THE THIRD MAN.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
THE BICYCLE THIEF (in Italian).


stop!
don't look--
....but listen!



The New Remington Noiseless

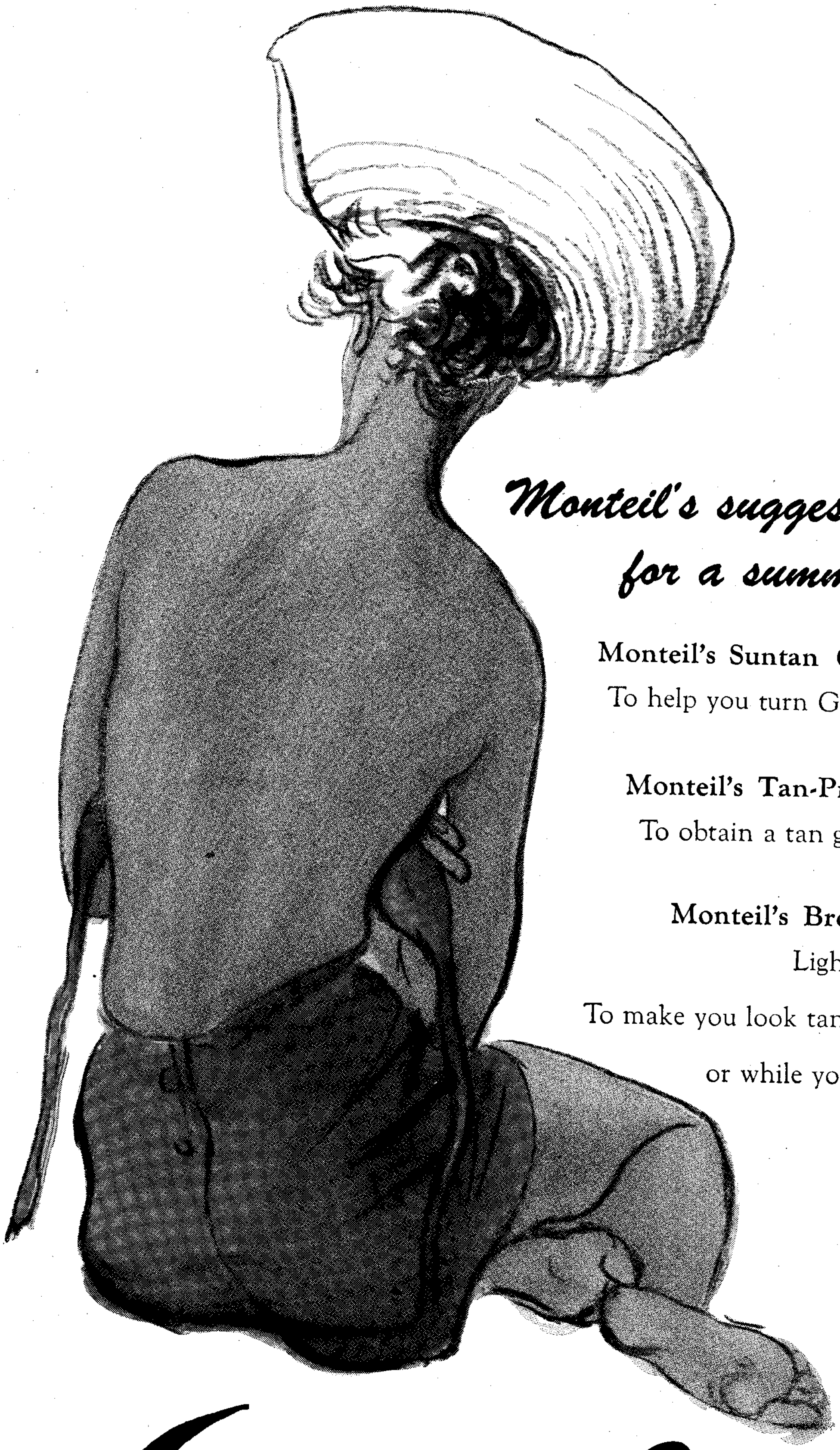
Remington Rand, Room 1611, 315 Fourth Avenue, New York 10, New York
Please send me a FREE copy of "Typing Perfection With Quiet".
Name____
Address____
City______________________Zone_____State________

Copyright 1950 by Remington Rand Inc.

Yes, *stop* at a section of your office where typists are working at close quarters and *listen* to the nerve-wracking clack and clatter. Amazing, isn't it? But, not half as amazing as how simple it is to eliminate this racket *at its very source* . . . with Remington Noiseless Typewriters.

And what a difference they make! The freedom from typing clatter has an immediate marked effect on employee morale . . . allows greater concentration on work . . . results in a marked increase in typing accuracy and efficiency. Mail the coupon today for *free* literature.

Remington Rand



Monteil's suggestions for a summer without burn

Monteil's Suntan Oil

To help you turn Gypsy bronze without burning.

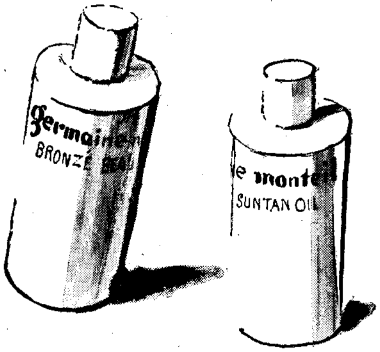
Monteil's Tan-Pruf Lotion.

To obtain a tan gradually, without burning.

Monteil's Bronzé Beauty Balm

Light or Dark

To make you look tan without benefit of the sun or while you are getting tan.


Germaine
BRONZE
Monteil
SUNTAN OIL

Germaine Monteil

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

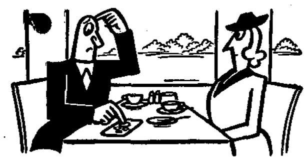
Notes and Comment

OUR attention was caught by a billboard advertisement of Guinness Stout. It read:

> 1,800,000,000 glasses of Guinness are drunk in a year; that means 4,931,560 in a day and some 205,479 every hour. How many every minute? Figure it out, and then go have one . . . Guinness is a man's drink. 4,931,560 glasses of Guinness Stout every day.

Naturally, we accepted the challenge and undertook to figure out the number of glasses consumed per minute. In doing so, being tidy in our mathematics, we backtracked to the annual figure and discovered that not 4,931,560 but 4,931,507 glasses should have been the daily total. Either quantity, of course, equals 3,424-and-a-fraction glasses a minute, but between the two there is a difference of over 19,000 glasses of Guinness a year. Our cerebrations were eased by a cooling glass of Catskill water—an arithmetician's drink.

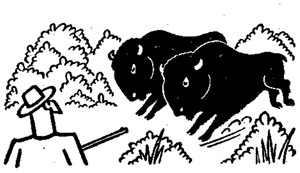
THE Chesapeake & Ohio has given up its ban on tipping in dining cars. "Our patrons were ill at ease picking up their change and not leaving a tip, and equally ill at ease if they succumbed to habit and slipped a coin under a saucer," the company announced uneasily. It's the old story; *not* tipping is as uncomfortable as tipping, and, whatever happens, digestion is retarded. Tipping is another of those problems insoluble for free enterprise, too complex for the private citizen to handle just after a heavy meal. The only solution—and we expect it from Washington any day now—is the withholding tip. This would be deducted from everyone's salary and the proceeds paid to waiters as a subsidy. The necessity of a diner's making any decisions, including those about odd quarters, would thus be avoided, since the apportionment of the money would be in the hands of trained federal employees, who would operate scientifically, with a set of charts. A surtip would be deducted from the earnings of capitalists, businessmen who entertain buyers, and movie stars, to be paid out to maîtres d'hôtel in return for tables in corners, not too near the kitchen.

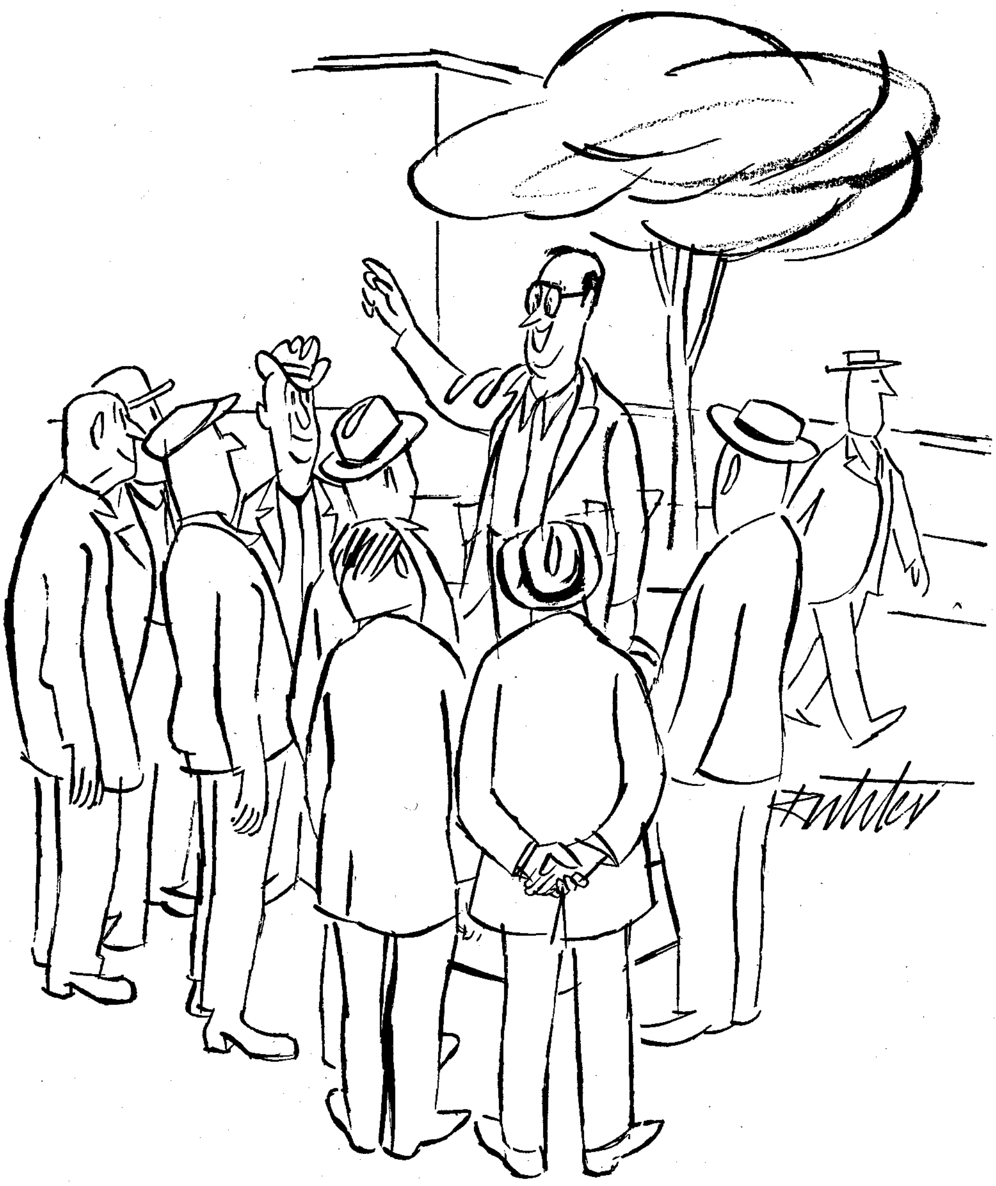


Big-Game Hunter

Colonel Harry Snyder, of Sundre, Alberta, possibly the dean of this continent's big-game hunters, was at the Ambassador the other day, and we went over and found him to be a vigorous, blue-eyed man of sixty-eight, American by birth, Canadian by adoption, resolutely international by avocation. "I've taken two months off from business every year for fifty years to go hunting," he said. "I've shot everything there is in North America, a lot of stuff in Central and South America, practically all African and European game, and gazelles in western Asia. Lord love you, I must have shot over seven hundred head of big game. I'm not a butcher, mind you. I've often killed in order to eat." We asked him for some high spots, and he selected African elephants and Canadian wood bison. "On May 13, 1938," he said, "I shot the world's-record elephant in Kenya—twenty-seven feet nine inches from tip of tail to tip of trunk, twelve feet four inches high at the shoulders, and with ears eleven feet two inches across—counting the head in between, of course. He probably weighed about eight and a half tons, and Dr. George Goodwin, of the Museum of Natural History, who was with me, estimated his age at between a hundred and fifty and a hundred and seventy-five." Preliminary to bagging this giant tusker, Snyder had had natives cut a trail seventy-five miles into the jungle, to the water hole where he had been led to expect he would find it. He laid it low at forty feet with a single bullet, which entered a three-by-one-half-inch slot in the left ear and penetrated the brain. "I was directly in front of him when I sighted him," he said, "and had to tiptoe eighteen steps across his front to his side. We found a previous bullet in his ear—from some unfortunate native, doubtless. I've kept it as a watch charm. I've kept the tusks, too, though I was offered six hundred pounds for them by the representative of an Indian prince."

As we marvelled at the Colonel's ability to count his steps while facing a wild elephant, he turned to the wood bison. These, he said, exist only in a twenty-thousand-square-mile sanctuary in the Northwest Territories and Alberta. He had a permit to shoot six, and one day in 1935, after he had already taken two, he sighted six cows and six calves. He dropped two of each, and was then astonished to see two bison come charging at him, which cows and calves don't do. He shot both and found, as he had quickly decided, that they were bulls. He figured they had been under cover and had been aroused by the smell of blood. That made eight bison, but the Canadian government conceded extenuating circumstances. The Colonel divided his bag between the Museum of Natural History, in New York, and the Victoria Museum, in Ottawa. "One bull weighed twenty-three hundred and sixty pounds, exclusive of blood and entrails," he said. "I had the James L. Clark Studios, in New York, mount a





"In a moment, I'll have more to say about the Wall Street conspiracy against the American workingman, but first a few words on behalf of Sparko Soap."

• •

group of a bull, cow, and calf, with three arctic wolves stalking them. Those are the ones I gave to the Ottawa museum."

Colonel Snyder was born in McArthur, Ohio, into a family that had moved to that state from Virginia in 1821. "My grandfather took his slaves there to free them," he said, "but every time his wife got pregnant, he hustled her back to Virginia, so their children would be born there. They had ten children. My father was the first man in the country to manufacture prefabricated houses—built towns of up to a thousand of them in southeastern Ohio. He took me squirrel hunting when I was eight, and I got my first bear at thirteen." The Colonel, we learned, has had a highly remunerative business career, involving insurance, oil, gold, and radium. He caught some sort of bug in Africa ten years ago and, for reasons of health, settled down on a fifteen-hundred-acre ranch in Alberta, where he lives with his second wife. "Built a little tepee there," he said, showing us a photograph album of tepee interiors that included one of a living room forty-four feet long, full of hunting trophies. Two of its treasures are the pistol with which Burr killed Hamilton, and its mate. These were made in England about 1800 and are still in working order. Colonel Snyder is currently head of a company that compresses coal into briquettes. "My office is in Calgary, a hundred and four miles from my ranch, and I haven't got a telephone," he said. "My men come out to see me when anything important arises. The elk season in Alberta runs through the month of November, and every November 1st a herd of twenty elk comes to my place and beds down near the house for thirty days. Those elk know I'll protect them. I once shot a whale in the Inland Passage, north of Vancouver. It surfaced next to my cabin cruiser, and I shot it twelve feet below the blowhole. The native fishermen got a hundred and twenty barrels of oil out of it and sent a delegation to thank me." Snyder's colonelcy is an honorary one, in the Black Watch Regiment of Canada. The regiment's only other honorary colonel is the Queen of England.

•

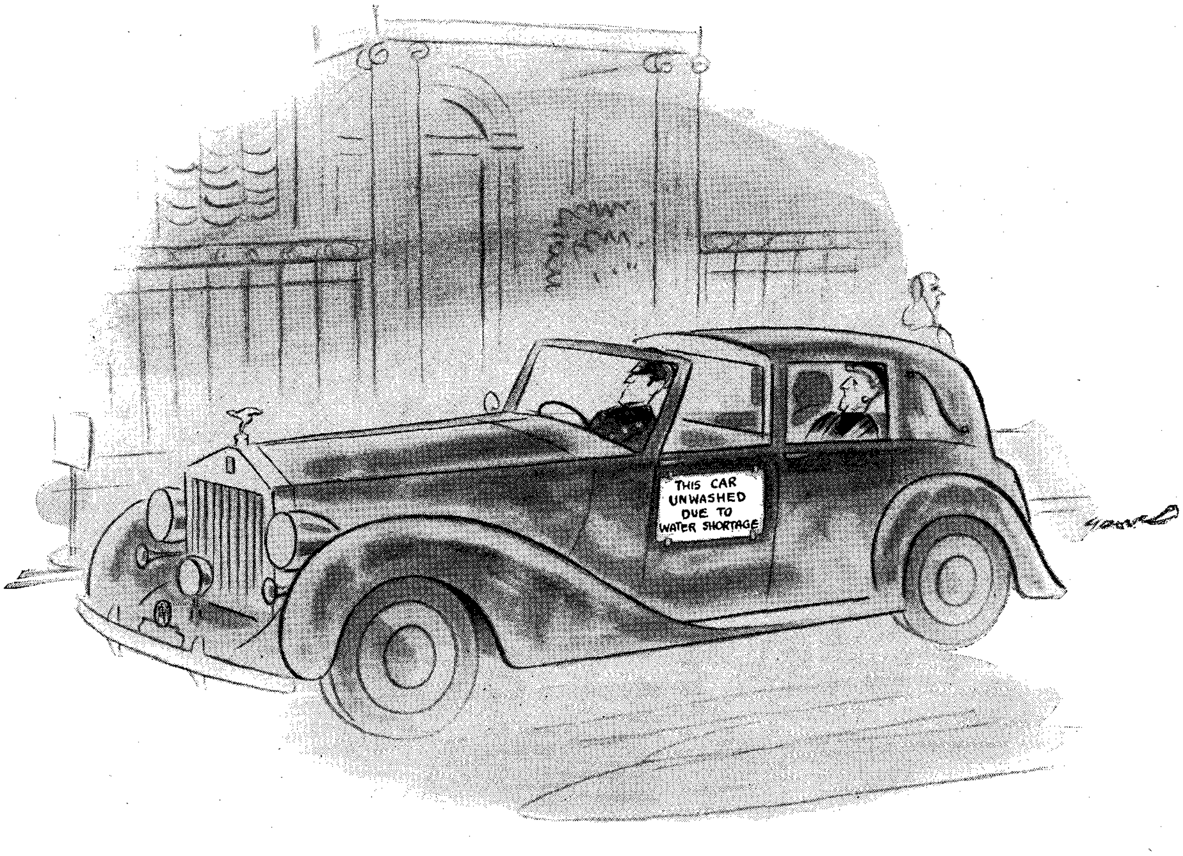
INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: A Hammacher Schlemmer customer was puzzled by an item on his latest bill from them, "Mortal and pastel," until he connected it up with a mortar and pestle he'd acquired during the previous month.

The Chicago Macaroni Company of New York, Inc., is located, doubtless temporarily, in Brooklyn.

Television Center

LAST week, in these pages, the author of an article on one of the Lucky Strike TV programs described a visit he made to a studio in the American Broadcasting Company's new Television Center, on Sixty-sixth Street, just off Central Park West. We decided to find out more about the Center, and report herewith: It is, we discovered, the best-equipped video setup in this area and has doors wide enough to admit a Packard. (There's a larger Television Center in Hollywood, also owned by A.B.C.) It is housed in three buildings formerly occupied by the New York Riding Club, which have been so extensively remodelled that you wouldn't suspect a horse had ever been in the place. (Half of one building, together with a smaller building next to it, also owned by A.B.C., has been leased to WOR for *its* television activities.) The conversion took over a year. The Center has a studio a hundred feet square and forty feet high, the largest in the East. (The main studio in the Hollywood plant is larger.) It also contains smaller studios, offices, dressing rooms, prop-storage rooms, a five-story paint-and-design shop, a film laboratory, and so on, down to a first-aid room. The site and the buildings cost $1,185,000 and the conversion $1,200,000. The last was quite a headache, but worth it, several A.B.C. officials assured us during our visit. The Riding Club had used the buildings thirty years for riding and corollary activities, such as billiards and banquets, and a great deal of tanbark, dry-rotted timber, and stall partitioning had to be removed, along with a vast number of lockers, bathtubs, pigeons, rats, and a stuffed pony (for practicing polo shots). "You never saw so many bathtubs and showers in your life," an A.B.C. man said to us. "There was at least one for every member of the *Social Register*." The Pied Piper Exterminating Company was called in for the rats and battled them for a week. It was one of the toughest jobs it has ever had. The last of the pigeons departed only a short while before the conversion was completed. They kept flying about inside during most of the reconstruction, and finally it was found that they were using a high window to which an air-conditioning intake was to lead. A doorman, or windowman, was stationed beside it. He opened it for outgoing pigeons and slammed it in the faces of incoming ones, and in a fortnight all the pigeons were outside.

A.B.C. remodelled everything, putting in steel beams to replace the rotted wooden ones, fire exits, a passenger elevator, stairways, and many partitions, resurfacing the studio floors so the television cameras can roll smoothly, and installing a doorway twenty feet wide and twelve high. "The place reeks with ingenuity," Mr. Frank Marks, vice-president in charge of engineering at A.B.C., remarked to us, and Mr. Burke Crotty, executive producer for A.B.C., was unrestrainedly enthusiastic about its possibilities. "Our main studio is the first one in history to have a complete theatrical rig," he told us. (Hollywood hasn't got *that*.) "We can fly four tons off the floor. We can bring in elephants. We have the biggest fly loft in the city, except for the Music Hall; the largest paint frame of any studio in the country—forty-five feet high and fifty feet wide; and a freight elevator that used to transport horses and can lift five tons. We've got an electrically operated scaffold fifty feet wide for the painters working on the frame, fifty lamps, and plenty of storage room for props." A number of sofas, chairs, and tables left behind by the Riding Club now repose in the prop rooms. A billiard table, found in fair shape, was taken home by somebody, we were informed.


THIS CAR UNWASHED DUE TO WATER SHORTAGE

Mr. Crotty offered to show us around and led us at a lightning clip down a stairway, up the old horse elevator, up some stairs, along some narrow corridors, and down the new passenger elevator, describing the facilities as we went. The last stop was at the main studio, where he pointed out counterweighted scenery that can be hauled up quickly, like the drops in a theatre; the huge paint frame, which at the moment bore a likeness of Brooklyn Bridge; a gnarled tree stump; a bandstand; and various lights, which he referred to as Fresnel spots, ellipsoidal units, and scoops. "Never so many lights in a studio before," he said. "Put more character into the actors' faces." The tree stump was from a Boris Karloff production and the bandstand from a Paul Whiteman show. The small building leased by WOR as part of its TV center used to be occupied by Jay Gould's carriages.

Custom of the Country

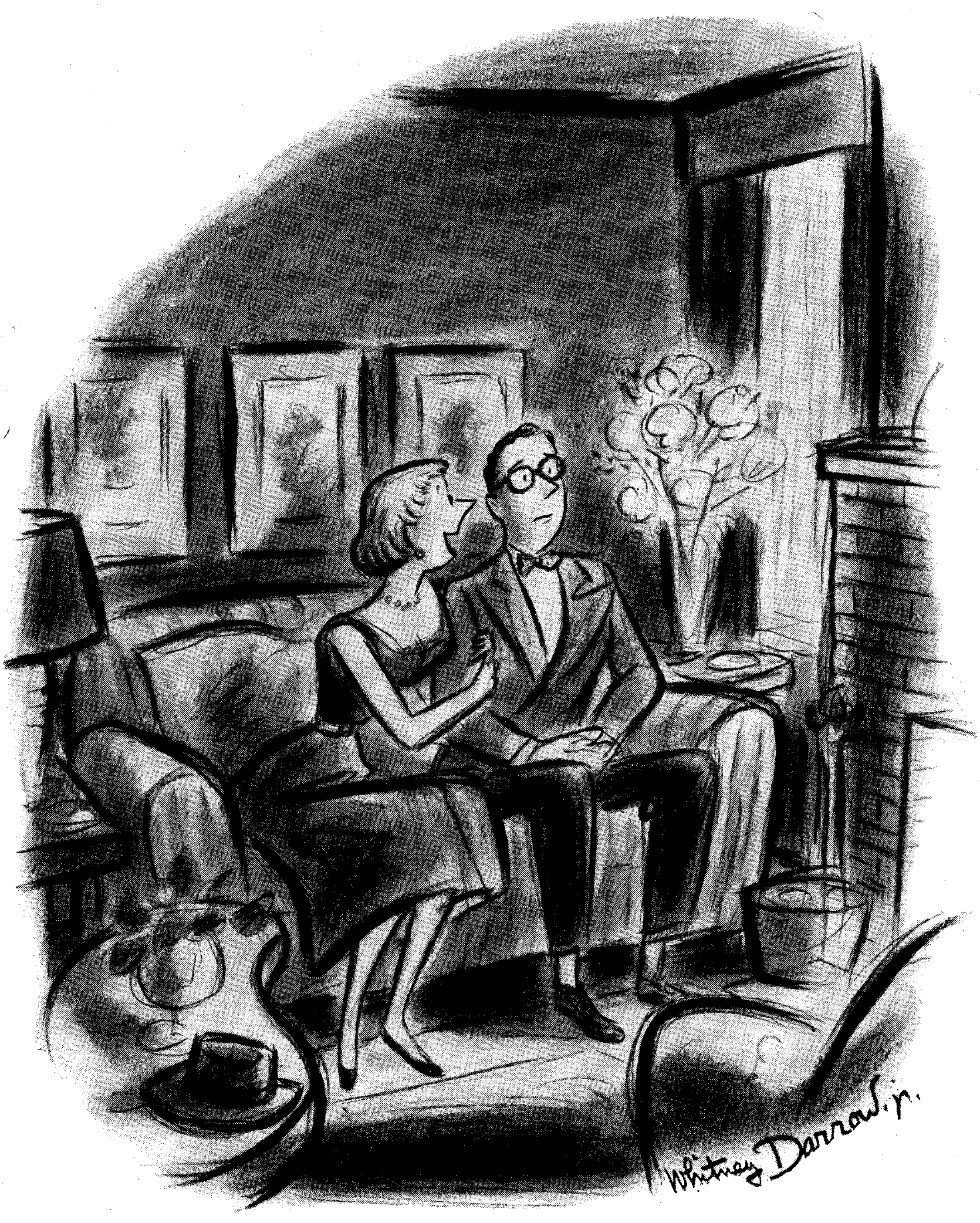
A FACULTY couple, a professor and wife at a university that shall here be nameless, recently had as house guest a comely Italian student, female, who was visiting their campus to give some lectures on international student relations. In line with seeing that she enjoyed herself, they got her invited to a local dance and recruited an escort, who brought her a superb corsage and whisked her off. Well, the professor was still up when she came back, her cheeks flushed, the corsage unwilted, and, thinking that she might like to wear the corsage at a lecture she was giving the following day, he presented her with some wax paper and advised her to wrap this around it and put it in the icebox. He went off to bed. Next morning, his wife found a girdle, neatly done up in wax paper, in the refrigerator. The explanation, arrived at after a good deal of palaver, is as follows: "Corsage" means, or can mean, "girdle" in Italian; the young woman, while surprised at the forwardness of her host, had enough knowledge of chemistry to realize that rubber keeps better when cold and had put his suggestion down to American know-how.

Sand and Brooms

THERE are things in the official life of a baseball umpire that don't meet the eye, or, anyhow, there is *one* thing: Before every game, a couple of umpires have to devote half an hour or so to rubbing the shine off baseballs. This is a drab, ritualistic proceeding that—in the National League, at least—takes place in the umpires' dressing room. The balls are carefully massaged with dirt, or with dirt and sand, or with clay. We dropped in on a couple of amiable National League umpires, Augie Donatelli and Al Barlick, while they were at their rubbing chore one day last week, and found out how it is done at the Polo Grounds. At the start of the season, a bag of soil is taken from the infield and emptied into a square, shallow box in the dressing room. A bag of sand is obtained from somewhere and is dumped into a similar box. One filling lasts all year. Some National League umpires use just dirt, some sand and dirt. Mr. Barlick, for instance, is a straight-dirt man, whereas Mr. Donatelli gives his baseballs a few good rubs with sand before applying the dirt. Forty-eight brand-new balls are rubbed down just before each game (ninety-six before a doubleheader). The American League is more finicky than the National. It uses, Mr. Barlick told us, a substance called Alabama clay, gathered on the banks of Pensauken Creek, a tributary of the Delaware River, which never gets anywhere near Alabama. The only time Alabama clay ever touches a National League ball is at Shibe Park, in Philadelphia, and Sportsman's Park, in St. Louis, which are used by teams of both leagues, and at World Series and All-Star games played in American League parks. If the slickness weren't removed from the surface of baseballs, pitchers could throw the shine ball, which is very hard to hit.

That's all there is to that, but we don't often get to talk to umpires, and while we were at it, we asked about a couple of other things. One was pockets. The pockets of an umpire's coat will hold six baseballs (three in each), but some umpires, including Mr. Barlick, make a practice of not putting more than two in each pocket. Comes hot weather, and the National League umpires leave off their coats. The plate umpire then straps on a belt with a pouch on each side, each of three-baseball capacity. Additional baseballs needed in the course of a game are delivered to the plate umpire by the bat boy or some other agent of the home club. At the Polo Grounds, they are presented by a dignified man, in a blue uniform with gold braid, who is primarily the lineup announcer. When a foul ball goes out of play at the Polo Grounds and is retrieved, it is thrown to the man in the blue uniform, and he examines it for damage. If it isn't damaged, he hands it to the umpire (who also examines it, of course) the next time the umpire calls for balls; if it is, he puts it in a leather bag, and it is used later in practice. (Visiting teams bring their own used practice balls.) Catchers' and umpires' shin guards and the walls of baseball parks are what damage baseballs mostly; a bat rarely does them harm.

Those whiskbrooms that the umpires pull from their back pockets—the umpires pick them up at ten-cent and department stores. Both Mr. Donatelli and Mr. Barlick like a stiff, slender


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"But I want you to know, Albert, that if I were going to marry someone like you, it would certainly be you."

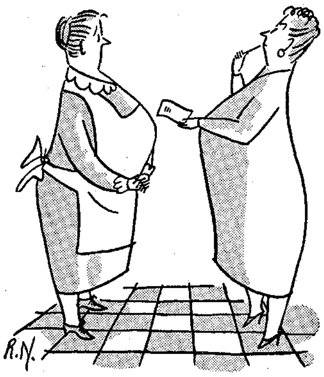
brush. Mr. Donatelli estimates that he dusts the home plate off about twenty times during a game and the pitcher's plate on an average of less than once a game. One whiskbroom generally lasts a whole season.

Home Remedy

A SULLIVAN COUNTY gentleman who engages extensively in dairying ran into difficulties when his cows developed a skin ailment that made them well-nigh impossible to milk. To no avail, he tried various remedies prescribed by his veterinarian, and then, in a moment of exasperation, seized a dollar-seventy-five bottle of his wife's Elizabeth Arden hand lotion and rubbed the liquid on a bovine's afflicted parts. A relieved moo and a splendid flow of milk ensued. He has since stocked up with a supply of the lotion sufficient to soothe his entire herd. His wife, who has written us of this interesting therapeutic adventure, observes, "It has been rather sweet to go into the cow barn, smell its perfumed air, and see the long shelf of pink bottles." She says her husband is expressing indignation, though, because he has to pay a twenty-per-cent luxury tax on the remedy.

Dual Role

NORMAN SHELLY, the actor who doubles in "Peter Pan" as Nana, the Newfoundland dog who is the Darling children's nurse, and as the crocodile who follows Captain Hook around, and has won considerable critical acclaim for these portrayals, made an effort to prepare for his dual effort by (a) calling up the Westminster Kennel Club and asking whether it could locate a Newfoundland for him to study and (b) visiting the Central Park Zoo in search of a crocodile to pattern himself after. Both attempts were crowned with failure. "The Kennel Club lady who answered the phone was sympathetic when I said I was going to play the dog in 'Peter Pan,' " he told us last week, "but she was unable to direct me to a Newfoundland in or near New York. I had to content myself with observing various heavy dogs of other breeds in the neighborhood where I live, between Broadway and Central Park in the Eighties. I went to the Central Park Zoo on Easter Sunday, when the show was in rehearsal, and asked an attendant whether they had any crocodiles. He said no, only alligators, and when I explained my problem, he gave me a queer look and said that alligators belong to the same family. Well, I watched an alligator for thirty minutes, and the goddam thing didn't even move an eyelid. I let it go at that and used my imagination." The crocodile costume is more practical than the dog costume, Shelly told us, since it is got into like a union suit and fits more or less like one, whereas the dog costume, which is of goatskin, weighs thirty or forty pounds and is of intricate construction. Despite having to crawl around a good deal in this, at one point burdened with a seventy-pound child, Shelly has found the dog part the more interesting. "The dog does more and projects more feelings and emotions than the crocodile," their portrayer said. Mr. Shelly can't see very well out of the dog costume, and the audience can't see the real him at all in either costume. The only audience to have seen his face is the one that attended the opening performance. On that occasion, at the curtain call, he came out caninely accoutred and applauded Jean Arthur with his paws. She pulled his head off and made him take a semi-human bow. Lately, in moments of backstage frivolity, Boris Karloff, who also doubles in the show (as Mr. Darling and Captain Hook), has taken to scratching himself and complaining of fleas. "I take this as a tribute," Mr. Shelly told us.



"Peter Pan" is Shelly's first Broadway appearance, so we will state for the record that he is a slender man of medium height, with dark hair, brown eyes, and an intelligent, human expression. He was born in Denver in 1921 and brought up in Philadelphia, which his father, who was in the cleaning-and-dyeing business, moved to in 1922, and in Allentown, Pennsylvania, where the family moved when he was nine. There he played in high-school and Community Center dramatics. He came to New York in 1940 and began making the theatrical and radio rounds; evenings, he studied with some Group Theatre people. Not connecting with anything immediately, he took a position as a shipping clerk for a garment jobber. He quit after two months, when he got word that he had been cast for a role in a series of radio shows in Philadelphia, sponsored by the American Legion, for which he had auditioned some weeks before. At the end of his first show, he asked when the next one was to be, and the director told him the one just finished was the last of the series. He returned to Allentown, went to work in his father's cleaning-and-dyeing establishment, and, after about six months of that, went back to New York and the producers' anterooms. In 1943, as Dude, he toured seven months with "Tobacco Road," and in 1946, after a summer of singing and acting at Green Mansions, an Adirondack resort, he went overseas with a U.S.O. production of "Is Zat So?" A couple of years later, he married Miss Eleanor Winter, captain of the singers in "Finian's Rainbow." "Thanks to a friend, we were married in Criminal Court by a judge," he said. "Sentenced—get it?" He subsequently went on the road with "Finian's Rainbow," understudying and, on occasion, playing the part of the leprechaun. Both Shellys were also in a subway-circuit tour of "Bloomer Girl," and both are in "Peter Pan," in which Mrs. S. is a mermaid. "Sort of like the Lunts," her husband said with a grin. Shelly looks forward to human roles on Broadway and to directing eventually, but he doesn't disparage his present chore. "I think I've developed a good bark," he said, favoring us with a resounding sample, "and I *hope* that I create the illusion that it's a real dog. I think the audiences accept it as such."

Montessori Revised

A YOUNG mother called the other day on a contemporary, the mother of a regular steam engine of a chap, aged three. She found the second mother lying on a living-room sofa reading a novel. "Where's Bobo?" the first mother asked. "How do you manage this?" The second mother said she'd worked out a system. "You'll see," she said. "It's good for about twenty minutes." Presently a banging was heard at the head of the stairs, and the shuffle of descending small feet. "Come on down, darling!" the second mother shouted. "Uncle De Witt's still here!" There was a quick, sharp shuffle of feet up the stairs, and then absolute quiet. "I never use the system unless I'm completely exhausted," said the second mother, settling back.

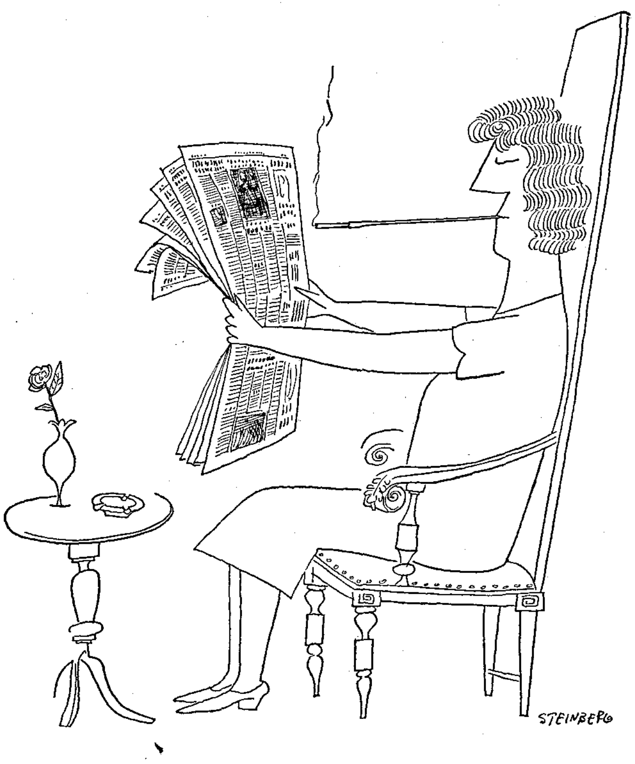
THE FIGGERIN' OF AUNT WILMA

WHEN I was a boy, John Hance's grocery stood on the south side of Town Street, just east of Fourth, in the Central Market region of Columbus, Ohio. It was an old store even then, forty-five years ago, and its wide oak floor boards had been worn pleasantly smooth by the shoe soles of three generations of customers. The place smelled of coffee, peppermint, vinegar, and spices. Just inside the door on the left, a counter with a rounded glass front held all the old-fashioned penny candies—gumdrops, licorice whips, horehound, and the rest—some of them a little pale with age. On the rear wall, between a barrel of dill pickles and a keg of salt mackerel in brine, there was an iron coffee grinder, whose handle I was sometimes allowed to turn.

Once, Mr. Hance gave me a stick of Yucatán gum, an astonishing act of generosity, since he had a sharp sense of the value of a penny. Thrift was John Hance's religion. His store was run on a strictly cash basis. He shared the cost of his telephone with the Hays Carriage Shop, next door. The instrument was set in a movable wooden cubicle that could be whirled through an opening in the west wall of the store. When I was ten, I used to hang around the grocery on Saturday afternoons, waiting for the telephone to disappear into the wall. Then I would wait for it to swing back again. It was a kind of magic, and I was disappointed to learn of its mundane purpose—the saving of a few dollars a month.

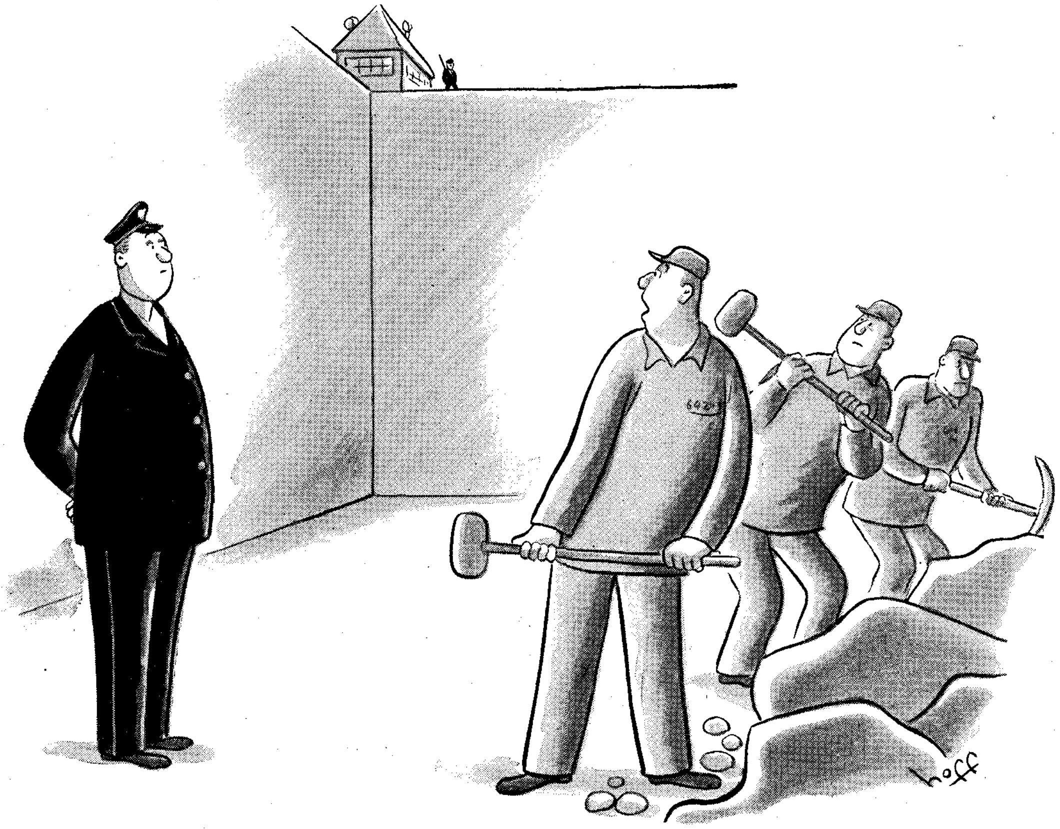
Mr. Hance was nearly seventy, a short man with white hair and a white mustache and the most alert eyes that I can remember, except perhaps Aunt Wilma Hudson's. Aunt Wilma lived on South Sixth Street and always shopped at Mr. Hance's store. Mr. Hance's eyes were blue and capable of a keen concentration that could make you squirm. Aunt Wilma had black agate eyes that moved restlessly and scrutinized everybody with bright suspicion. In church, her glance would dart around the congregation seeking out irreverent men and women whose expressions showed that they were occupied with worldly concerns, or even carnal thoughts, in the holy place. If she lighted on a culprit, her heavy, dark brows would lower, and her mouth would tighten in righteous disapproval. Aunt Wilma was as honest as the day is long and as easily confused, when it came to what she called figgerin', as the night is dark. Her clashes with Mr. Hance had become a family legend. He was a swift and competent calculator, and nearly fifty years of constant practice had enabled him to add up a column of figures almost at a glance. He set down his columns swiftly on an empty paper sack with a stubby black pencil. Aunt Wilma, on the other hand, was slow and painstaking when it came to figgerin'. She would go over and over a column of numbers, her glasses far down on her nose, her lips moving soundlessly. To her, rapid calculation, like all the other reckless and impulsive habits of men, was tainted with a kind of godlessness. Mr. Hance always sighed when he looked up and saw her coming into his store. He knew that she could lift a simple dollar transaction into a dim and mystic realm of confusion all her own.

I WAS fortunate enough to be present one day in 1905 when Mr. Hance's calculating and Aunt Wilma's figgerin' came together in memorable single combat. She had wheedled me into carrying her market basket, on the ground that it was going to be too heavy for her to manage. Her two grandsons, boys around my own age, had skipped out when I came to call at their house, and Aunt Wilma promptly seized on me. A young'un, as she called everybody under seventeen, was not worth his salt if he couldn't help a body about the house. I had shopped with her before, under duress, and I knew her accustomed and invariable route on Saturday mornings, when Fourth Street, from Main to State, was lined with the stands of truck gardeners. Prices were incredibly low in those days, but Aunt Wilma questioned the cost, the quality, and the measure of everything. By the time she had finished her long and tedious purchases of fresh produce from the country, and we had turned east into Town Street and headed for Mr. Hance's store, the weight of the market basket was beginning to pain my arm. "Come along, child, come along," Aunt Wilma snapped, her eyes shining with the look of the Middle Western housewife engaged in hard but virtuous battle with the wicked forces of the merchandising world.



I saw Mr. Hance make a small involuntary gesture with his right hand as he spied Aunt Wilma coming through the door. He had just finished with a customer, and since his assistant was busy, he knew he was in for it. It took a good half hour for Aunt Wilma to complete her shopping for groceries, but at length everything she wanted was stacked on the counter in sacks and cans and boxes. Mr. Hance set deftly to work with his paper sack and pencil, jotting down the price of each article as he fitted it into the basket. Aunt Wilma watched his expert movements closely, like a hostile baseball fan waiting for an error in the infield. She regarded adroitness in a man as "slick" rather than skillful.

Aunt Wilma's purchases amounted to ninety-eight cents. After writing down this sum, Mr. Hance, knowing my aunt, whisked the paper bag around on the counter so that she could examine his addition. It took her some time, bending over and peering through her glasses, to arrive at a faintly reluctant corroboration of his figgerin'. Even when she was satisfied that all was in order, she had another go at the column of numbers, her lips moving silently as she added them up for the third time. Mr. Hance waited patiently, the flat of his hands on the counter. He seemed to be fascinated by the movement of her lips. "Well, I guess it's all right," said Aunt Wilma, at last, "but everything *is* so dear." What she had bought for less than a dollar made the market basket bulge. Aunt Wilma



"If we find uranium, whose is it?"

took her purse out of her bag and drew out a dollar bill slowly and handed it over, as if it were a hundred dollars she would never see again.

Mr. Hance deftly pushed the proper keys of the cash register, and the red hand on the indicator pointed to $.98. He studied the cash drawer, which had shot out at him. "Well, well," he said, and then, "Hmm. Looks like I haven't got any pennies." He turned back to Aunt Wilma. "Have you got three cents, Mrs. Hudson?" he asked.

That started it.

Aunt Wilma gave him a quick look of distrust. Her Sunday suspicion gleamed in her eyes. "*You* owe *me two* cents," she said sharply.

"I know that, Mrs. Hudson," he sighed, "but I'm out of pennies. Now, if you'll give me three cents, I'll give you a nickel."

Aunt Wilma stared at him cautiously.

"It's all right if you give him *three cents and he gives you a* nickel," I said.

"Hush up," said Aunt Wilma. "I'm figgerin'." She figgered for several moments, her mouth working again.

Mr. Hance slipped a nickel out of the drawer and placed it on the counter. "There is your nickel," he said firmly. "Now you just have to give me three cents."

Aunt Wilma pecked about in her purse and located three pennies, which she brought out carefully, one at a time. She laid them on the counter beside the nickel, and Mr. Hance reached for them. Aunt Wilma was too quick for him. She covered the eight cents with a lean hand. "Wait, now!" she said, and she took her hand away slowly. She frowned over the four coins as if they were a difficult hand in bridge whist. She ran her lower lip against her upper teeth. "Maybe if I give you a dime," she said, "and take the eight cents... It is *two* cents you're short, ain't it?"

Mr. Hance began to show signs of agitation. One or two amused customers were now taking in the scene out of the corners of their eyes. "No, no," said Mr. Hance. "That way, you would be making me a present of seven cents!" This was too much for Aunt Wilma. She couldn't understand the new and preposterous sum of seven cents that had suddenly leaped at her from nowhere. The notion that she was about to do herself out of some money staggered her, and her eyes glazed for a moment like a groggy prizefighter's. Neither Mr. Hance nor I said anything, out of fear of deepening the tangle. She made an uncertain move of her right hand and I had the wild thought that she was going to give Mr. Hance one of the pennies and scoop up the seven cents, but she didn't. She fell into a silent clinch with the situation and then her eyes cleared. "Why, of *course!*" she cried brightly. "I don't know what got into me! You take the eight cents and give me a dime. Then I'll have the two cents that's coming to me." One of the customers laughed, and Aunt Wilma cut him down with a swift glare. The diversion gave me time to figure out that whereas Mr. Hance had been about to gain seven cents, he was now going to lose a nickel. "That way, *I* would be making *you* a present of *five* cents, Mrs. Hudson," he said stiffly. They stood motionless for several seconds, each trying to stare the other down.

"Now, here," said Mr. Hance, turning and taking her dollar out of the still open cash drawer. He laid it beside the nickel and the pennies. "Now, here," he said again. "You gave me a dollar three, but you don't owe me a dollar three—you owe me five cents less than that. Here is the five cents." He snatched it up and handed it to her. She held the nickel between thumb and forefinger, and her eyes gleamed briefly, as if she at last comprehended the peculiar deal, but the gleam faded. Suddenly she handed him his nickel and picked up her dollar and her three cents. She put the pennies back in her purse. "I've rung up the ninety-eight cents, Mrs. Hudson," said Mr. Hance quickly. "I must put the dollar back in the till." He turned and pointed at the $.98 on the indicator. "I tell you what. If you'll give me the dollar, I'll give you the nickel and we'll call it square." She obviously didn't want to take the nickel or give up the dollar, but she did, finally. I was astounded at first, for here was the penny-careful Mr. Hance knocking three cents off a bill, but then I realized he was afraid of losing the dollar and was willing to settle for the lesser of two evils.

"Well," said Aunt Wilma irritably, "I'm sure I don't know what you're trying to do."

I was a timid boy, but I had to plunge into the snarl, if only on behalf of the family honor. "Gee, Aunt Wilma," I told her, "if you keep the nickel, he's giving you everything for ninety-five cents."

Mr. Hance scowled hard at me. He was afraid I was going to get him in deeper than he already was. "It's all right, son," he said. "It's all right." He put the dollar in the till and shoved the drawer shut with a decisive bang, but I wasn't going to give up.

"Gee whizz, Aunt Wilma," I complained, "you still owe him three cents. Don't you see that?"

She gave me the pitying glance of a superior and tired intelligence. "I never owed him three cents in my life," she said tartly. "He owes me two cents. You stay out of things you don't understand."

"It's all right," said Mr. Hance again, in a weary voice. He was sure that if she scrabbled in her purse again for the three pennies, she would want her dollar back, and they would be right where they had started. I gave my aunt a look of disenchantment.

"Now, wait!" she cried suddenly. "Maybe I have the exact change! I don't know what's got into me I didn't think of that! I think I have the right change after all." She put back on the counter the nickel she had been clutching in her left hand, and then she began to peck at the coins in her purse and, after a good minute, arranged two quarters, four dimes, Mr. Hance's nickel, and three pennies on the counter. "There," she said, her eyes flashing triumph. "Now you give me my dollar back."

Mr. Hance sighed deeply, rang out the cash drawer by pushing "No Sale," and handed her the dollar. Then he hastily scraped up the change, deposited each coin in its proper place in the till, and slammed the drawer shut again. I was only ten, and mathematics was not my best study, but it wasn't hard to figure that Mr. Hance, who in the previous arrangement had been out three cents, was now out five cents. "Good day, Mrs. Hudson," he said grimly. He felt my sympathetic eyes on him, and we exchanged a brief, knowing masculine glance of private understanding.

"Good day, Mr. Hance," said Aunt Wilma, and her tone was as grim as the grocer's.

I took the basket from the counter, and Mr. Hance sighed again, this time with relief. "Goodbye, goodbye," he said with false heartiness, glad to see us on our way. I felt I should slip him the parsley, or whatever sack in the basket had cost a nickel.

"Come on, child," said Aunt Wilma. "It's dreadfully late. I declare it's taken hours to shop today." She muttered plaintively all the way out of the store.

I noticed as I closed the door behind us that Mr. Hance was waiting on a man customer. The man was laughing. Mr. Hance frowned and shrugged.

As we walked east on Town Street, Aunt Wilma let herself go. "I never heard of such a thing in all the born days of my life," she said. "I don't know where John Hance got his schooling, if he got any. The very idea—a grown man like that getting so mixed up. Why, I could have spent the whole day in that store and he'd never of figgered it out. Let him keep the two cents, then. It was worth it to get out of that store."

"*What* two cents, Aunt Wilma?" I almost squealed.

"Why, the two cents he still owes me!" she said. "I don't know what they teach you young'uns nowadays. Of course he owes me two cents. It come to ninety-eight cents and I give him a dollar. He owed me two cents in the beginning and he still owes me two cents. Your Uncle Herbert will explain it to you. Any man in the world could figger it out except John Hance."

I walked on beside her in silence, thinking of Uncle Herbert, a balding, choleric man of high impatience and quick temper.

"Now, you let *me* explain it to your Uncle Herbert, child," she said. "I declare you were as mixed up as John Hance was. If I'd of listened to you and given him the three cents, like you said, I'd never of got my dollar back. He'd owe me five cents instead of two. Why, it's as plain as day."

I thought I had the solution for her now, and I leaped at it. "That's right, Aunt Wilma," I almost yelled. "He owed you a nickel and he gave you the nickel."

Aunt Wilma stabbed me with her indignation. "I gave *him* the nickel," she said. "I put it on the counter right there under your very eyes, and you saw him scoop it up."

I shifted the market basket to my left arm. "I know, Aunt Wilma," I said, "but it was *his* nickel all the time."

She snorted. "Well, he's got his precious nickel, ain't he?" she demanded. I shifted the basket again. I thought I detected a faint trace of uneasiness in her tone. She fell silent and quickened her cadence, and it was hard for me to keep up with her. As we turned south into Sixth Street, I glanced up and saw that she was frowning and that her lips were moving again. She was rehearsing the story of the strange transaction for Uncle Herbert. I began to whistle. "Hush up, child," she said. "I'm figgerin'."

Uncle Herbert was sitting in the living room, eating an apple. I could tell from his expression that he was in one of his rare amiable moods. Aunt Wilma grabbed the basket away from me. "Now, you let me explain it to your uncle," she said. "You wait till I get back." She sailed out of the room on her way to the kitchen.

A little breathlessly, I told Uncle Herbert the saga of Aunt Wilma's complicated financial quandary. He was chuckling when she came back into the room.

Uncle Herbert's amusement nettled her. "The boy got it wrong," she said accusingly. "He didn't tell it right. He was ever' bit as mixed up as John Hance." Uncle Herbert's chuckle increased to full and open laughter. Aunt Wilma glared at him until he subsided. "Now, Herbert, you listen to me," she began, but he cut in on her.

"If Hance ever gives you that two cents he owes you, Wilma," he said, "I tell you what you have to do to square accounts. Someday you're going to have to give him a dime for three cents." He began to laugh again.

Aunt Wilma Hudson stared at each of us in turn, with a look of fine, cold scorn, and then she raised both her hands and let them fall helplessly. "I declare," she said, "I don't know how the world gets along with the men runnin' it."

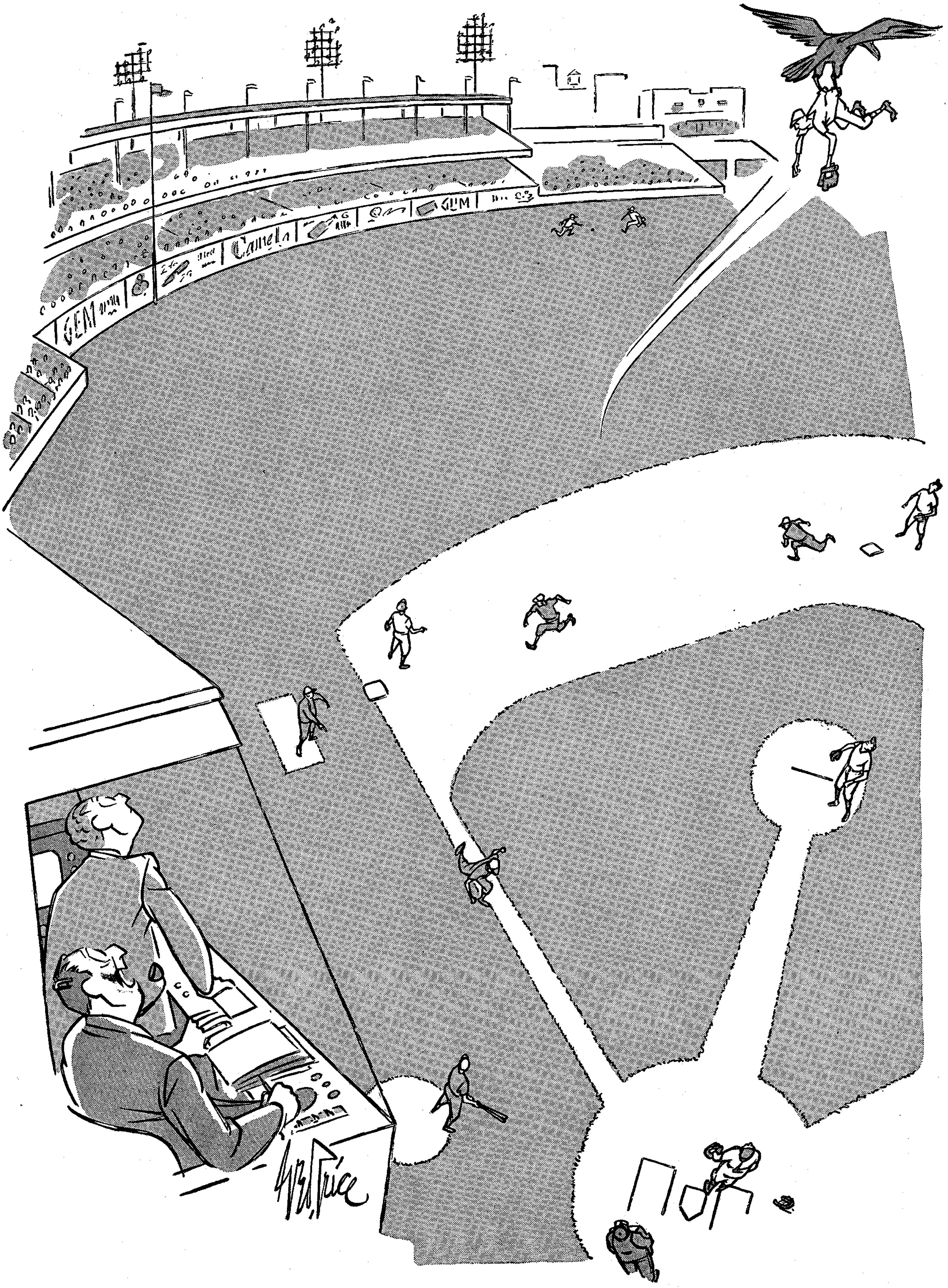
—James Thurber

• •

TELL ME, IS YOUR FUL-VUE SHUR-ON?

"*Silent Nite, Holy Nite*" . . .
If you say, "That looks alrite,"
You're sick with advertisingese:
You read without demur "styl-eez,"
You tease your taste with dain-T-spred,
Your thumbtacks have a saf-T-hed.
But who would gladly overthrow
The ranks of Cheez-It and Moon-glo?
Let him kum kwik—I mean come quick—
And strike a blow for rhetoric!
We'll form a mighty organization
And advertise for Ed-U-K-shun.

—Morris Bishop


GEM
Camels
GUM

"All in all, folks, it's quite an inning."

THE HOME OF A STRANGER

I HAVE not seen the Colonel since shortly after the cessation of the war in Europe. He went home first, his riding crop under his arm as he stepped into a jeep to be driven to the airfield at Munich. He was to have a stop at Paris and then make the flight across the ocean. "See you in the States, Mac," he said to me, but I have not seen him. And now I find myself wondering if he can have forgotten me—not because we were such particularly good friends but because of an incident that happened on a day in April, 1945, when the end of our war was still a month away.

The question I ask myself often is: Has the Colonel truly been able to slip casually into some corner of his mind the occurrence of that day? I have not been able to forget it, to accept the clipped words with which he dismissed it. I will not say it has haunted me or disturbed my sleep, but certainly the name of Gerda Fogelweiss has often risen to my mind—a name without a face to go with it, though sometimes in my imagination I do see a face that might be hers, and the look on it chills me. What worries me most is a fearful suspicion that the Colonel, if he thinks of the episode at all, recalls it merely as one of the extraneous incidents that spiced up his combat duties.

We were already far across the Rhine that morning, in the town of Gotha. The Colonel was a staff officer for the corps headquarters I was attached to; he was with the section—G-3—that planned operations. As part of Patton's army, we had gone through France to the Moselle River, had captured Metz, crossed the Saar and the Rhine, and, at the time I speak of, had two cities, Weimar and Jena, as immediate objectives. I, a first lieutenant, was the Colonel's assistant, but I was used more often for divisional liaison than for planning. In that late phase of the war, it was necessary only to let the divisions go, like dogs from a leash, things were changing so rapidly. Our command post would move on every two or three days, and when we set up our headquarters at Gotha, in a large, unbombed building that had been the main office of an insurance firm, none of us expected to stay long.

It was in Gotha that we heard about Ohrdruf. Corps staff equipment was still being unloaded from trucks and half-tracks in front of the building, and I was at the radio we had set up inside, when a message came giving the details of the capture of the concentration camp there by one of our armored divisions. I showed the message to the Colonel. "It looks like the worst yet," I said.

He studied the report, which said that the number of bodies was estimated at around five thousand. (Later, we found Buchenwald, but that was still only a name to us.) The Colonel gave a nod and handed the paper back to me. "Like to see one of those things," he said. Then he asked, "Feel like taking a look at the billet?"

We had been sharing billets for the sake of convenience, in spite of our difference in rank, so that either of us could be quickly available in case something important came up at G-3 late at night. The Colonel, though not too rank-conscious, always maintained an appropriate reserve toward me. He had been a National Guard officer, with his commission in cavalry, but he could easily have been mistaken for a West Pointer. He was aloof and impassive. Indoors or out, he always had a riding crop with him. In a way, it was a break for me to have the same billet, for the higher the rank, the better the quarters. As a result, I had already been in many comfortable German homes, and had come to feel at ease in the company of the higher officers. We used fine mahogany tables for bridge and poker games, and for brandy-and-champagne talk sessions, when we weren't at the command post or out on a mission. I always looked forward to seeing each new temporary home. There is a fascination about entering, with full privileges, the houses of strangers.

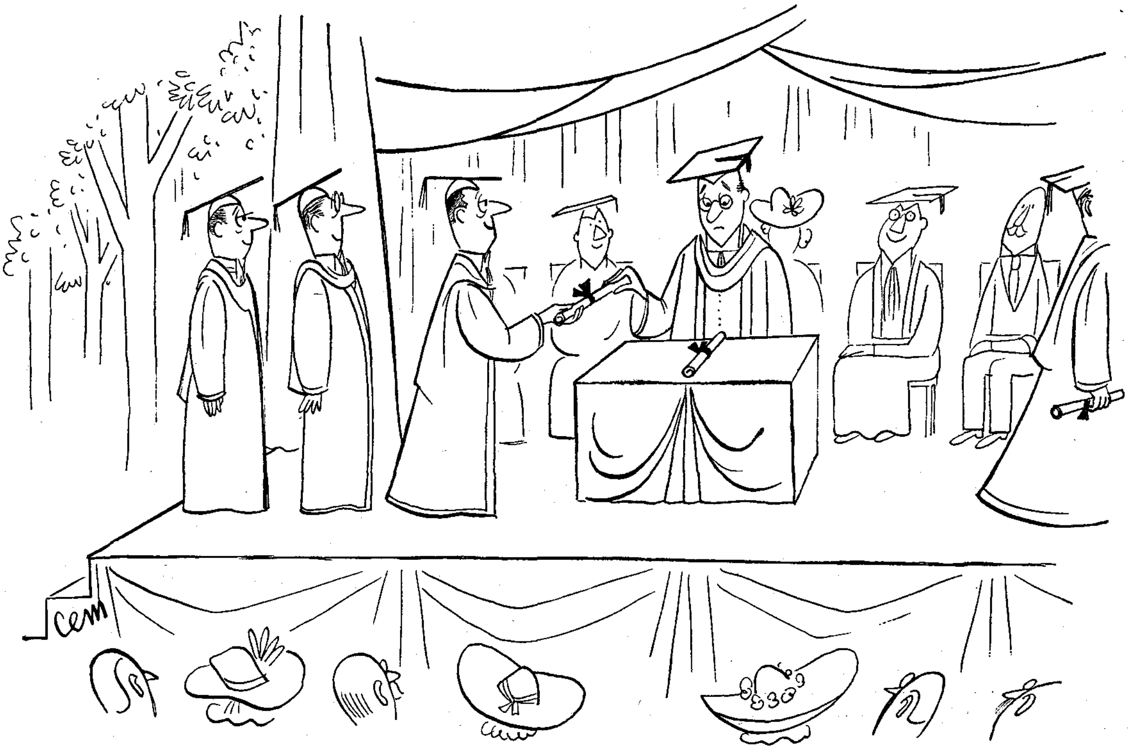
The Colonel and I got our directions from the billeting officer, and Stearns, our driver, took us the three blocks to the house in a jeep. This place was a duplex, with a large apartment on each of the two floors. Our billet was the second-floor apartment, and we found the key in the lock of the back door, with a note attached to it. "Someone's left us a message," I said.

The Colonel's eyebrows lifted. "Better read it," he said.

The note was written—printed, rather—in laborious English. I read it to the Colonel. "To the American officers—I have left you my linens on the beds, and have placed out my best china service. I leave my good blankets, and my silver too, not like the others. I would wish only that you water the plants, if to be so kind. I am an only woman, this my only home. Please take care of my little home." It was signed "Gerda Fogelweiss."

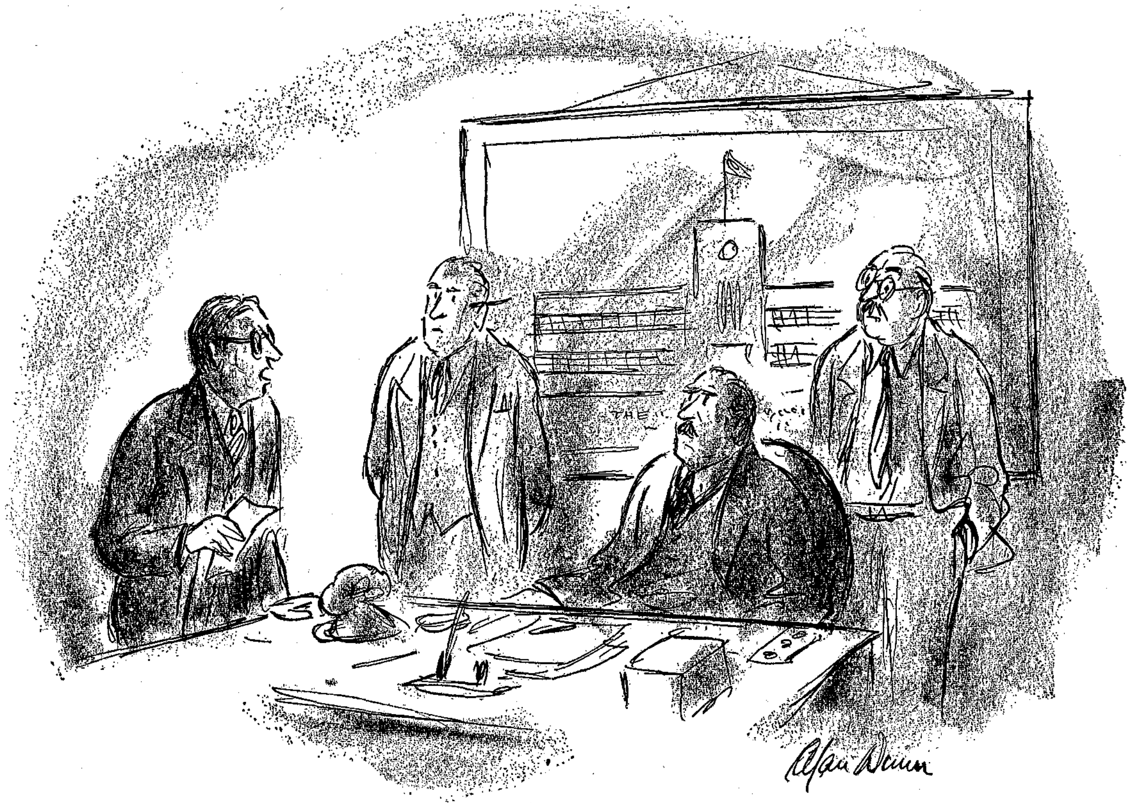
"Well, for God's sake!" the Colonel said. "Water her *plants!* Lieutenant, suppose you take charge of the watering operations."

We both smiled and went inside. The door opened on a kitchen that reminded me of my family's kitchen at home. The porcelain of the sink shone. A Dutch clock was ticking on the wall. We



went into the dining room, dim because of drawn velvet draperies, stood for a moment beside an oval table, covered with a white linen cloth. There were two places (it was unlikely that we would use them) set with china and heavy silverware. "This looks like a good deal," I said. It wasn't more luxurious than other billets, but we were unused to any effort to make us feel at home.

"We might invite the Chief of Staff to dinner," the Colonel said. He profoundly disliked the Chief of Staff, who was known for paying more attention to his and the corps commander's comfort than to the war.



"The union has just about agreed to a settlement on the basis of the N.L.R.B. formula, but a hitch has developed—they want us to pay for their ads in the 'Times.'"

The living room was stiffly furnished with typical heavy German pieces, but there was a good Telefunken radio that worked. There were two glass-doored cabinets filled with delicate curios, some Dresden make, and potted rubber plants and ferns in profusion. I took the smaller of the two bedrooms and examined the linens on the twin beds in it and the soft blue blankets folded neatly at the foot of each of them. The Colonel, in the other room, had got similar treatment, apparently. "Wouldn't mind spending a week here," he called to me.

Stearns came in lugging our Valpaks and bedrolls, his slung carbine banging faintly against his helmet as he laid them down. He obviously noticed the comfort of our quarters, but his face remained expressionless. "Better get us back," the Colonel said, looking at his watch.

I had an impulse to water the plants before we left, but I didn't follow through on it.

"Well, it's a tough war," the Colonel said, going down the staircase.

THE command post was functioning almost normally by the time we returned to it. The officers' mess was being set up for lunch, and corps staffwork was going on in the midst of rows of filing cabinets containing the insurance records of German civilians. Our Chief of Staff sent a memo around informing all of us that these files were not to be touched. I couldn't help wondering what good an insurance policy would be to any German now. Our large G-3 map already showed new advances, with infantry units in Weimar and tanks heading east for Jena. I went back to the radio, and chalked up the more important messages on a blackboard until lunchtime, when the Colonel touched me on the shoulder and said, "Let's get ourselves fed."

At the officers' mess, the talk first concerned the possibility of finding Contax cameras in the Zeiss works at Jena, then became more solemn when a few of the officers, who had already taken the thirty-mile trip to the southeast, spoke of what they had seen at Ohrdruf. The Colonel listened but asked no questions. I was puzzled by his silence, and it occurred to me that I had never discovered in him any particular dislike of Germans. It was as though, for him, the war were being fought on a mathematical basis, with the Germans, as people, outside his calculations. He was certainly interested by the war—it provided him with a responsible job—but he spoke frequently of home, where he had a wife and two children. He wrote them regularly and sometimes he would read aloud letters that his small girl had sent him. We seldom talked of anything that resembled politics; he did not seem interested. He was a brave man, I knew. I had seen him under strafing and shelling, and his air of calm efficiency had never deserted him.

The times I thought I knew him best were the occasional ones when he told an anecdote. He always spoke dryly, without seeming to be conscious of anything funny in what he was saying, but all at once his story would explode into some hilarious incongruity, and only when the rest of us laughed would a slow smile cross his face.

I was surprised when he said to me, after lunch, "Let's go take a look at that camp. Chief wants to know about it. You might have Stearns out front in about fifteen minutes."

"Sure," I said. I wanted to see Ohrdruf myself. I could not associate what I'd heard about such camps with the faces of Germans, either the prisoners I'd seen or the civilians in the streets. Since I had first heard of them, I had been looking for some special kind of brutality that only German faces would show, but it had been a futile search.

It was just after one o'clock when we drove off in the jeep. The sun was bright in the April sky, and the air was crisp but not unkind. The fields beyond Gotha already seemed to have taken on a new green, and mists rose gently from the wet earth, as though the last of winter were being exhaled. I sat in the back of the jeep with a map and gave Stearns his directions. Ohrdruf was not a hard town to find, because it was fairly large; I guessed that its population must be close to ten thousand. When we went through it, we didn't know that the mayor and his wife had hanged themselves after returning home from a forced trip through the camp. We did notice a sharp smell once we were in the outskirts. The Colonel sniffed and asked, "What's that?"

"Lime," I said. I had been told about the lime.

In the town, some white surrender flags still hung from windows, and American vehicles clogged the cobbled streets. We asked an M.P. how to get to the camp, and he directed us. Just outside the eastern part of the town, we climbed a steep, winding dirt road and came onto a sort of plateau, where we saw the gates of the camp before us. Other American vehicles were there. The word had got around quickly. It always did.

The Colonel climbed stiffly from the jeep and turned back to the driver. "Want to see this, Bill?"

"Yes, sir," Stearns said, and the three of us went through the gates of the camp.

I SUPPOSE those places have been described enough by now. Movies have shown the stacks of bodies and the paraphernalia of death. In a way, they are more real in the movies. We stood in a large, open yard formed by barracks and the high, barbed-wire fence that enclosed the camp and, on that nice spring day, looked at the dead on the ground, still lying in their last attitudes, as they had fallen. The guards had herded as many as they could find into this yard and machine-gunned them just before American tanks had nosed up the hill outside. We saw deep lime pits, but we did not know how deep they were or how many dead they contained, and later, in a field just beyond the camp, we saw neat rows of trenches, many of them not filled in, the bodies in them covered only with lime, for the camp's normal operations had been interrupted. We were told there was no gas chamber, for this, as such camps went, was a small one. Beatings, hangings, starvation were the methods, with so many per day to be eliminated.

The Colonel did not comment on what he saw. Every now and then, Stearns said "Jesus!"

I felt lightheaded, felt myself to be walking in slow motion. The three of us examined some of the barracks—flimsy, narrow structures, with burlap sacks for beds on the earth floor. The odor of excrement was high. In one, a sign in German stated the number the barracks could hold: a hundred and twenty-eight. "Why exactly a hundred and twenty-eight?" I asked.

The Colonel did not answer.

We went through a hospital barracks, which at least had a wooden floor, and Stearns nearly stumbled over an emaciated naked body. The Colonel touched the bony thigh with his riding crop, indicating a number tattooed in purple. The number was E4138. For some reason, I still remember it.

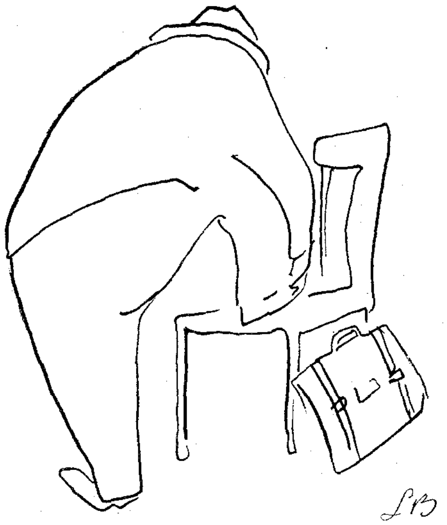
We stayed in the camp about an hour, then drove back to Gotha, where we immediately sensed new activity at the corps command post. In the operations room, we learned that we would stop only the one night in Gotha. Our next headquarters would be in Weimar. We stayed late in the insurance building, making preparations for moving on the next morning.

It was long after dark when we arrived back at the apartment. I was very tired, and was not even thinking of Ohrdruf as I got ready for bed, so perhaps it was simply out of habit that I slept in my bedroll instead of taking advantage of the comforts Gerda Fogelweiss had provided. I rose at six, and dressed in faint daylight.

The Colonel, fully dressed, his helmet already on, came to the doorway of my room. "Did you water the plants, Lieutenant?" he asked me.

"Forgot, sir," I said.

I smiled, but he did not smile in return. He was carrying his riding crop, and a moment later, as he walked slowly ahead of me through the dining room, he suddenly caught it in a fold of the tablecloth and drew the cloth and everything on it swiftly from the table. China shattered on the floor. The Colonel ground the heel of his boot on a silver cream server. "Filthy people," he said.



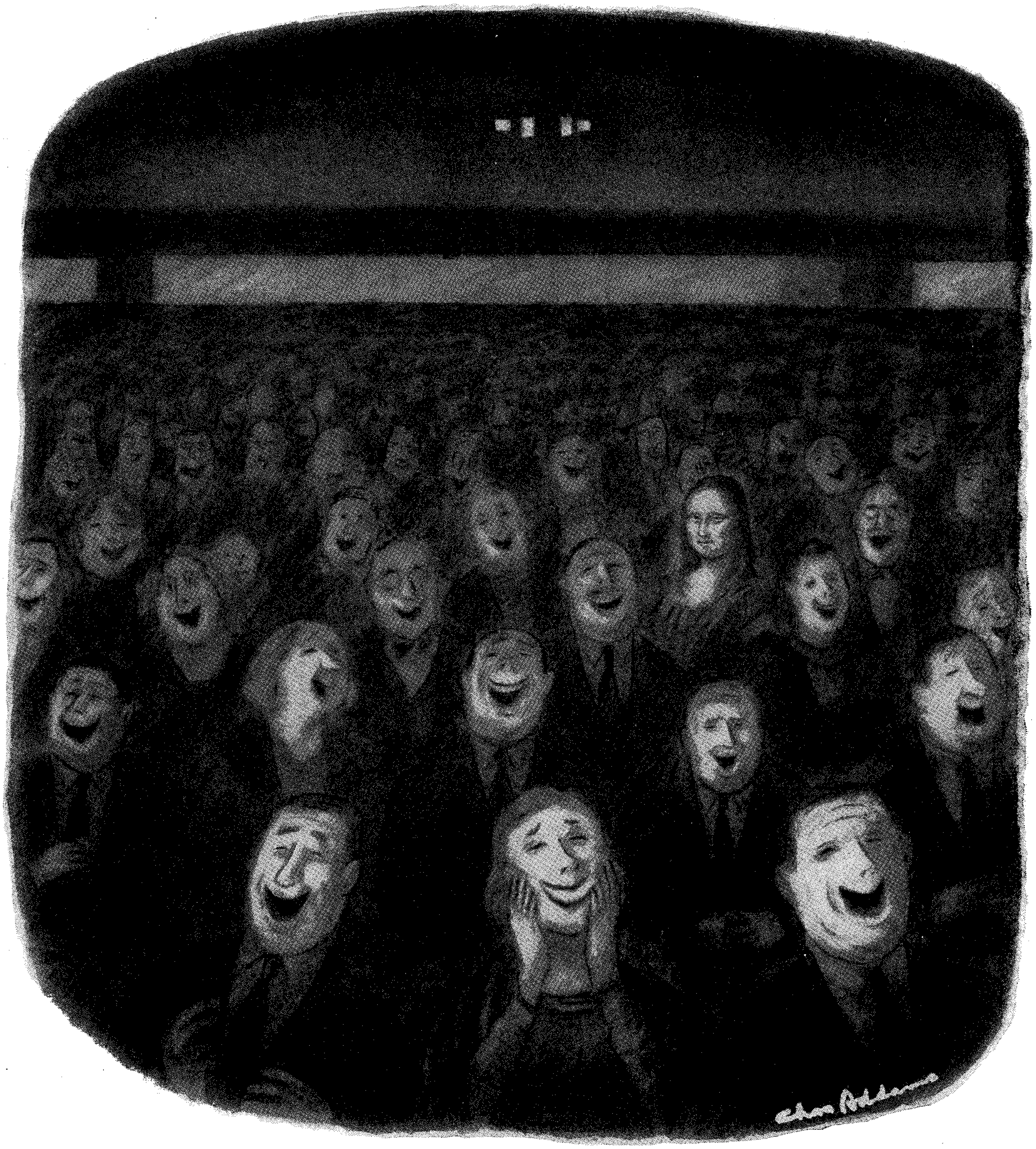
He went to the living room and regarded the plants solemnly. He kicked one over and stamped on its leaves. Methodically, he did this with all the plants. I could feel the excitement going through me. For that moment, at least, the same feeling that possessed him possessed me. I wrenched open the door of one of the curio cabinets and swept the contents to the floor. We stamped on them together, and then looked about us for other things to destroy. The bedrooms. We ripped the sheets from the beds and tore them into strips; we used our pocketknives to do as good a job on the blankets.

On our way back through the living room, carrying our bedrolls and Valpaks, the Colonel knocked the Telefunken radio to the floor and precisely drove his toe into the works in the rear. He was enjoying himself and so was I. We did not need to communicate; we knew what we were doing. I had not been able to see it in their faces, but now I knew it was there. We went on with our work. "Gerda Fogelweiss," the Colonel said, as though getting satisfaction from the sound of the name, and sent the remaining curio cabinet crashing to the floor. I was busy breaking a nicely carved chair.

There was a crystal chandelier to come down. It came down. The Colonel began loosening the heavily flowered wallpaper with his knife, and I helped him tear off great strips of it. Then he had an idea. He beckoned me to follow him into the bathroom. There he plugged up the tub and turned on its faucets hard. We left the water splashing into it and went to the kitchen. He plugged the kitchen sink and turned on its faucets.

We stood there in the kitchen, the Colonel apparently ruminating, until the water began to overrun the sink. "Looks like time for breakfast," he said. We carried our Valpaks and bedrolls downstairs, after the Colonel had carefully locked all the doors, inside and out, and taken the keys with him. We found Stearns just pulling up at the curb with the jeep. The Colonel tossed his handful of keys into the sewer and climbed in. "Gerda is in for a little surprise," he said to me, and a slow smile came on his face. "We watered the plants, didn't we?"

WHY necessarily Gerda Fogelweiss? The question did not bother me until some time later, as we were driving along a good stretch of Autobahn on the way from Gotha to



• •

Weimar. It was another pleasant day, but it was partly spoiled for me by the thought of a German woman coming back to her home and finding it the way we had left it. We had arbitrarily made her responsible, I decided, and for a moment that seemed enough of an answer. However, there was still something missing about it all, and for a while I could not think what it was. Then it came to me, as though it had been jolted into my mind by a sharp swerve Stearns had just made to avoid a bad place in the road. "Colonel," I said.

He was in the front seat, and he pushed his helmet back on his head, turned, and looked at me. "What's up?" he asked.

"That woman isn't going to understand," I said. "She won't know why we did it."

"All the better," he said.

"No," I said. "We should have left *her* a note."

The Colonel seemed to be considering this, and then he patted his helmet back firmly into position and regarded the blue haze hanging over the German fields. "Forget it," he said.

Neither of us ever spoke of the affair to the other again. —HOLLIS ALPERT

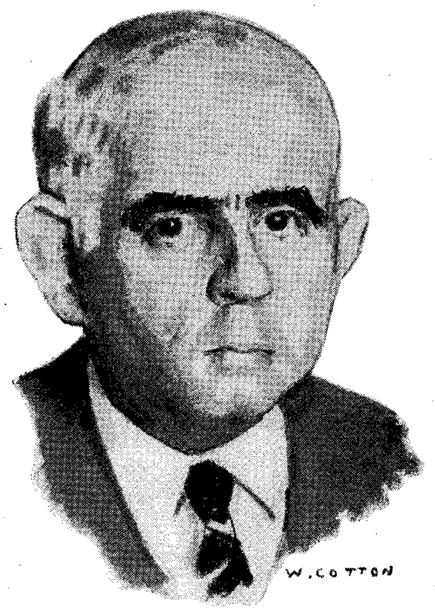
•

Sue Howell is just as adept on water-skis as she is to look at.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

And you can get just as wet staring at her as if.

PROFILES

GERIATRICIAN—I



DR. MARTIN GUMPERT, a stooped, brooding physician of fifty-two, who is one of the country's most articulate practitioners in the field of geriatrics, the branch of medicine concerned with old people and their ailments, becomes infuriated whenever he hears a disparaging remark about old age. His normally gentle manner vanishes, his soft brown eyes grow stern, his bent back straightens, and his voice, which is usually mild and singsong, is heard in sharp rebuttal. Senescence, Dr. Gumpert believes, should not be regarded as a bitter inevitability but looked forward to as potentially life's happiest season. In spite of his daily contact with the hardened arteries, the aches, and the failing eyes and ears of his elderly patients, and despite their crotchets and their protests against the indignities they suffer, Dr. Gumpert himself wants to be old. "I rejoice when the sun goes down and I can tear off another calendar page," he says. "How can anyone say he would rather be dead than ninety? I would like to be five hundred. Old people have so many advantages over the young. They are more thorough. They have a greater sense of responsibility. They're more outspoken and honest. Think of all the evil lies that scheming, ambitious young men and women tell! But then, how could they be expected to behave with wisdom, that wondrous blend of knowledge, experience, and contemplation? People, even assuming they have been endowed with intelligence, cannot become wise until the years have brought about certain changes in the pigmentation of their brain tissue. Wisdom, in medical terms, is a specific symptom of old age."

Dr. Gumpert's admiration for old people is so great that he takes an aesthetic delight in just looking at them. "Miss Rheingold's skin is evenly distributed," he concedes, "but her face, compared to an old woman's, is emotionless. An old face has the attractiveness of an ancient oak or of a building whose roof is graced by a mellow patina. I do not apply 'serene,' the usual word, to an old face; I consider an old face dramatic, and lovelier than a young face, which has yet to be confronted by crises. The scars of a long life have been molded into an old face, and they accent the individuality of their owner." One of Dr. Gumpert's favorite books is "Das Ewige Antlitz" ("The Eternal Face"), a collection of photographs of death masks. "Ah, look at the humor in this woman's face!" he will exclaim, turning the pages. "She must have been a prankster. And this man—such intensity! And *this* man! Did you ever see such friendliness? The expressions on these masks are truly the culmination of the drama of an individual life."

Dr. Gumpert's patients, whom he treats in his offices on upper Park Avenue and in the clinic and wards of the Goldwater Memorial Hospital, on Welfare Island, which is probably the largest hospital devoted solely to chronic ailments, are, of course, well acquainted with his cheerful attitude toward them and their contemporaries. They comprise, however, only a small part of his listeners. He has explained his views at many conventions of the American Geriatrics Society, the Gerontological Society, and the American Homeopathic Society, and he has lectured before such diverse groups as the members of the American Library Association, a gathering of Cleveland doctors and social workers at the National Conference on Social Work, and a local American Legion post. A number of his papers on old age have been published in professional journals, and he has celebrated the advent of life's winter in verse in his native tongue, German. In fact, Dr. Gumpert is far better known in Germany as a poet than as a geriatrician. He wrote quantities of verse in Germany, and although, being of Jewish descent, he felt compelled to emigrate from that country to the United States in 1936, one of his poems, "Berichte aus der Fremde," won first prize in a big German poetry competition in 1947. He has also had published, since settling here, a number of well-received biographies, which reveal his preoccupation with old age. One of them, a life of Dr. Samuel Hahnemann, the German founder, in 1810, of homeopathy, tells how he was living in discontented retirement in Köthen when, at the age of eighty, he fell in love with a woman of thirty, married her, went to Paris, where he had never practiced, became the city's pet society doctor, and earned enough in fees to collect a fair-sized gallery of valuable paintings before he died, at eighty-eight. The subject of another Gumpert biography, Jean Henri Dunant, the Swiss founder of the International Red Cross, was spending what he thought were his declining years in a home for the aged when, in 1901, he was awarded a Nobel Prize; invigorated, he put in nine strenuous years as a crusading pacifist. Another of Dr. Gumpert's biographies ends with the suicide of its octogenarian hero, but the suicide is almost a happy ending. The subject, Max von Pettenkofer, was a German doctor, born in 1818, who evolved several precepts of hygiene that are still held valid and who followed them strictly himself. When Robert Koch claimed that cholera was infectious, Dr. von Pettenkofer, to prove the soundness of his hygienic principles, swallowed a culture of cholera germs. He suffered no ill effects. But when, at the age of eighty-three, he got tonsillitis, he was so put out with his body for getting infected that he shot himself.

In the past few years, Dr. Gumpert has devoted such a great amount of time to writing, especially in the field of popular science, that he has had to cut down his practice. He has spread his encouraging words about old age in the *Survey Graphic*, *Scientific American*, *Coronet*, the *Nation*, the *Reader's Digest*, *Tomorrow*, and *Redbook*, for the last of which he conducts a column of medical chitchat. He is the author of a book called "You Are Younger Than You Think," which was published in 1944, by Duell, Sloan & Pearce, and has been translated into four languages. "Now that I am older," he says, "I would never dream of using a title like that. I'd call it '*Why Be Younger Than You Are?*' "

Dr. Gumpert's evangelism is not of the gladsome sort that has made such lay writers as Dale Carnegie ("How to Stop Worrying and Start Living") and Walter B. Pitkin ("Life Begins at Forty") rich and famous. "Life begins at birth," Dr. Gumpert maintains stoutly. He considers it his mission to correct a large general misconception about old age. "Nearly everybody is afraid of senescence because of thinking that the ailments of old age and old age itself are one and the same thing," he says. "That just isn't so. You don't have to be sick because you're old, and if you're not sick, you'll go right on getting older. A main objective of geriatrics is to separate the pathology of old age from the normal aging process." It is possible to die of old age, Dr. Gumpert says, but not many people do it. He cites the findings of the late Dr. Aldred Scott Warthin, an outstanding American pathologist, who stated, in a book called "Old Age—the Major Involution," that of forty thousand autopsies he had performed in his lifetime, only twenty-five justified the diagnosis of death because of senility. Dr. Gumpert grants that certain diseases are peculiar to old age, but points out that the same is true of any period of life. "I wouldn't expect to find arteriosclerosis in a child of five, and none of my patients would have the child's rickets," he says.

Geriatricians, Dr. Gumpert says proudly, are a new kind of doctor. "Geriatrics," a word derived from the Greek word "*gēras*," meaning "old age," was coined forty years ago by a former Chief Physician for the New York Department of Hospitals, Dr. Ignatz Nascher. Dr. Gumpert estimates that about five hundred physicians in the United States now specialize in this young branch of medicine. The combined, and sometimes overlapping, memberships of the two professional American organizations concerned with the illnesses of old people, the Gerontological Society, a research group, and the American Geriatrics Society, a clinical group, come to about six hundred. Dr. Gumpert feels sure that it is only a matter of a few years before there will be several times as many geriatricians. A number of universities have established chairs of geriatrics, and many hospitals have set up geriatric departments. The Columbia and New York University medical schools have undertaken elaborate research projects dealing with aging New Yorkers. (Eight hundred thousand of the city's residents, or ten per cent of the total population, are over sixty.) The New York County Medical Society has appointed a subcommittee on geriatrics—a panel of four physicians who will report to the rest of the members on significant developments in this special field. The United States Public Health Service set up a gerontological unit five years ago. The body of technical literature on the subject is growing. Two American periodicals are now being published, *Geriatrics* and the *Journal of Gerontology*, and more and more space in the older medical journals is given over to papers on maladies of the senescent. Dozens of books on geriatrics have been written by doctors in the last ten years. Two of them, "Geriatric Medicine," edited by Dr. Edward J. Stieglitz, and "The Care of the Aged (Geriatrics)," by Dr. Malford W. Thewlis, are basic handbooks for physicians. Another important book on the subject is "Problems of Aging," edited by E. V. Cowdry, a monumental work of more than eight hundred pages, which Dr. Gumpert has described as "an exploration of old age from the anthropological, zoological, medical, anatomical, pathological, and sociological points of view."

Dr. Gumpert believes that he and his colleagues are grappling with one of the most important changes society has undergone in centuries. "The world is becoming a society of elders," he says. "The reason is simple: People are living longer than they ever have before." In ancient Rome, the life expectancy was twenty-three years. A century ago, a New Englander over forty was living on borrowed time. In 1900, anyone pushing forty-eight should have made his will. Today, primarily because of spectacular medical progress, the life expectancy of a white female at birth is seventy-one, a colored female sixty-two, a white male sixty-five, and a colored male fifty-eight. According to the Bureau of the Census, more than seventeen million Americans are over sixty—twelve per cent of the population—and in a few years the number will probably be twenty million. By 1960, more than forty per cent of our population will be over forty-five. A corollary fact is that the wage-earning group, men and women aged twenty to fifty, is, in a relative sense, shrinking. Dr. Gumpert won't guess what life expectancy man may achieve, but he suspects that Moses' estimate in the ninetieth Psalm that our days are numbered to threescore and ten will turn out to be low. "I rather think," the Doctor remarks, "that the third verse of the sixth chapter of Genesis comes closer to reality: 'And the Lord said, My Spirit shall not always strive with man,

"How many on that last one—roughly?"

for that he also is flesh: yet his days shall be a hundred and twenty years.' " By the year 2000, Dr. Gumpert has declared, centenarians and diamond-wedding anniversaries will be too common for city editors to bother with. "People can debate whether it's worth living that long, but the facts show that unless they do away with themselves, that's what they are going to do," he says. "The choice, then, is: Are we going to convert ourselves into a gigantic old-age asylum—or are we going to have fun?"

Dr. Gumpert's personal eagerness to grow old is both baffling and endearing to his friends. "Martin is a benign undertaker who is lying in wait for himself," one of them has said. Dr. Gumpert is a close friend of Thomas Mann and Mann's family, and not long ago Mann expressed the opinion that Dr. Gumpert, in his work with the aged, is playing an involved game with himself. "He is waiting to see if the child's conception of age will come true for himself—that the older one gets, the greater is his maturity and authority," Dr. Mann said. "But he retains a childlike quality. One sees it in his round, brown eyes—dreaming, trusting, utterly credulous." Mrs. Mann thinks he is playing a game with everyone else. "He affects an old man's manner, but he likes a good time too much for his disguise to be effective," she said a while back. "He is a volcano capped with ice. When Louis knocked out Schmeling, he made us go up to Harlem with him to celebrate. When my husband had a serious operation in Chicago three years ago, he asked me to fetch Martin to cheer him up. Martin arrived at the hospital with a bottle of champagne in his hand and his imitation of an old man's smile on his face, and in a little while Thomas forgot about his surgery." Erika Mann, the Manns' eldest daughter, considers Dr. Gumpert's desire to be old a vivid manifestation of a reluctance to die. She cites a weird manuscript that Dr. Gumpert once passed around among his friends. It was written in a provincial German dialect, and Dr. Gumpert claimed that it was the work of a patient, a poor trapeze artist, who had given it to him in place of a fee. The story was in the form of a diary of a circus performer who went each night to a graveyard to dig up his wife's body because he refused to believe he had lost her. "We were all fascinated with its eerie, dreamlike atmosphere," Miss Mann says. "The dead wife was clearly symbolic of her husband's own will to live. The diary was written in such terrible German that it was a long time before we suspected that Martin had written it himself. He used to deny it vehemently, but now, fifteen years later, he permits himself a bashful smirk when we mention his hoax."

Dr. Gumpert is disinclined to analyze his hankering for wrinkles and seniority. He prefers to consider it a normal attitude, one that has given his life direction. Several years ago, on one of the rare occasions when he has pondered his fondness for old age, he told a friend, "We'll get old whether or not

A COLLECTOR IN ENGLAND

One need pay little attention to the foreign tourists because, having come from overseas to visit England, at considerable expense, they are, for the most part, collectors. Canterbury is another stamp for their album. And in the case of the Americans, eager and schoolboyish in their attitude to things new to them, another conker for their string.—*Edward Hyams in the New Statesman & Nation.*

A small collector of the souvenir
Am I, of the memento—ranging from
A field of jackdaws up in Bedfordshire
To Gracie Fields at the Palladium.

Mine is the keepsake not of Mr. Shaw
Or Canterbury for the mantelshelf
But of the minor spectacles I saw.
To these, in England, I have helped myself:

Such as a Quiet Street in Bath (quite still),
A Silent Street in Ipswich (full of roar).
There was a priory church in Dunstable
With the word "Gently" just inside the door.

I saw a herd of fallow deer, in Kent,
And, grazing in their midst, one Jersey cow.
I kept a London fog, for sentiment,
And found a linnet on a holly bough;

Church bells, in Woburn, at the quarter hour
Playing "God Save the King" all the day through;
A bomb site with geraniums in flower;
A world where all trains go to Waterloo;

And, in a pub, two ladies of Shoreditch
Having a mild-and-bitter with a guy
Who found them, it seemed, satisfactory—rich
In their own charm. Each lady had one eye.

There was St. Michael Royal, in which lately
The sober ceremonies have begun
Down in the crypt ("O turn again" sedately)
To dig the bones up of Dick Whittington;

A scene in Cambridgeshire: the golden beeches,
White swans, pink undergraduates on the Cam;
A headline, among Parliamentary speeches,
"George VI Is Baffled by the Candied Yam."

There were the London starlings in procession,
Inns like the Bull and Bush, the Bird-in-Hand—
These to collect, for love and for possession,
And all the thatched roofs, and the hawthorn, and

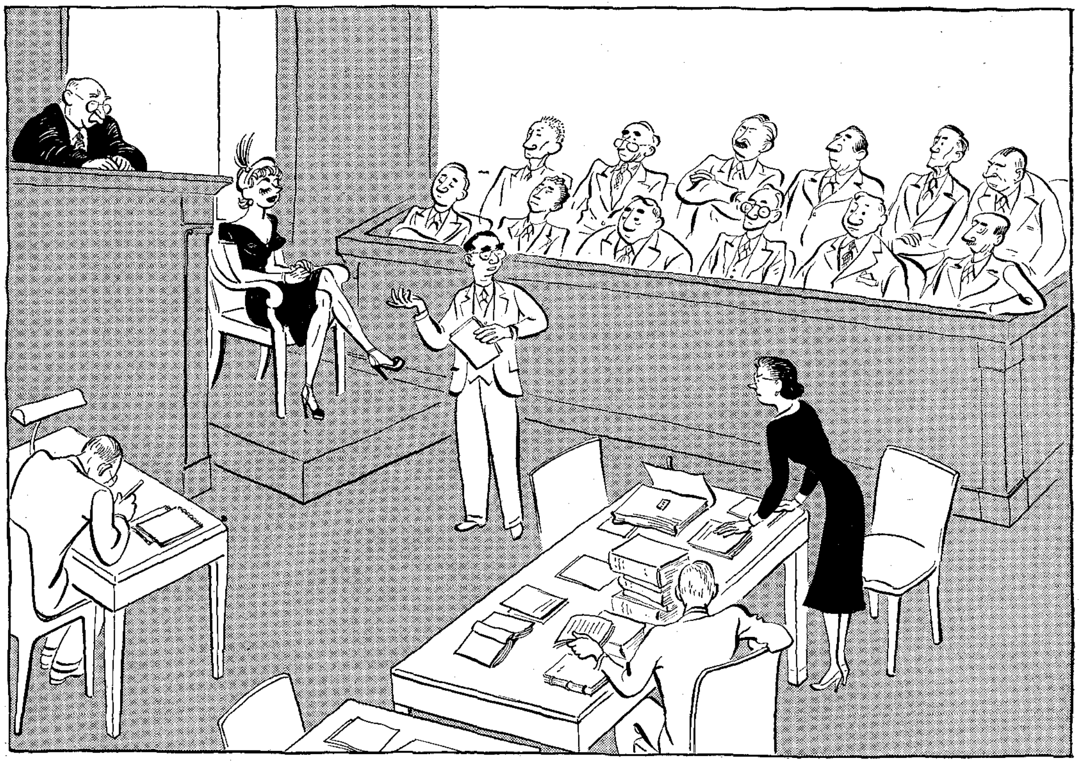
The English drafts; the chimney pots adorning
The stately homes; the curtains drawn for tea;
The London *Times*, inspired to quote one morning,
"*Les souvenirs embellissent la vie.*"

—Helen Bevington

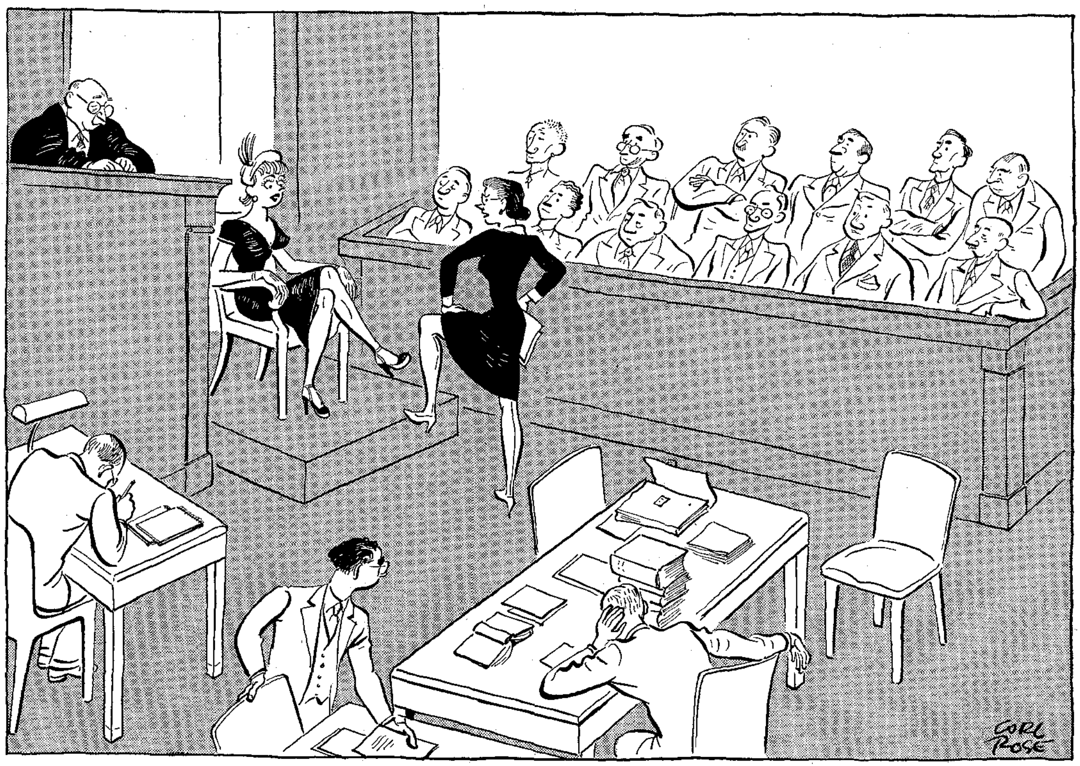
• •

we want to, so why not look forward *to it, why not make it a time of harvest* and reward? Maybe it's curiosity that drives me to want to be five hundred. I like to cross new thresholds and explore what lies beyond. Someday I'll cross one threshold too many." Dr. Gumpert happily recalls the exact day he decided that he wanted to be older than he was. It was at dawn on a Sunday in the spring of 1903. He was five years old and he was wearing a sailor suit. He was living in his birthplace, a comfortable apartment in Berlin, with his father, who was a physician, his mother, and Minni, his sister. He remembers the day because it brought him a melodramatic reply to a letter he had written to the Kaiser. Young Martin had just learned to write, and he had honored Wilhelm II, then his great hero, with his first letter. It was inspired by the approach of the fifteenth anniversary of the Kaiser's coronation, an event that was to be marked by several public appearances by the monarch. After offering his congratulations, Martin notified the Kaiser that he had devised an apparatus that would protect him against bomb throwers. "My invention was something on the order of a cowcatcher," Dr. Gumpert says. "I wrote the Emperor that when the assassin's bomb fell near him, my invention would enable two or three generals to scoop up the sputtering bomb and carry it off to a suitable distance." Two days later, a policeman rang the Gumperts' doorbell. A maid answered. "Does a Herr Martin Gumpert live here?" the policeman demanded. "'*Herr*'?" the maid asked. "He is five." The Gumperts were aroused and young Martin was produced. The officer was nonplussed, but he had his orders, and the boy was marched off to the station house, where a police lieutenant explained to Martin's mother and father, who had known nothing of the letter, that the Kaiser's personal-security guard had been suspicious of such unusual felicitations and had ordered an investigation. "The lieutenant looked at me and laughed," Dr. Gumpert recalls. "So did the other policemen. So did my parents. No gratitude for my wanting to save the Kaiser's life. Not even a grilling. I was five—that was my defense. I would have preferred prison."

At the age of twelve, Martin found another reason for wanting to be older. He fell violently in love with the sixteen-year-old sister of a school chum. "I wanted to marry her at once," he says, "but everyone told me to concen-



"Your witness."



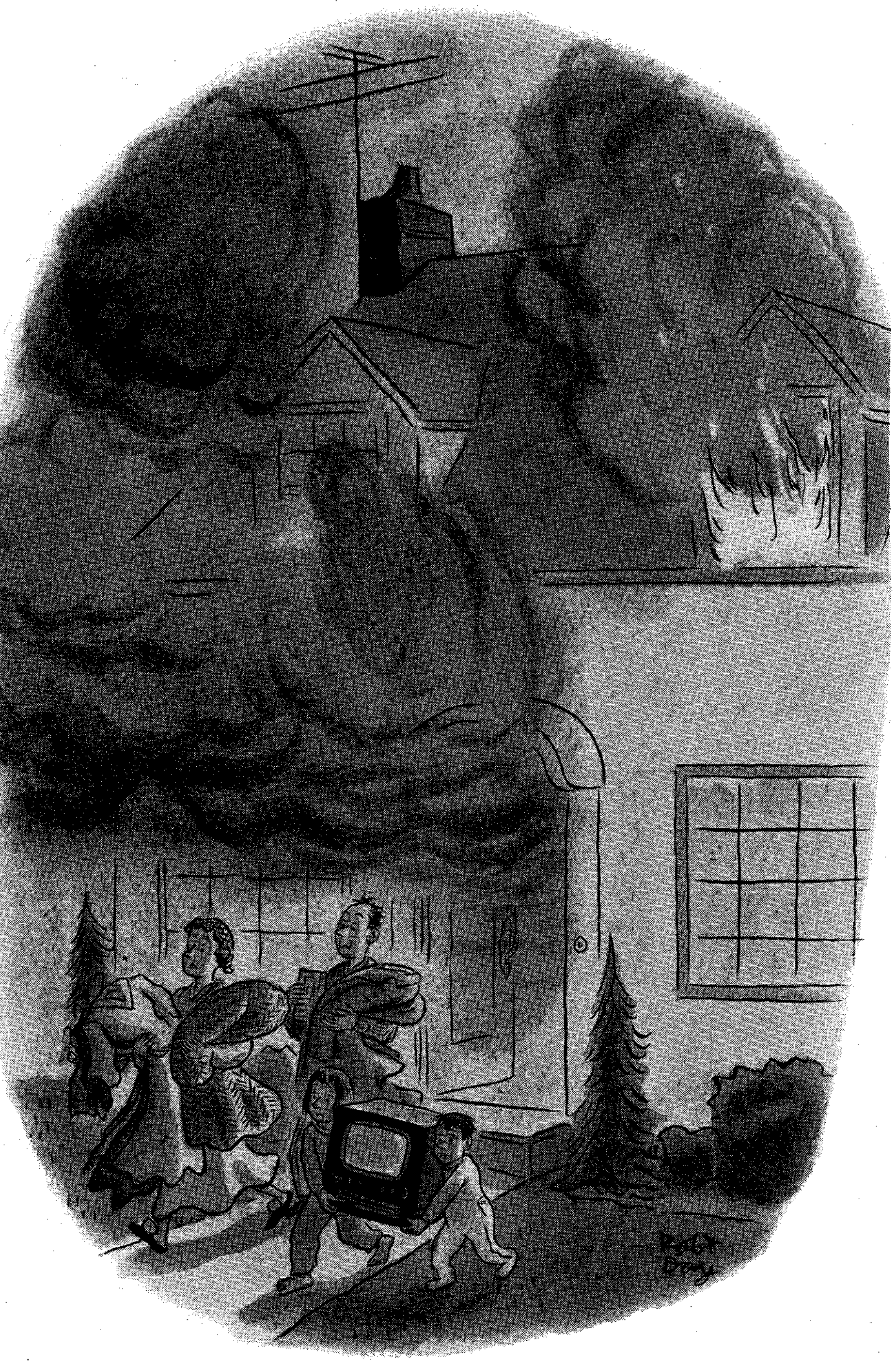
trate on algebra. All I could do about it was to nearly flunk out of school. The entire affair was most humiliating."

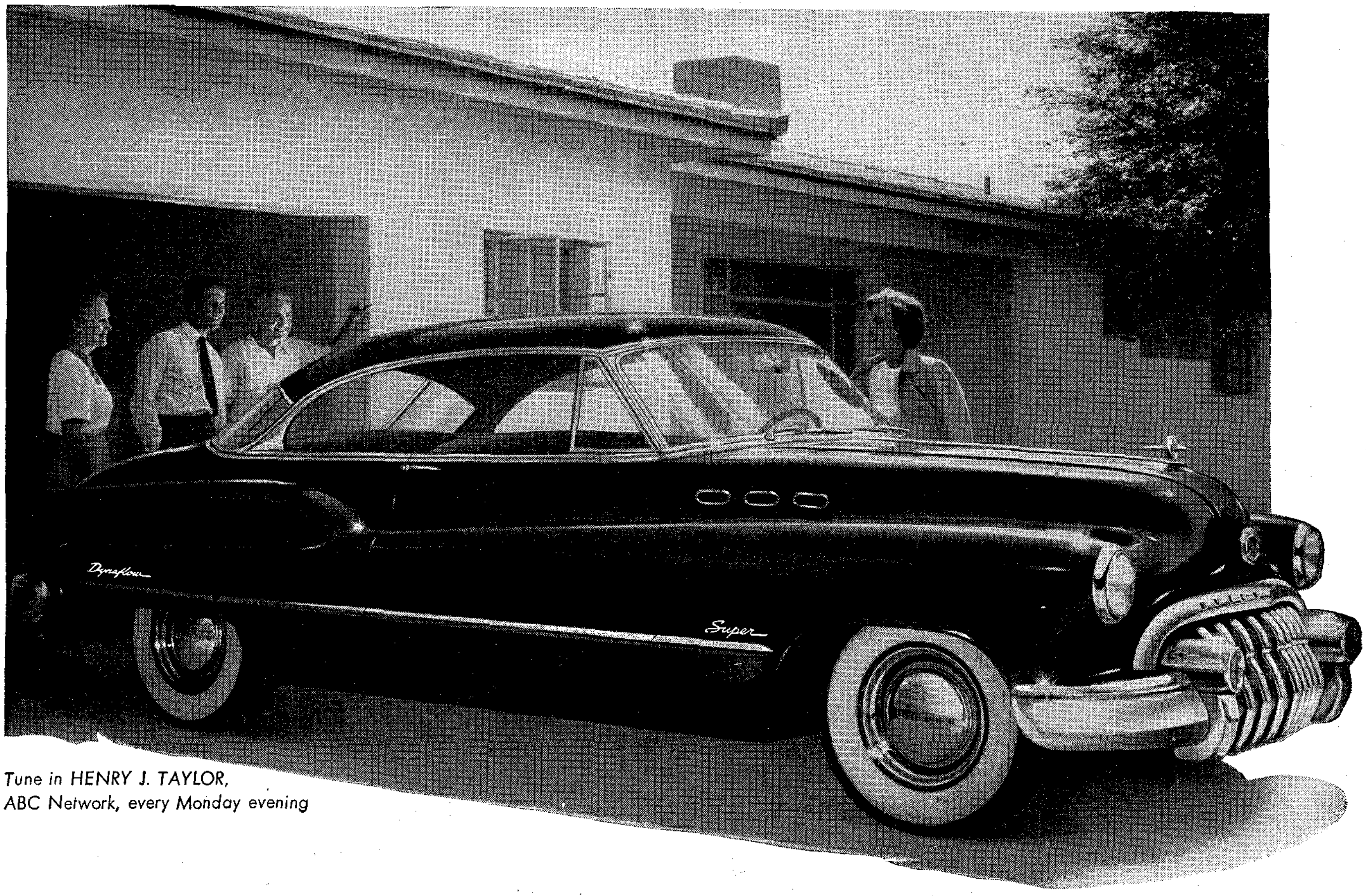
In 1915, shortly after Martin's seventeenth birthday, his first collection of verse, "Verkettung" ("Enchainment"), was published. He had had no central theme in mind, but the critics found one, and praised him for the skillful way he tied his poems together with a recurrent pining for old age. One of the poems, an ode addressed to his eighty-five-year-old grandmother, ended:

> I am already a hundred years old,
> My blood has become heavy in youth,
> Old Woman, I am near to you.

Later that year, the second of the First World War, the military class of 1897, which included Martin, was called to the colors. He served an inglorious hitch, much of it devoted to unloading trucks, in the medical corps in a rural district of Turkey. When he wasn't unloading trucks, he pored over a medical vade mecum that his father had given him as a going-away present. "A most thorough manual," he says. "It gave the symptoms of every known disease." The young soldier became so familiar with the volume that in 1918 he was able to end his active military career by feigning chronic appendicitis. He was clapped into an ambulance and driven off to an Army hospital in Constantinople. "The symptoms for chronic appendicitis are conveniently flexible," Dr. Gumpert explains. "They can be vague enough to forestall surgery and definite enough to keep a soldier from being sent back to duty. At the hospital, I was welcomed by a Berlin professor who was writing a monograph on chronic-appendicitis cases in Army wards. He studied me until Ludendorff lost the war." Gumpert had scarcely been settled between clean sheets when the orderlies carted in a buddy of his, a drab lad from Potsdam named Heinrich, who said he had appendicitis, too. "I had noticed that Heinrich looked jealous when they took me away," Dr. Gumpert says, "but the poor fellow didn't know the difference between acute appendicitis and chronic appendicitis. They operated on him at once, and stuck him in the bed next to mine. When he came out of the ether, a surgeon walked by and told him that he'd missed peritonitis by a bare twenty-four hours. That was one of the war's great lessons for me. Ever since then, I have been a firm believer in preventive medicine."

After the armistice, Gumpert studied medicine at Heidelberg and the University of Berlin. Shortly before he received his M.D., in 1923, he married Charlotte Blaschko, the daughter of a well-known Berlin dermatologist. Being diplomatic as well as interested in the subject, Gumpert decided to specialize in his father-in-law's branch of medicine. He hadn't been at it long when he began to hear complaints from patients he had referred to plastic surgeons. Plastic surgery was a rising science, and its practitioners in Berlin were asking exorbitant fees. In the spring of 1926, Dr. Gumpert indignantly took an impoverished patient, an elderly pianist who had a disfiguring but rather harmless skin ailment, to Paris to be operated on by a Frenchwoman, Dr. E. Noël, a skillful plastic surgeon and a moderately priced one. Dr. Gumpert discussed plastic surgery with Dr. Noël long enough to learn that he wanted to know more about it. He thereupon moved his family, which by then included an infant daughter, Nina, to Paris, where he studied with Dr. Noël for a year. He returned to Berlin and asked the Reichstag to give him funds to set up a clinic where disfigured people whose appearances prevented their finding jobs could be treated. The war had, of course, enormously increased their numbers. He argued that the project would save Berlin alone millions of marks in unemployment relief. Eventually, despite the opposition of most German plastic sur-





*Tune in HENRY J. TAYLOR,
ABC Network, every Monday evening*

Which BUICK is your best buy?

UNLESS you've already reviewed Buick's fashion parade for '50—and have your sights firmly set on a certain Buick beauty—

You surely owe yourself some fun.

Things like breezing about in one of Buick's new SPECIALS or the big 1950 Rivieras, with all the air and flair of a convertible under its arching steel roof...

Things like s-t-r-e-t-c-h-i-n-g out in Buick's bigger interiors—especially in the generous length of SUPER and ROADMASTER Riviera Sedans and the foot-wider rear seats in all closed-body styles...

Things like discovering the "see"-worthy reach of Buick's wrap-around rear window, and the horizon-wide sweep of one-piece windshields in most 1950 models...

Then there's new lift and life in all three of Buick's higher-powered, higher-compression Fireball engines for '50, and a complete new conception of performance in the SUPER's F-263 engine.

There's the fun of parking a 1950 ROADMASTER in space your SUPER used to fill, thanks to traffic-handy inches saved in all models by Buick's bold new Multi-Guard forefront.

And unless there's Dynaflow* in the Buick you're driving—here's a honey of a thrill in itself!

So come in and bring your Buick ideas up to date by wheeling a new 1950 Dynaflow demonstrator through traffic and out onto the open road.

And don't be a bit surprised if its price tag says this certain Buick is your best buy.

SEE YOUR NEAREST BUICK DEALER

**Dynaflow Drive is standard on ROADMASTER, optional at extra cost on SUPER and SPECIAL models.*

WHATEVER YOUR PRICE RANGE

"Better buy Buick"

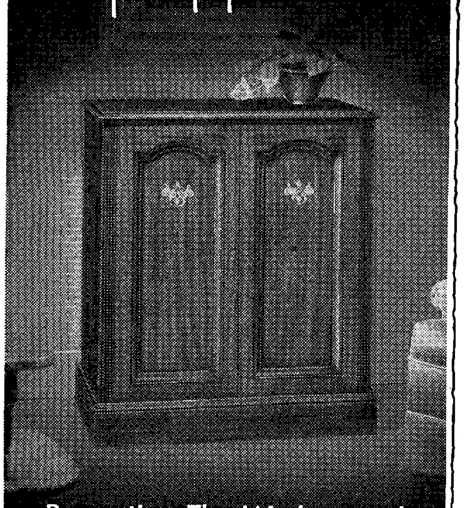
Your Key to Greater Value.

Only Buick has Dynaflow and with it goes:

HIGHER-COMPRESSION Fireball valve-in-head power in three engines. (New F-263 engine in SUPER models.) **NEW-PATTERN STYLING,** with **MULTI-GUARD** forefront, taper-through fenders, "double bubble" taillights **WIDE-ANGLE VISIBILITY,** close-up road view both forward and back • **TRAFFIC-HANDY SIZE,** less over-all length for easier parking and garaging, short turning radius • **EXTRA-WIDE SEATS** cradled between the axles • **SOFT BUICK RIDE,** from all-coil springing, Safety-Ride rims, low-pressure tires, ride-steadying torque-tube • **WIDE ARRAY OF MODELS** with Body by Fisher.

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

the magnificent
Magnavox
radio-phonograph-television



Presenting The Wedgewood
Perfect wedding of 18th-century furniture design with today's most advanced radio-phonograph engineering. $298.50
16-inch TV can be added at any time.
The Magnavox Co., Fort Wayne 4, Ind.
Price subject to change without notice.

Mexico's famous gardenia resort

invites you to vacation in the fresh summer tropics; swim in the renowned gardenia-filled pool, golf, ride. Good food, luxurious service, stupendous scenery! All for only $ 5.50 (US) a day American plan. Train, plane, car service from Mexico City.

Hotel Ruiz Galindo
Exclusive Resort Hotel
Box "N"
Fortin de las Flores, Ver., Mexico

vacation-perfect
surana
10.95

For travel, camping, cool vacation evenings —our success cape of water-shedding wool in one size for all. Navy, black, cocoa, cherrry red, or plaid.

De Pinna
5th Ave. at 52nd St., N. Y. 19

geons, the City of Berlin appropriated the funds and the Berlin City Clinic for Deformity Diseases was established, with Dr. Gumpert, who was then only thirty-one, as its head. The clinic was set up in Wedding, a working-class section, and was an instantaneous success. The number of Berliners who were unemployed because of their looks was far higher than he had estimated. He and his staff, which consisted of three doctors and three nurses, were swamped. The clinic also treated venereal cases, a chore imposed on it by medical tradition, since venereal diseases cause many skin irritations. The clinic improved the appearances and the employability of thousands of people, among them models and ingénues who were developing jowls, salesmen with abnormally long ears, waiters with warty noses that offended diners, and manicurists with cleft palates. "We ran a socially-conscious beauty parlor," the Doctor says. One of his patients was a lady lion-tamer in a travelling circus. The lions were taking swipes at her, and she blamed it on her fading looks and the recent extraction of several teeth. "She said the lions were losing their respect for her," Dr. Gumpert recalls. "Well, we gave her new teeth, lifted her face, and sent her back looking twelve years younger. I guess she regained the respect of the lions, because I never heard of her being devoured."

In the five years Gumpert was at the clinic, he came to realize that he would always be more interested in old patients than in young ones. "The old people who came to us were frightened," he relates. "They recognized that their sagging skin, their hairy growths, the glandular lumps on their necks were symptoms of old age, and they were ready to endure painful operations to get rid of them. Their terror moved me deeply. It also made me wonder why the bias against old people was so widespread. I was already a geriatrician in spirit."

Early in the summer of 1933—Hitler had been in power five or six months—a young prostitute came to the clinic, and Dr. Gumpert attended her. He found that she had a primary-syphilitic lesion. She hardly listened to the diagnosis. "Your hair is dark," she said. "So are your eyes. Are you an Aryan?" Dr. Gumpert, accepting the girl's visit as symbolic, walked out and never went back. Not long after, his wife died. He tried private practice for a while, but in February, 1936, he and Nina, by then eight years old, came to the United States. "When I saw the Statue of Liberty, I didn't cheer," he says. "I thought to myself, All this time, I've been trying to become old, and here I am in a new country, with everything to begin all over again—I've been reduced to infancy."

THANKS to the medical reputation that had preceded him, Dr. Gumpert had less difficulty than most refugee doctors in getting started. Almost immediately, he became associated with an established New York dermatologist. Several years later, by which time he was on his own, he was appointed to the staff of Lenox Hill Hospital as a dermatologist and had a thriving private practice. On July 17, 1946, an epochal event occurred. He was in his apartment with a friend going over a magazine article he had just completed. "A few minutes before midnight, I suffered a coronary thrombosis," Dr. Gumpert recounted not long ago. "I knew then that I could never again be reduced to infancy, whether I was in America or Germany or China. For six weeks, I wasn't permitted to wiggle a toe, but I was happy. At last, I was an old man. At forty-eight. Not remarkably precocious—but still not bad." When Dr. Gumpert returned to his practice, three months later, one of his friends cheered him up by remarking, "You don't look a day younger." Dr. Gumpert regards his heart attack as the birth of his senescence, but not all his friends have been able to discern marked changes in him since then. "His manner is possibly a shade more decrepit than it used to be," one of them says, "but you have to look for it. As far as I am concerned, he has been acting like an old man for the last ten years."

Dr. Gumpert believes that a heart attack, assuming one survives it, is a useful method of discovering one is old. "Supposing a young girl on a bus had given me her seat," he has said. "That would have been the hard way of finding out. I would have stewed and stewed about it, and probably decided that she had just felt like standing or was going to get off soon. A coronary thrombosis is definite." He feels that his cardiac condition has helped make his old age brighter by giving him an excellent justification for self-indulgence. "I can be as egotistical as I like," he says. He has no pangs of conscience when he takes long vacations. He is finishing another book of verse and has begun his first novel, the moral of which is to be that it is better to accept happiness when it comes along than to analyze it. "You know, a man who is both a physician and a writer is in a perfect position to be an explainer of life," he says. He uses his faulty heart as an excuse to escape bores. In his precardiac days, when he attended a party, he would grimly endure them. Today, he takes his leave of them with startling abruptness. "My time has become too valuable," he says. "I limit my companions to those who have wisdom or who I think will attain it when they are old enough." Thanks to the Doctor's liberated ego, he is even choosy about his patients. Every now and then, he dismisses a hopeless hypochondriac, or a patient who simply upsets him. He avoids political extremists, who, he feels, are all-round abbreviators of lives. He looks upon himself as a middle-of-the-roader, and sees no point in letting himself be unduly agitated by either a Rightist or a Leftist. "For example, I don't care for Stalin *or* Colonel McCormick," he says. "Now, if I am about to place my stethoscope against a man's chest and he starts praising the Chicago *Tribune's* editorials, I think to myself, Why should I examine his heart when he makes mine pound so hard?" The process of shaking a patient is, of course, a delicate one. Dr. Gumpert is usually able to bring it off by recommending a doctor he suggests would be more helpful. If the patient doesn't want to make a change, Gumpert casually discusses the relationship between doctors and old patients, saying that they ought to be particularly harmonious. "But I *like* you," the patient may insist. After a longish silence, the Doctor speaks again, in a weak whisper. "I like you, too," he says. "But your opinions agitate me. I am a cardiac. Doctor's orders."

Gumpert thinks his departure from Germany may have been even more providential than his heart attack, and that his change of milieu kept him from being exposed to a major bane of old age—mental obsolescence. "Geriatrically speaking, my exile is sound," he told a colleague at a recent lunch. "I didn't know a word of English when I arrived here and I had to speak English daily, build a new practice, make new friends, and shed habits that were suddenly useless in a strange country. It was as though I had had my mind lifted." Without that stimulation, he suspects, he would have become just another old man in a rut. He did not appreciate what Hitler had done for him until the July night he had his heart attack. Then he came to the conclusion that the minds of the great majority of his new contemporaries had become moldy. "If I had been left un-

ESTABLISHED 1818

BROOKS BROTHERS' BEACHWEAR
made to our own specifications,
is colorful, individual, correct

Brooks Brothers have long been specialists in everything for the beach. This season's selection is better than ever...from gay beach hats to practical beach shoes...and all are distinctive and in good taste.

Cotton Gabardine Swim Trunks, $9 *to* $10.50
Seersucker Candy-Stripe Robe, $12.50
Plaid Pullover Shirt, Terry Cloth Collar, $15
India Madras Shirt, $13.50 · *Trunks*, $12
India Madras Jacket, Terry Cloth Lining, $25
Egyptian Cotton Print Shirts, $11
Terry Cloth Pullover Tee Shirts, $3.50 *and* $4
India Madras Caps and Hats, $3 *to* $4.50
Espadrille Beach Shoes, $2 *and* $2.50

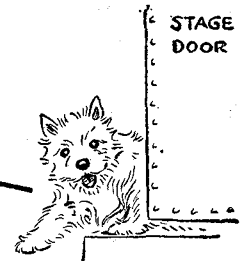
24-page illustrated booklet of summer suits, beachwear, and sportswear sent upon request.

ESTABLISHED 1818
Brooks Brothers,
CLOTHING
Men's Furnishings, Hats & Shoes
346 MADISON AVENUE, COR. 44TH ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.
111 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 6, N. Y.
BOSTON · LOS ANGELES · SAN FRANCISCO

disturbed in Germany, I would probably still be specializing in dermatology," he says. "I was doing well and I wouldn't have wanted to rock the boat. Now I am a geriatrician in America. I have had to explore a fresh body of knowledge in a different place. My mind has been kept limber. But I mustn't remain a geriatrician too long. That worries me. I have a dread of expertism. I have always had an ambition to master Italian. Perhaps, if I live long enough, I shall write Italian novels. In China."

Speaking before a group of doctors, at the Montefiore Home for the Aged, in Cleveland, two years ago, Dr. Gumpert stated, "Most people stop learning at the age of sixteen or seventeen, when their mental faculties are still undeveloped and immature. They stop learning before they start thinking." A man of, say, sixty, seeing time beginning to whiz by, is, he says, likely to feel an urge to learn new things. By then, however, the effort involved, after thirty years of routine and worry, is often too much. The poor fellow doesn't know where to start learning. He hears his children and grandchildren casually discussing electronics and leaving him out of the conversation, and he feels frustrated and dated. "If I had stopped practicing twenty-five years ago," Dr. Gumpert says, "I would be so rusty today that I wouldn't trust myself to treat a cold, let alone be able to comprehend sulfas, dietetic innovations, and hormone therapy." He encourages his patients and, for that matter, all elderly people he encounters to avoid mental inertia. He tells them that if their minds are alert, they can take better care of themselves, can cope more effectively with their problems, and thus reduce worry. "The connection between anxiety and physical deterioration is more marked in senescence than in any other period of life," he claims. "I can still remember, when I was a student in Berlin, how impressed I was in my pathology classes. Sometimes, I would dissect a cadaver whose organs were in such good condition that I couldn't see why the person had died. Then I would dissect another and find it so physically wasted that it was a wonder the person had survived as long as he had. I decided that the explanation lay in happiness, the desire to live."

Dr. Gumpert tries to fire the dormant minds of the elderly with accounts of the achievements of some notable senescents—Titian, who was ninety-eight when he painted the "Allegory of the Battle of Lepanto;" Michelangelo, who



Scotch Whisky
Black & White
James Buchanan
Glasgow, Scotland
By appointment to H.M. the King
Product of Scotland
"Black & White"
Blended Scotch Whisky

Keep Tuned In!

"OUR FAME'S BEEN BROADCAST AROUND THE WORLD, WHITEY!"

"YES...TO A VERY APPRECIATIVE AUDIENCE, BLACKIE. ONE THAT KNOWS BLACK & WHITE'S QUALITY AND CHARACTER NEVER CHANGE!"

"BLACK & WHITE"

The Scotch with Character

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY 86.8 PROOF

THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, N. Y. • SOLE DISTRIBUTORS

DRESS BY PAT PREMO

ENGSTEAD

WOODARD

. . . style authority in wrought iron

The Chatelaine Group—new . . . beautiful . . . and wonderfully versatile, too—for Chatelaine's fluid lines, its graceful ivy-embossed scallops, its Woodard-made upholstery, are equally stunning on the terrace . . . or in your home for year 'round use! Parkerized, like all Woodard furniture, for rust protection. See it at your favorite store. Send 10¢ for complete color catalogue, showing settings.

LEE L. WOODARD SONS, *General offices: Owosso, Michigan*
New York · Chicago · Boston · Los Angeles

Our Name is Our Bond

FOUNDED IN 1840
P&T
OVER 100 YEARS OF QUALITY
P&T
PARK & TILFORD
BOTTLED IN BOND
UNDER U.S. GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION
100 PROOF
Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey
DISTILLED BY PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS OF KENTUCKY, INC.
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY
P&T
Founded 1840
PARK & TILFORD
100 PROOF
Bottled in Bond
A Magnificent Kentucky Bourbon

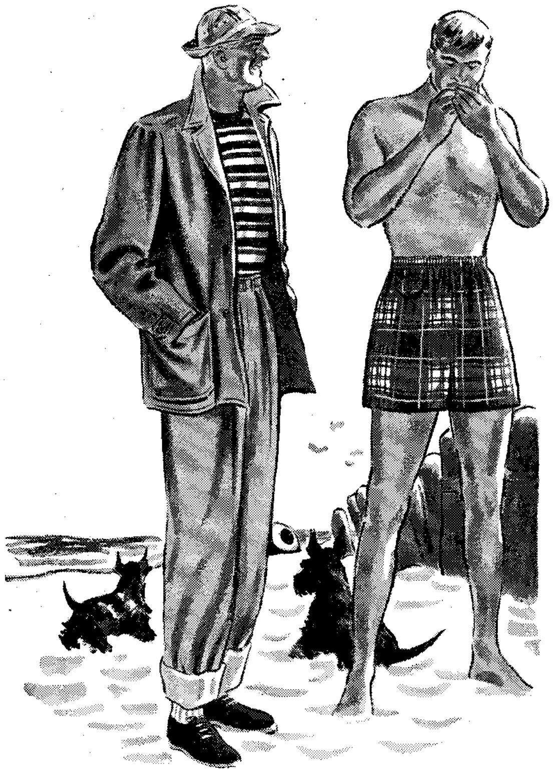
"A Champion in Taste and Bouquet"

You will award it your *first choice* . . . because here is a magnificent straight Kentucky Bourbon whiskey that is noticeably *richer* and *smoother* in taste and bouquet!

Bottled in Bond • Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey • 100 Proof • Park & Tilford Distillers of Kentucky, Inc., Louisville, Ky. © 1949 was almost sixty when he took up poetry and turned out his sonnets; Handel, who was seventy-two when he composed "Triumph of Time and Truth;" Goethe, who was eighty-two when he completed the second part of "Faust;" Darwin, who was a septuagenarian when he wrote "The Power of Movement in Plants." Another of Gumpert's paragons is Dr. Lillien J. Martin, a psychology professor at Stanford who was retired at sixty-five. She embarked on a program of activity that would have exhausted a thirty-year-old. She founded the country's first pre-school-children's clinic, in 1920, in San Francisco, and in 1929 started a counselling center for the aged in San Francisco that has restored to vigor, or at least made comfortable, thousands of people. She learned to drive when she was seventy-eight—she took fifty lessons before she could get a license—and subsequently drove across the continent six times. When she was eighty-eight, she learned typewriting and Spanish, and travelled twenty thousand miles through South America; between the ages of eight-two and eighty-seven, she and five sixty-year-old assistants operated a sixty-four-acre farm in Alameda County, California, at a profit. She died in 1943, at the age of ninety-one.

When Dr. Gumpert finds a patient who feels that he has no incentive for mental activity because he is ill, he cites his late father-in-law, who diagnosed cancer in himself. "He behaved with realistic wisdom," the Doctor says. "He immediately stopped practicing and got himself a docile physician who was willing to administer as much morphine as he asked for, and as frequently. Then he drew up a list of books he'd always wanted to read but hadn't had time for. He also assigned himself some work—writing a book on dermatology. He was

THE A&F Co GREATEST SPORTING GOODS STORE IN THE WORLD



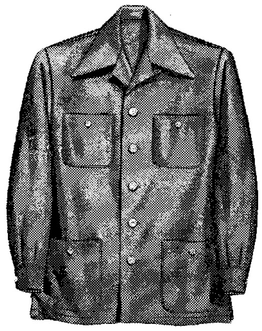
On or in the water

Whether you sail or swim, spend many of your play hours on the sand, we can provide you with the right clothes, shoes and everything else you need.

Our boat-lover has chosen washable denim for sailing and fishing—and what a suitable fabric! His bathing friend has discovered the sensible comfort of Viyella swim trunks.

(Left)
Faded Blue Denim Jacket $9.50
Coat style, button front, patch pockets. Sizes 36-50.
Matching Denim Trousers $8.50
Full cut and pleated. (Give waist and inseam when ordering.) Sizes: 28-44.
Matching Denim Shorts. Sizes 30-44 . . . . $6.00
(Right)
Viyella Tartan Plaid Boxer Trunks $12.50
Imported flannel, superbly tailored. Authentic Scotch tartans of Campbell (blue, green, white, gray), MacBeth (blue, red, yellow) and Royal Stewart (red and blue). Sizes: 30-42.

CABANA JACKET $13.50
Cool, porous rayon in a linen-like finish. Crease-resistant and hand washable. Four pockets, shirt-type sleeves. Small, medium, large, extra large. Navy or natural.



ABERCROMBIE & FITCH CO.
MADISON AVENUE at 45th STREET, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.
CHICAGO STORE: VON LENGERKE & ANTOINE 9 NORTH WABASH

"PERFECT! SEE IT!"—Garland Jour-Amer.
RICHARD RODGERS & OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
present
The Happy Time
A New Comedy by SAMUEL TAYLOR
Based on the Book of the Same Name
by Robert Fontaine
Directed by ROBERT LEWIS
PLYMOUTH THEA., 45 St. W. of B'way • Mats. Wed. & Sat.

PULITZER PRIZE and CRITICS' AWARD
RICHARD RODGERS & OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
present in association with
LELAND HAYWARD & JOSHUA LOGAN
MARY MARTIN
RAY MIDDLETON
IN
South Pacific
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
Book by
OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd & JOSHUA LOGAN
Adapted from JAMES A. MICHENER'S Pulitzer Prize Winning "TALES OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC"
Directed by JOSHUA LOGAN
Scenery & Lighting by Jo Mielziner
with MYRON McCORMICK
MAJESTIC, 44 St. W. of B'way • Air-Cond.
Evenings 8:30. Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:30.

THE THEATRE GUILD presents
SHIRLEY BOOTH
SIDNEY BLACKMER
in
Come Back, Little Sheba
by WILLIAM INGE
with JOAN LORRING
Directed by DANIEL MANN
Setting and Lighting by HOWARD BAY
Costumes by LUCILLE LITTLE
BOOTH THEATRE, W. 45 Street. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

"MEMORABLE MUSICAL DRAMA." —Atkinson, Times
The Playwrights' Company presents
LOST IN THE STARS
(Based on ALAN PATON'S Novel "Cry, The Beloved Country")
Words by MAXWELL ANDERSON
Music by KURT WEILL
Production Directed and Supervised by
ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
with TODD DUNCAN
Settings by George Jenkins
MUSIC BOX West 45th St.
Evgs. at 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. at 2:30

say Chapman, Watts and Garland:
"A MASTERPIECE"
HENRY DANIELL • CATHLEEN NESBITT • HUGH WILLIAMS
The Cocktail Party
by T. S. Eliot
with EILEEN PEEL • MARGARET PHILLIPS
Henry Miller's Theatre, W. 43. Evs. 8:35. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

as happy as a man could have been in his situation."

Recently, chatting with several medical students, Dr. Gumpert said he was confident that when the phenomenon of senescence is fully understood, physicians will warn their young and middle-aged patients to guard against mental staleness. "Today, the essence of old age seems to consist in doing more and more things for the last time and fewer and fewer things for the first time," he said. To Dr. Gumpert, an elderly person prepared to accept an old age full of ennui is completely disheartening. "His mind is his most formidable asset, but the less he uses it, the more time he will spend watching the encroaching debilitation of his body," he remarks. Research conducted by a professor in Holland, C. H. Stratz, he points out, shows that our mental capabilities rise sharply from the age of twenty to the age of forty, then rise more slowly. We reach our mental peak when we are sixty. A slow decline then sets in, but it is so slow that an octogenarian's mental capacity is equal to that of a man of thirty-five. There are, however, *differences in* an old mind and a young one. A senescent is not likely to have the memory or the celerity of reaction he had in youth. The younger mind is better at mechanical invention and at mathematics. Creativeness, however, persists throughout life. And, Dr. Gumpert says, "An old man's creation is apt to be more impressive than the prodigy's, because it is blended with wisdom, which is his exclusive possession." An old man's critical abilities are usually more reliable than his junior's. "The old man can draw on his experience," the Doctor holds. "He's been around. He knows what is sound and what isn't."

Dr. Gumpert feels that as the percentage of elders among our population increases, medical research will concentrate more on devising methods for keeping their minds in condition, and he is encouraged by the growing disinclination of employers to retire their employees at an arbitrary age. "Sixty, sixty-five, seventy—always neat, round numbers for figuring on the retiring of someone," he says. "Why? Who is older—a boy of twenty with a rheumatic heart or a vigorous man of sixty-three? It's a medical fact that people who retire abruptly when they are in good health are likely to die sooner than those who don't. Everyone prescribes hobbies for people who are forced to retire, but hobbies aren't nearly as satisfying for a healthy old man as a regular job. A hobby just doesn't bring out the

Write Now..
It's time to make Summer reservations for America's Outstanding Comedy Hit!
"Mister Roberts"
NEW YORK • ALVIN THEATRE
starring HENRY FONDA
with PAUL STEWART
WILLIAM HARRIGAN • DICK VAN PATTEN
Evgs. $4.80, 4.20, 3.60, 3., 2.40, 1.80, 1.20.
Mats. Wed. & Sat. $3.60, 3., 2.40, 1.80, 1.20.
BOSTON • COLONIAL THEATRE
with JOHN FORSYTHE • JAMES RENNIE
ROBERT BURTON • JACKIE COOPER
Evgs. $4.20, 3.60, 3., 2.40, 1.20. Mats. Wed. & Sat. $3.60, 3., 2.40, 1.80, 1.20. Tax Incl.
Please give alternate dates and enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope with order

SAINT SUBBER & LEMUEL AYERS present
ANNE JEFFREYS
KEITH ANDES
in
"KISS ME, KATE"
Music & Lyrics by COLE PORTER
Book by SAM & BELLA SPEWACK
Production staged by JOHN C. WILSON
Evgs. $6., 4.80, 3.60, 3., 2.40, 1.80. Mats. $3.60, 3., 2.40, 1.80, 1.20. (Including Tax)
MAIL ORDERS NOW
Century Theatre, 7th Ave. & 59th St. • Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"PRICELESS" —ATKINSON
"WONDROUS" —BARNES
"ENCHANTING" —CHAPMAN
JEAN ARTHUR
BORIS KARLOFF
in J. M. BARRIE'S
PETER PAN
Music and Lyrics by LEONARD BERNSTEIN
Production Staged by JOHN BURRELL
Associate Director WENDY TOYE
IMPERIAL Theatre, 249 W. 45th St., N.Y. 19
Evgs. Tues. thru Sat. 8:40. Mats. Wed., Sat. & Sun.

N.Y. DRAMA CRITICS' AWARD
for YEAR'S BEST MUSICAL!
THE CONSUL
by GIAN-CARLO MENOTTI
PULITZER PRIZE WINNER
with MARIE POWERS • PATRICIA NEWAY
BARRYMORE, 47 St. W. of Bway
Mats. Wed & Sat.

RAY BOLGER
IN THE MUSICAL LAUGH HIT
"Where's Charley?"
ST. JAMES THEA. 44 St. W. of B'way Mats. Wed. & Sat.

stimulating alertness that a job, with its responsibilities and its contact with other individuals, does." Employers have found, Dr. Gumpert says, that young workers are steadied by the presence of older colleagues. "An employee of advanced years doesn't get flustered easily," he says. "He has had so much experience that no situation seems unusual to him. Also, the older worker's rate of absenteeism is lower than that of other age groups. He doesn't go out on benders the way younger men do. In another ten years, most employers will disregard the age of a useful worker. That's inevitable. By then, our era of longevity will really be at hand. We've got a revolution brewing—a nice one. There will have to be less work for more people. Otherwise, a few people—fifteen per cent—will be supporting everyone else. Why, those few would have to work so hard they'd be old before their time. I wouldn't like that. It's nice to have a few thirty-year-olds around who are bursting with vigor. I like to look at them and think how lucky they are to have their old age ahead." —DANIEL LANG

(*This is the first of two articles on Dr. Gumpert.*)

•

MR. HENDRICKSON. Mr. President, on page 6776 of the *Congressional Record* of yesterday, in the second quorum call, my name is recorded as "Mr. Henderson." I ask unanimous consent that I be allowed the use of my right name, and that the *Record* be corrected accordingly.

THE VICE PRESIDENT. Without objection, the Senator may use his right name, and the *Record* will be corrected in the manner requested by the Senator from New Jersey.

MR. HENDRICKSON. Mr. President, in the speech on the ECA, which I delivered last Thursday, I referred to its "impacts and influences." The *Record*, on page 6447, indicates that I used the words "imports and influences."

I ask that the word "imports" be changed to "impacts."—*Congressional Record.*

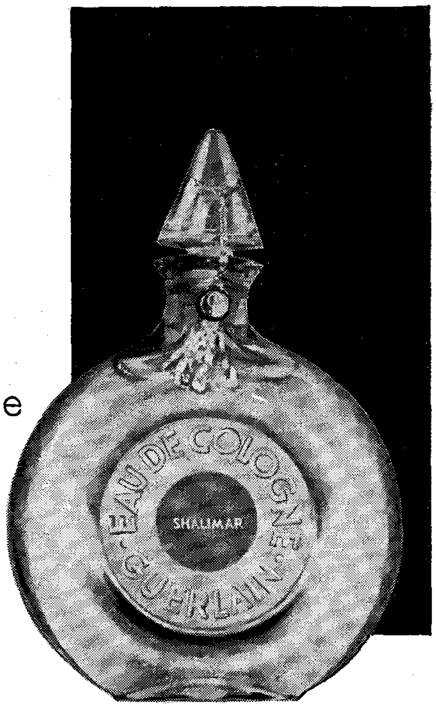
What you need, Senator, is a change of luck.

•

OUR OWN BUSINESS DIRECTORY

Insuperable Art Embroidery Company, 431 Fifth Avenue.
German-American Exterminating Company, 79 West 125th Street.
National Waste Company, 366 Madison Avenue.
Merryfeet Footwear, Inc., 111 East Twelfth Street.
Typhoon Air Conditioning Co., 794 Union Street, Brooklyn.
The Snack Bar Français, 327 West Fiftieth Street.

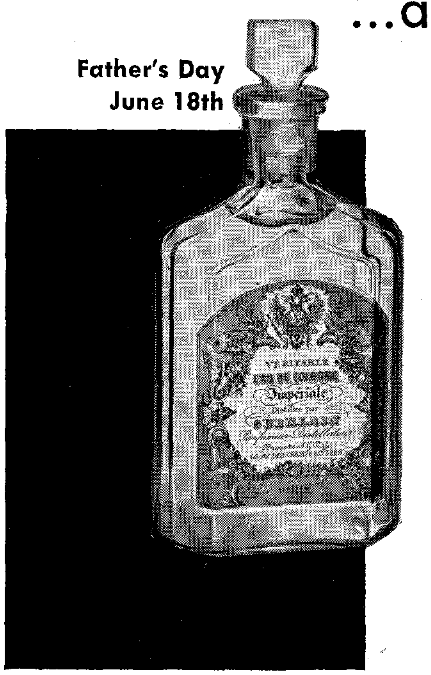
Shalimar
L'Heure Bleue
Mitsouko
Colognes
Your cooling fragrance
echoes of
famous



Guerlain
PERFUMES

...and Eau de Cologne
Impériale,
favored by men
and women
for 100 years

Father's Day
June 18th



...to lavish from top to toe, refreshing as fragrant dew... as sparkling, cool and clear.
The colognes whose soaring scents linger on... and on.
Shalimar, L'Heure Bleue, Mitsouko
Three oz., $4.50; Six oz., $7.50.
Eau de Cologne Impériale,
$5.50 and $8.50.
All prices plus tax.

Guerlain Parfumeur **maison fondée en 1828**

Guerlain's famous fragrances and make-up originals are sold world-wide at fine shops.

"A vastly enjoyable song-and-dance antic put on with humorous perfection."
—BROOKS ATKINSON, N. Y. Times

Gentlemen Prefer Blondes
Smash Musical Comedy Hit!
ZIEGFELD THEA., 54 St. & 6 Ave.
Mats. Wednesday & Saturday

"One of the most absorbing plays of the season."
—ATKINSON, Times
HELEN HAYES
in
the WISTERIA TREES
with KENT SMITH • WALTER ABEL • PEGGY CONKLIN
MARTIN BECK Theatre, 308 W. 45 St.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday

N.Y. DRAMA CRITICS' AWARD
for YEAR'S BEST AMERICAN PLAY!
Robert Whitehead, Oliver Rea & Stanley Martineau
present
ETHEL WATERS
in
the Member of the Wedding
by CARSON McCULLERS
with JULIE HARRIS
Directed by HAROLD CLURMAN
EMPIRE THEATRE, B'way & 40 St., Mats. Wed. & Sat

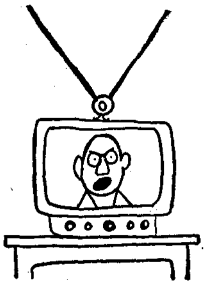
Broadway's Most Exciting Play
—AND ONE OF THE FUNNIEST
RALPH BELLAMY in "DETECTIVE STORY"
The SIDNEY KINGSLEY Hit Play
Evenings $4.80 to 1.20. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday $3.60 to 1.20. Tax Included.
HUDSON THEATRE, 145 W. 44th St., N. Y. 18

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Rockefeller Center
SPENCER TRACY • JOAN BENNETT
ELIZABETH TAYLOR
"FATHER OF THE BRIDE"
DON TAYLOR • BILLIE BURKE
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Plus SPECTACULAR STAGE PRESENTATION

STAY AT
MUSIC INN
and WALK to Tanglewood
for the concerts this summer
Fishing, swimming, boating, tennis
85 acres for loafing
ALAN LOMAX CONCERTS AT MUSIC INN—JULY 1-4
Write to Stephanie Frey Barber, Lenox, Mass.
NEW YORK PHONE—MURRAY HILL 5-0866

TELEVISION

Barometer Falling



FOR some time now, I have been watching a program called "Arthur Godfrey and His Friends," at eight on Wednesday evenings over C.B.S., and I have concluded that the central figure, Mr. Godfrey, must be regarded less as an entertainer than as a social phenomenon, like Mickey Mouse and canasta. Even discounting the findings of the professorial noodles of television—the "poll-takers" and "pulse-feelers"—there can be no gainsaying Mr. Godfrey's immense popularity. He seems to have a strange, compelling hold upon a large segment of the television public, a hold that is all the more strange when one considers that he fits into no orthodox mold. He certainly does not qualify as a singer (he occasionally, it is true, lifts his voice in song, but his voice makes no pretense of being musical); he is not a dancer (I have seen the gentleman do one or two steps, but they were of the most elementary type); he is not an especially talented raconteur, since he relates little incidents and stories in a dull monotone, as though he himself were bored by them. He performs no feats of juggling or legerdemain, he does not ride horses bareback, he shows no proficiency on the unicycle or the high wire. He *does* play the ukulele with moderate skill, and he has a remarkably engaging, I-am-one-of-the-gang personality. For the most part, though, he merely sits at a table cluttered with cartons of Chesterfields, introduces singers, dancers, and the like, and makes fun of the product he is engaged to peddle. This last activity is, I feel, the key to his success.

Mr. Godfrey's approach to his commercials is compounded largely of bile, sarcasm, and disdain. He does not just tell his audience that a package of Chesterfields is milder and better-tasting. He places a package against his nose and inhales deeply and noisily. From the horrendous expression that instantly crosses his face, one would think that he had stumbled onto a colony of skunks on a hot summer night. Mr. Godfrey then raises an eyebrow wickedly and leers. "Ah, Chesterfields!" he says, in a voice that is both booming and archly confidential. Now, I have no idea whether or not this tactic sells Chesterfields, but I am convinced that it sells Godfrey. I have the feeling that to millions of viewers he has become a symbol of rebellion against the unendurable commercials of television. He is a powerful means of letting off some steam. He not only appears to be their friend; in a sense, he is themselves, thumbing their noses at the people who have taken television and turned her into a fallen lady. If I were a television executive, God forbid, I doubt that I would view Mr. Godfrey's success with complacency.

THE past couple of weeks of television have been so generally low-powered that it is difficult for me to distinguish between those programs that were bad and those that were very bad. "Robert Montgomery Presents Your Lucky Strike Theatre" (N.B.C.) gave us an hour-long version of "Rebecca" notable only for the consistency of its mediocrity. "Rebecca" should have made a satisfactory television hour. The situation is fairly simple, the characters are stock ones, and the locale—the great, spooky house of Manderley—provides an opportunity for scenic effects of a reasonably spectacular nature. As put on the other night, "Rebecca" never rose above the level of pretentious soap opera. Barbara Bel Geddes, as the second Mrs. de Winter; Peter Cookson, as Mr. de Winter; and Edith King, as the menacing housekeeper, were all less than impressive. To be fair to them, they were obviously struggling with a monumentally incompetent script, interrupted periodically, of course, by Lucky Strike commercials, which broke whatever spell the performers were so gallantly attempting to maintain. My guess is that Lucky Strike will eventually weave its commercials right into the scripts, and I look forward bleakly to the night when Hamlet, high on the lonely ramparts of Elsinore, spies the ghost of his father by the light of a Lucky. "L.S.—M.F.T.," the old man will rumble, to which his tortured son will no doubt reply, "Let your own TASTE and THROAT be the judge, Father."

THE Packard revue entitled "Holiday Hotel," presented each Thursday evening at nine-thirty over WJZ, already does use a Packard car as one of the major props of its scripts. Sponsored by Packard and starring Edward Everett Horton, the revue is built around incidents taking place in a garish hotel managed by a fuss-budgety Mr. Dabney (Mr. Horton). A week or so ago, the "plot" revolved about a pretty fur thief who registered at the hotel and stole many a mink from another, fur-laden guest. In addition to its motley assortment of guests, Holiday Hotel has several large public rooms, such as the Pelican Room and the Aladdin Lounge, which provide an opportunity for singers and dancers to perform during the non-dramatic moments of the program. The hotel also contains a Packard showroom, and it is here, as at a watering hole, that members of the cast gather from time to time. Visible, at such moments, is the Packard, generally a convertible with the top down. Often, one of the singers will climb into the car and sing to it, or about it. Mr. Dabney generally bustles into the showroom, too, to pick up some flimsy thread of the story. I have rarely witnessed anything quite so disorganized as "Holiday Hotel," and I wish that the talented Mr. Horton were mixed up in some more fitting television escapade.

THE television broadcast of Secretary Acheson's appearance last week before an informal joint session of Congress in the Library of Congress was somewhat grim. For one thing, the Secretary appeared to be ill at ease, and his voice betrayed his quite understandable weariness. For another, the camerawork was unimaginative, and we never caught so much as a glimpse of the faces of the listening senators and representatives. For still another, the broadcast was confined to Mr. Acheson's prepared remarks; the question-and-answer period that followed was not televised. At first, watching the Secretary, I felt depressed, but I soon began to realize that he was performing not only a public service but a service to television, too. We are all inclined, perhaps, to expect our overworked government officials to leap before the cameras looking as fresh and eager as tap-dancers on an amateur hour. Merely by being his thoughtful self, by concentrating on what he had to say rather than on how he said it, and by forgoing any attempt to "act," he must have impressed a great many people with the immense seriousness of his problems and his dedication to their solution. The medium of television gained, by that much, in honesty and stature.

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

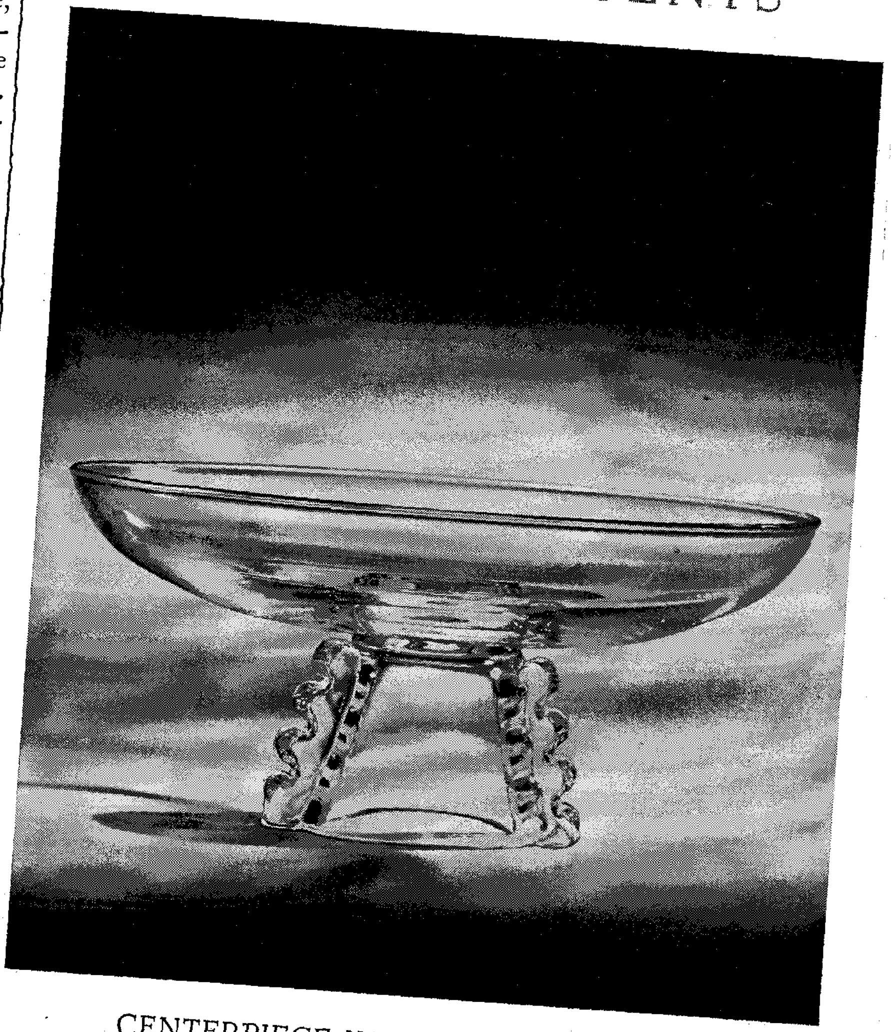
•

DEPT. OF UNDERSTATEMENT
(EARLY AMERICAN DIVISION)

[*Headline in the Bangor* (*Maine*) *Daily News*]

PENOBSCOT INDIANS HAVE RICH BACKGROUND OF PATRIOTISM

CRYSTAL PRESENTS



CENTERPIECE WITH RIBBONED BASE

Of classic proportions and modern feeling, this bowl for fruit or flowers is also decorative when used without them
Diameter 10½″
Price $25.00

Wedding presents of the famous Steuben crystal, made entirely by hand at the Steuben furnaces in Corning, are greatly admired and appreciated. . . All gifts are beautifully packed in the well-known Steuben boxes

Illustrated gift catalogue will be sent on request

STEUBEN GLASS

718 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

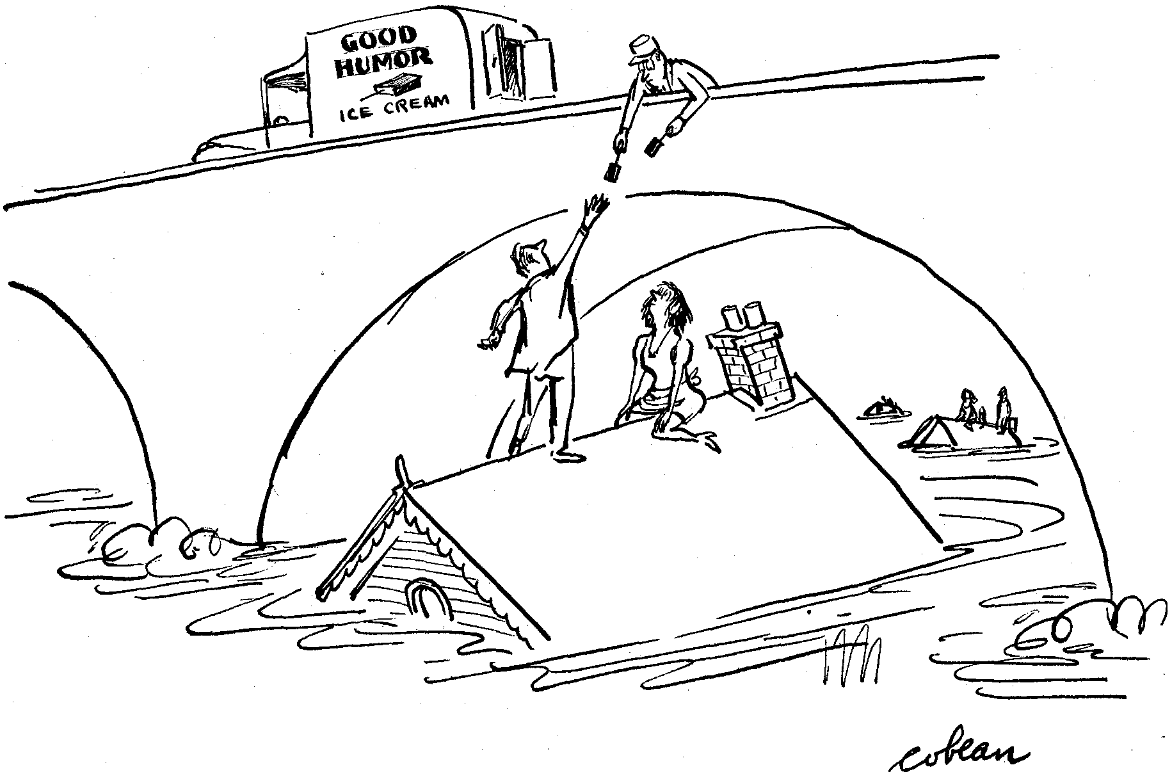
OUR FOOTLOOSE CORRESPONDENTS

VOOM! VOOM!

EARLY last month, I spent a few days with a group of men who were preparing a diesel-engined racing car for the five-hundred-mile Memorial Day sweepstakes over the Indianapolis Speedway. It was the only diesel job among the seventy entries, of which the fastest thirty-three would qualify for the race, and the Speedway railbirds thought its chances of winning were slim. The diesel men believed they had a good chance of qualifying, though, and they knew that once the big race starts, ruggedness and luck are sometimes more important to a car than sheer speed. The qualifying run, a ten-mile spin around the track, calls for a higher speed than any car can maintain for five hundred miles. The men ministering to this entry, officially listed as "No. 61, Cummins Diesel Special," thought an average speed of 128 miles an hour would be necessary to qualify. The winner of the main event last year, Bill Holland, averaged only 121.327 over the five hundred miles, and he set a record, at that. Last year, the slowest qualifier did just under 126, but this year, No. 61's handlers said, there seemed to be more "fast equipment" around than ever before. The Speedway is an oval—or, rather, an oblong with rounded corners—two and a half miles to the lap. At 128, a car completes the required four laps in 4 minutes 41.2 seconds.

The Cummins Engine Company, of Columbus, Indiana, the builder of the Special, wanted to prove at Indianapolis that a diesel-powered car can show as much speed and flexibility as cars with gasoline engines, and qualification among the thirty-three fastest Speedway cars would quite establish that, even if the Special did not win. But the Cummins men on the track with the Special, including Don Cummins, vice-president in charge of engineering, had their hearts set on going all the way and winning the race. So, naturally, had Jimmy Jackson, the driver, a black-haired, moonfaced fellow, who drives only one race a year, the Five Hundred, and counts on it for a stake to cushion his family finances until the next spring. He runs a real-estate office in Desert Hot Springs, California. Jackson had taken something of a gamble in signing to drive the diesel, because, driving conventional cars, he had finished among the first ten the last four years. But the Cummins people had paid him a retainer and promised him all of any purse money their entry might win. Most race-car owners insist on at least an even split.

Columbus is a small city (estimated population 26,000) forty-five miles south of Indianapolis, and the Cummins company is a conservative, locally owned firm that employs two thousand workmen in the production of diesel engines for the giant trucks used in long-haul freighting, as well as for mining, logging, and excavating equipment, fishing boats, and small switching locomotives. Company literature always refers to the product as the "Cummins Dependable Diesel." Almost all the employees are southern Indianans and, by the same token, fanatics about automotive engines. The executives play golf. They also go to church in an incongruously large, for Columbus, and beautiful Christian (Campbellite) church, designed by the Finnish architect Eliel Saarinen in a pure modern style and laid out on a ground plan that utilizes a large, artificial lagoon as the center of a group of church buildings. The church was paid for by a Columbus millionaire named W. G. Irwin, whose wealth transcended local bounds and whose heirs own, among many other things, a controlling interest in the Cummins company. The Irwin mansion, a Norman château in stone, with terraced formal gardens covering a square block, faces the church, presenting evidence that its builder took care of himself in the flesh as well as the spirit. When the company decided to build a car and enter it in the Indianapolis race, Columbus was swept by a fervor a bit like the one that hit England when Richard Lionheart took the Cross. I had heard about Columbus and the diesel during a visit to Chicago, which is largely populated by former Indianians, and went to Columbus and Indianapolis to lend the entry my moral support. Conversation about automobiles has always bored me, and I was in favor of anything that would prove that most of the monologues I had listened to were ill-founded. A diesel hasn't even got a carburetor.



THERE were three weekends for qualifying for this year's race—May 13-14, May 20-21, and May 27-28. When I arrived in Indianapolis on the Thursday afternoon before the first of these, I found the Cummins race camp on the crest of a wave of optimism. Jim McArthur, a Chicago advertising man doing publicity for the Special, who met me at the Indianapolis airport, said that the two engineers and three mechanics living with the car at the Speedway had that morning solved an unforeseen difficulty that had nearly driven them mad for a week. "They'll get a full night's sleep tonight for the first time since the trouble showed up," he said. "They've been tearing her down and putting her together again every time they thought of something new. If you'd come down a day earlier, they would have been too sore to let you in the garage." I was pleased that I had brought good luck to the camp. On the way from the airport to the Speedway, McArthur told me about the malady that had afflicted No. 61. The car had been throwing the water from her cooling system at any speed over a hundred miles an hour, he said, and consequently had been overheating at a hundred and twenty-two. The handlers had therefore not been able to try for any real speed. "They've got it at last, though," he said. "Now she's almost too cool. Tomorrow we'll take her out and let Jimmy Jackson tromp on it. This thing is so beautiful that when we brought it out to the track, a fellow came over and looked at it for a while and then said, 'I'd like to take that to bed with me.' "

"How much does it weigh?" I asked him.

"Twenty-five hundred pounds," he said. (I was to learn that automobile racing is no theme for levity in Indianapolis.)

I felt no desire to even chuck No. 61 under the chin when I saw her standing in front of her assigned stall in Gasoline Alley, the portion of the Speedway infield where the race cars are lodged. There are two long white frame buildings in the alley that look like race-horse barns and are divided into compartments not much larger than horse stalls. Modern Speedway cars are not very large, however, and I soon found that the Cummins men not only could get No. 61 into her stall but could work around her within its narrow confines, like fitters around an important Jacques Fath client. At first view, No. 61 reminded me of a long aquamarine slug, with a single flaring nostril under its drooping nose. ("Its sleek nose has an air intake that resembles that of a jet plane," a press release that McArthur gave me said.) No. 61 is about fourteen and a half feet long and about forty inches high at her tallest point. The rear wheels are considerably bigger than the front ones. She resembles an ill-

UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD
Fun is in Full Swing at Sun Valley IDAHO
Don't Miss "DUCHESS of IDAHO"

You sense it everywhere . . . out on the golf course and ice skating rink . . . over by the corral . . . at the nearby lakes and streams and on the tennis courts. Another glorious Sun Valley summer is here, with its bright, sparkling days and cool, crisp nights. All for YOU to enjoy, so make your plans now!

SUMMER RATES FROM $6.00

FOR RESERVATIONS:
Address W. P. Rogers, Gen'l Mgr., Sun Valley, Idaho, or Union Pacific Railroad, Room 1463, Omaha 2, Nebr., or see your local travel agent.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's Technicolor production, filmed at Sun Valley, starring Esther Williams, Van Johnson and John Lund.

For Father's Day, June 18

the new flyweight

FEATHERAIN

a pure silk, permanently waterproofed raincoat by Royal Duke

Carson's Men's Store, Chicago

The amazing Featherain weighs just 15 ounces . . . is worth its weight in gold in downpour or drizzle. Absolutely water-and-seep-proof. All seams stitched and sealed for double protection. Won't peel, stick, or crack. Never needs cleaning . . . sponges spotless with plain soap and water. The Featherain is roomy but bulkless . . . slips comfortably over a topcoat, slips easily into a topcoat pocket.

Navy or grey, with carrying envelope, 22.50. Sizes: regulars, 36 to 46; longs, 38 to 46; shorts, 36 to 42.

Mail orders carefully filled. Add 30c for postage.

■ Second Floor

The Men's Store

CARSON PIRIE SCOTT & CO.

MONROE AT WABASH • CHICAGO

natured and immensely powerful kiddy car.

"Most drivers think green is an unlucky color," McArthur said, "but Jimmy likes it. All his cars have been green. This is the only green car in the race." The driver's seat didn't look like much of a place to stay for four hours or so on a hot afternoon. It was upholstered in blond leather, but cramped. There were five instruments on the panel facing the driver but no speedometer or fuel gauge. Reading from left to right, the dials indicated lubricating-oil pressure, engine-water temperature, engine revolutions per minute, lubricating-oil temperature, and supercharger pressure. The driver's pit crew is supposed to keep track of the mileage and signal him when he is running out of fuel. This is done by writing a message on a blackboard and waving it as he goes by.

Several men were gathered about No. 61, prepared to push her back into her garage, and McArthur introduced me to them. Cummins, a slight, graying man with a thin, boyish face, looked pretty chipper, as if he had just got himself out of a tight corner. The idea of entering a car in the race had been his, and there were four other vice-presidents. He presented me to the other men: Neville Reiners, the engineer in charge of the development of the racing engine, a tall, big-wristed man in his late thirties; Thane Houser, the chief mechanic; and Mike Fellows and Boots Gressel, two young mechanics from the Cummins research department who had worked on the engine with Reiners. Houser was the only old racing man of the lot; he had been a driver and a "riding mechanic" in the days when most racing cars were two-seaters, and had come to work in the Cummins plant after retiring from the track. The right side of his face is somewhat indented as the result of a racing accident, and a large, feathery mustache serves to link him with the racing era before World War I, when the hairy foreign drivers like Jules Goux and René Thomas used to rule the tracks. Houser is a perennial Speedway character, I was told; he has a son, Norm, who is a coming young racing driver but had no car in this year's race. I asked him about the mysterious ailment from which No. 61 had just recovered, and he said, "Same trouble Eddie Miller had in 1919—pump running too fast."

He opened No. 61's hood and let me look at the engine, which seemed an adequate bit of metal—"a big block o' iron," a man peering over my shoulder said knowingly. Actually, a large part of the engine is made of aluminum. "About thirty per cent of the engine weight is aluminum," Reiners said. "By using it all we could, we cut down on the weight considerably, but we couldn't use it for the engine components that take the most strain." Despite the aluminum, the engine is about three hundred and fifty pounds heavier than the gasoline engines in most of the other entries, he told me. It is a six-cylinder, four-cycle engine, with supercharger, and is about half again as bulky as most of its rivals in the race. After I had admired it sufficiently, Houser closed the hood and fastened it with three blond leather straps and buckles, like a trainer pulling tight a race horse's saddle girths. Then they all wheeled No. 61 into the garage. Fellows, who pushed from behind, thoughtfully interposed a large rag between his palms and the gleaming surface of the car, so as not to cloud the finish. "All we have to do tomorrow is put a lot o' laps on this bastard and see what she can do," Houser said cheerfully, " 'n' then qualify her Saturday. I told them right at the start what the trouble was."

The interior of the stall was white and spotless, like a hospital operating room, and the light from three fluorescent ceiling fixtures shone down on the sleek aquamarine coat. We all leaned against the tool bench that ran along one wall and looked at the slug's gleaming hood, thinking, possibly, of the untapped reservoirs of power beneath it. Several of the men were smoking cigarettes, which would have been forbidden in any other stall. Diesel fuel is not explosive. "You could drop a lighted cigarette in a tank of our stuff and it would just go out," Cummins said. A deep-chested man, thick through the barrel and with big arms, came in and was introduced to me as Jimmy Jackson. It seemed a fitting time for the jockey to put in an appearance. The mount was ready. Jackson is a former Indianapolis man—maybe, as he said, the only driver in the race who went to high school there. He is one of those good-humored, outwardly phlegmatic men you meet in every field of competitive sport; on a ball team, I felt, he would be a solid hitter but short of repartee on the bases. He told Cummins that he had an idea that No. 61 might run better with rear wheels one size smaller. This would reduce the clearance, but Houser, lying down on the floor and measuring the height of the axle, said it would still allow three and a half inches, which was enough. Cummins said, "Let's leave it the way it is until we see how the engine performs tomorrow. Then we can make our adjustments. I think we may as well knock off now and go get a good rest. Be out here early tomorrow morning, and we'll get her rolling." Jackson said, "How about a bottle of beer?," and we all went over to the Gasoline Alley cafeteria together. Houser, the last man out, put a padlock on the stall door. Just before snapping it shut, he peeked in once again, I presume to ask if No. 61 wanted a snack of Seconal.

McArthur and I were stopping at the Hotel Harrison, in Indianapolis, and Cummins was staying at a club he belongs to there. He called for us a little before eight Friday morning, driving a Mercury complete with carburetor. On the way out to the Speedway, he told me that the company had decided only about last New Year's Day to put together a car for the race. "You know, a diesel engine is heavier and more expensive than a gasoline engine developing the same horsepower," he said, "but it has the advantage of burning ordinary fuel oil, which is much cheaper than gasoline. A diesel also lasts longer. In big, long-haul trucks that operate day and night, for hundreds of thousands of miles, the saving on fuel more than pays for the difference in original cost. We don't build any trucks, by the way—just the engines. A diesel in a delivery truck or a private car would never pay for itself, because the vehicle is discarded before it has any real mileage on it. Lately, the company has brought out an engine for medium trucks—say up to seventy thousand pounds, loaded. A lot of mediums are used on long-haul work, too. But the operators aren't used to the idea of diesels in units that small. I thought we could take the new truck engine, which develops a hundred and fifty horsepower and twenty-five hundred revolutions, and modify it so it would go into a race car. I knew we'd have to lighten it a lot, and double the horsepower, but I figured if we could do it, it would be a hell of an ad, and the president and the other boys agreed with me." A woman driver was delaying Mr. Cummins' progress at that point, and he interrupted his story to say, in a soft voice, "Come on, lady, it's got gears in it." He resumed. "So we put our engineers to work on those changes, and I telephoned out to Fred Kurtis, of Kurtis-Kraft, in Los Angeles, who builds the chassis for most of the race

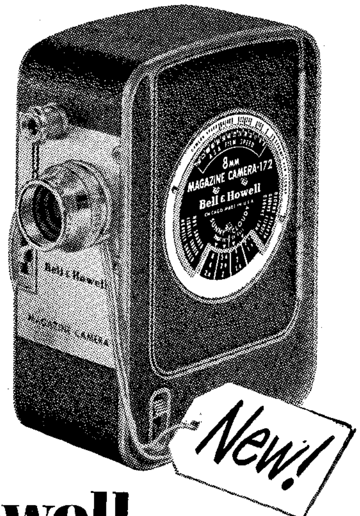
Bring your vacation home

NOW—a new Bell & Howell easy-loading movie camera for only

$129.50

Never before a real Bell & Howell at this low price with all these features—

- Easy magazine-loading. Load and unload in *full daylight*. No threading, no bother.
- Low-cost operation. Uses inexpensive 8mm film.
- Exclusive Bell & Howell positive viewfinder. What you see you get.
- Beautiful, modern design.
- Worthy addition to the fine family of Bell & Howell cameras.
- Guaranteed for life. During life of the camera, any defects in materials or workmanship will be remedied free (except transportation). See it at your dealer's today!



You buy for life when you buy **Bell & Howell** Chicago 45

You wouldn't
carry
BICYCLES
to
Bermuda

ADOLPH TREIDLER

Then why carry a lot of clothes when you can buy such fine quality for much less at Trimingham's? Dollars now buy 30% more in superb British merchandise. Shopping at Trimingham's is part of your Bermuda pleasure. Make sure you travel light!

- CASHMERE SWEATERS
- DOESKINS
- DAKS TROUSERS
- LIBERTY SCARVES
- BRITISH WOOLLENS
- POLO COATS
- BERMUDA SHORTS
- JAEGER CLASSICS
- PARIS PERFUMES

Trimingham's

Give Bermuda-bound friends a **TRIMINGHAM'S GIFT CERTIFICATE!** Send your check in any multiple of $5 to Trimingham's, Bermuda.

cars in the country. Fred said he had four out in the yard that he had built with the Sweepstakes in mind. One of them turned out to be just what we needed, after changes to fit it to our engine." He wouldn't tell me how much No. 61 had cost the company so far.

When we arrived at the garage, we found No. 61 already out in the alley and Houser running the motor. It had a much deeper voice than the gasoline engines around, and reminded me irresistibly of Joe E. Lewis, the night-club comic, who comes on for his act shouting, "Voom! Voom!" This, however, was a three-hundred-odd-horsepower "Voom! Voom!" Black smoke was shooting from the exhaust pipes at the green slug's tail, and the mechanics in adjoining stalls had quit their tinkering to stare at the Special. Jackson was on hand, wearing white coveralls and fingerless driving gloves and carrying his helmet. A driver named Freddie Agabashian, a wiry young Californian of Armenian blood, came over and looked. "I hope you get in, Jimmy," he said formally. "It will increase interest in the event." (Another man of Armenian descent, named Agajanian, who wears a black mustache and cowboy clothes, is the builder and owner of the Grant Piston Ring Special, one of the fastest entries in the race.) Jackson by this time had filled his mouth with chewing gum, which he alternates with Mail Pouch tobacco during the course of a morning's driving and reflection. He believes that they enhance each other's flavor, like salt and tequila.

Houser shut off the engine and all of us No. 61 people joined in rolling the hope of Columbus, Indiana, out onto the track. It doesn't take more than two or three men to trundle a racer along, but this was a ceremonial occasion, and all of us wanted to push her. We paused on the way to have the tires checked for forty pounds' pressure, then continued on through a gate swung open for us by track policemen and onto the concrete surface of the pit, the trackside area onto which cars roll for repairs during the race. The pit is divided from the track proper by a low concrete wall with an opening at each end, through which cars enter and depart. I observed that my companions today were wearing neat green jumpers with "Cummins Diesel Special" in yellow letters across the chest. They were also wearing white linen peaked caps. After we got No. 61 out to the pit, Houser put her through some more Joe E. Lewis impersonations, and Jackson yawned and stretched, the first indication he had given of any feeling about his job. Then he climbed aboard and took her out onto the track, which is mostly surfaced with brick. All of us made for places on the pit wall, from where we could watch him roll. Houser, Cummins, and Fellows carried stopwatches, and Houser was also provided with a chart that equated the elapsed time for one lap with the speed the car was making. For example, 1 minute 9.2 seconds for a lap meant 130 miles an hour.

Jackson began slowly, circling the track without going up on the banked curves. After a couple of circuits, he started moving faster and higher, and Fellows began to steal glances at his stopwatch. As Jackson came around for about the fifth time, I looked at my wristwatch, which has a sweep hand. He now seemed to be travelling at a fair clip. No. 61 was the only car on the track, and from the tone of the voom-voom on the backstretch I could tell that Jimmy was using a lot of power. He was in front of us again pretty quickly, and my sweep hand showed the circuit had taken him a minute and fifteen seconds. "About 120," I ventured. Houser said, "119.7." Jimmy made the next lap even faster. "121.67," Cummins said. (They were alternating in catching him.) Then we could tell from the sound of the engine that Jackson was coming in. He rolled into the pit looking fairly well satisfied, and began talking to Cummins and Reiners, the engineer. "How did it look to you?" I asked Houser, and he held up his right hand with thumb and forefinger joined in a circle. "Warming up good," he said. Cummins unbuckled the straps on the hood and lifted it. He began peeling sheets of tape off the radiator air intake and off the inner sides of a number of louvers in the nose. "Had them in so she'd warm faster," Houser explained. "Needs more air now." I marvelled that such trifling objects could affect the breath of the big beast. A couple of minutes later, Jackson was on the track again. He did a lap at 123.7 and another at 124.395. Then, just as I began to think he might "tromp on it" for fair, he came in.

There was another conference with Cummins and Reiners, who pulled off more tape, and after a short interval Jimmy went out again. This time, he did only a little better than 122, and when he came in, he appeared to have made up his mind about something that ought to be changed. Cummins gave the word, and the whole band of us rolled No. 61 out through the gate and back into the alley. It was by then around eleven o'clock. I asked Reiners what they were going to do, and he said something about changing the gear ratios. I stopped for a beer at the cafeteria, and by the time I got to the garage, No. 61's gleaming insides were all over the place and the panels of her aquamarine epidermis were hanging on the walls. At twelve-twenty, she was out on the track again, but ran only 121 point something or other, and Jackson was obviously displeased. "What are you going to do now—put things back the way they were?" I asked Reiners. He didn't bother to answer as he helped roll No. 61 away. Meanwhile, other cars had been warming up on the track, singly and by twos, and I heard figures like 130 and 131.2 being bandied about. (Later that afternoon, a twenty-three-year-old driver named Troy Ruttman crashed after completing a lap at 134. He was not much hurt. The difference between a lap at 124 and one at 134 is only 5.4 seconds, but it seemed an enormous chasm.) The high speeds made it look as if *at least* 128 would be needed to qualify, and McArthur said he wondered if even that would be good enough. A car from the Cummins company was calling for me at the outer gate at one o'clock to take me down to Columbus, and I had to leave without witnessing the result of the next revision.

IN Columbus, which I reached after a ride through rich, flat, unexpectedly ingratiating country, with a long covered bridge over the White River and fine cattle to look at, I found no reflection of the grim struggle between man and machine at the Speedway. The bartender at the Palms, the city's leading café, said that the whole town was looking forward to the victory that would make the outside world forget Columbus, Ohio, and Columbus, Georgia. "We've never had a big-time sports champion from this town," he said. "Except for the champion high-school basketball coach of Indiana, but he wasn't coaching here when he won the title." The men from the engineering department of Cummins who came into the Palms, he said, were all sure the Special could take the big race. Mr. R. E. Hutchsteiner, the company's executive vice-president, who was having a bite to eat at a small table by the bar, told me that though the plant was working like the dickens to finish a government contract for seventeen particularly involved diesels by June 1st, two hundred workmen had announced

PICK PIPER FOR PLEASURE!

Perfection in Champagne since 1785
BLUE CHIPS by RENFIELD
PIPER HEIDSIECK
PIPER BRUT
1941
CHAMPAGNE
PIPER BRUT
PIPER-HEIDSIECK
Ancienne Maison HEIDSIECK fondée en 1785
KUNKELMANN & Cie Successeurs
REIMS

PIPER-HEIDSIECK

RENFIELD IMPORTERS LTD. • NEW YORK

memo: to the family... Father's Day Sunday, June 18

GIVE HIM A

FLAMINAIRE

THE ORIGINAL BUTANE GAS LIGHTER FROM FRANCE

Lights 3000 cigarettes without refilling

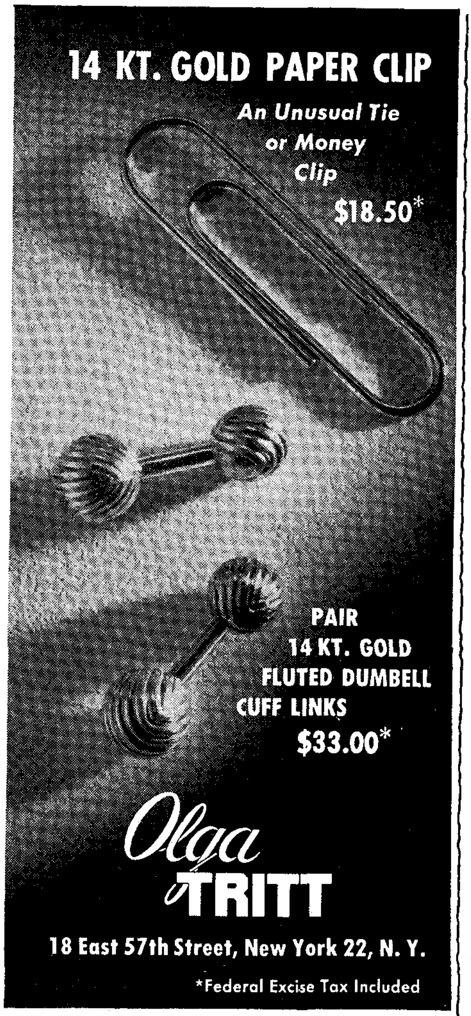
(actual size)

Keep harmony in the home by giving Dad a Flaminaire. Each time he presses the spur and flicks the wheel, he will be grateful to you. For Flaminaire works on liquid butane ... no wick to bother about, no lighter fluid ... it's odorless ... smokeless ... tasteless ... gives a clean, pure flame. There are now over 150,000 proud Flaminaire owners .... they are our best advertisement. Your dealer will be glad to insert a re-fill, 75¢

The CRILLON, in black Chinese lacquer, as shown ... **$30** ... Other models from **$17** to **$33**

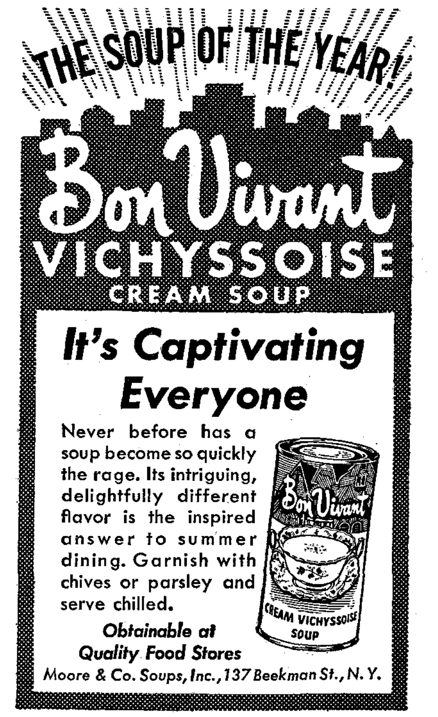
At leading stores throughout the country

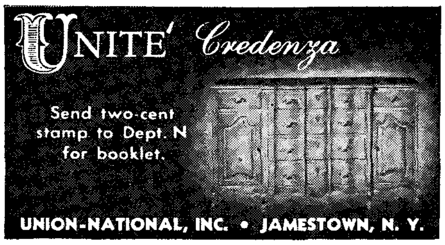
FLAMINAIRE 44 East 52nd Street, New York 22, N.Y.


14 KT. GOLD PAPER CLIP
An Unusual Tie or Money Clip
$18.50*

PAIR 14 KT. GOLD FLUTED DUMBELL CUFF LINKS
$33.00*

Olga Tritt
18 East 57th Street, New York 22, N. Y.
*Federal Excise Tax Included


THE SOUP OF THE YEAR!
Bon Vivant
VICHYSSOISE
CREAM SOUP
It's Captivating Everyone
Never before has a soup become so quickly the rage. Its intriguing, delightfully different flavor is the inspired answer to summer dining. Garnish with chives or parsley and serve chilled.
Obtainable at Quality Food Stores
Moore & Co. Soups, Inc., 137 Beekman St., N. Y.


UNITE' Credenza
Send two-cent stamp to Dept. N for booklet.
UNION-NATIONAL, INC. • JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

that they were taking the next day off to go up to Indianapolis to see the Special qualify. "It will cost them an average of eighteen dollars each in wages," he said, "and the union is fighting us for a raise, because they say they don't get enough to live on. I don't know how to feel about this." I took a stroll around the town and looked at the Norman château and the Saarinen church. The minister, I had heard, had once ridden at the track in the riding mechanic's seat of a racing car. Then I went back to Indianapolis, where McArthur, at the Harrison, told me that No. 61's afternoon run had been another disappointment. "Maybe it's just as well we didn't run fast today," he said, making a last grab at consolation. "With Ruttman cracking up all across the front page, we wouldn't have got any play on it." When I inquired about No. 61, he said the boys had taken her apart again and were going to work all night. "They probably won't try to qualify tomorrow," he said, "but they hope to run her around the track to give the men from Columbus a look at her."

By the time I got out to the Speedway next morning—I had been informed there was no rush—I found a supplementary engineer and two new mechanics from Columbus working with Fellows, Gressel, and Houser over the shiny parts, for which I had begun to conceive a distaste. Reiners, who was dressed in a jacket and slacks instead of work clothes, seemed to be on the loose, so I asked him if he would sit down in the cafeteria with me and give me a play-by-play account of what had been happening. He said sure, that he had worked until one o'clock that morning on the machine and was going to let the reinforcements carry the ball awhile. "First," I said, after we had ordered coffee, "how did you solve your difficulty with the water?"

"It was just a matter of the proper installation of an expansion tank," Reiners said. "We found that when you drive a diesel engine at this speed, from thirty-eight hundred to four thousand revolutions per minute, air and gas get into the water of your cooling system. The air displaces water at the pressure cap, and instead of going back into the radiator, the water spurts out of the engine. She wasn't overheating, she was throwing her water. What we had to do was provide a place in the circulatory system for the air to separate from the water. The top of the tank had to be above engine level, so the air could rise above the water before the water flowed back toward the engine, and it had to be as wide as possible, so that the air would have a good chance to separate from the water." I nodded in complete agreement. "So we installed this tank under the hood, almost directly in front of the driver's seat," Reiners said. "That fixed it. We also gave the fuel system a little more power by increasing the fuel delivery to the injector."

"That's when you did the 124.395," I said. He nodded.

"*Then* what happened?" I asked.

Reiners said, "We had put tape over the radiator to stop her from overcooling, but as the day warmed up she was running harder, so we took the tape off. Jimmy said she still didn't feel right, so we took her in and gave her a higher gear ratio to make her run more smoothly." Gear ratio, he explained, is the ratio of engine revolutions to turns of the rear wheels. (No. 61 has a rear-wheel drive.) "The more times the wheels turn, the faster you go," he said, reasonably enough, "so the less engine revolutions you use to make a wheel turn once, why, the more speed you get out of your fixed maximum number of engine revolutions. Say you have 4,000 r.p.m. and you are using 2.63 r.p.m. to obtain one turn, your maximum straightaway speed is 150 point something miles an hour. If you get it down to 2.50, your maximum straightaway speed will be around 158. That will help you on the two long straightaways on this course, but it may hurt you on the turns. The higher gear ratio gives a smoother flow of power to the wheels, because the impulses are closer together. That makes the car easier to control. What you are after here is high average speed over the whole layout."

"Did it work?" I asked.

"No," said the engineer.

He took a sip of coffee. "At the same time, we tried out Jimmy's idea of using a 7.50-18 wheel instead of a 7.50-20. The 7.50 means the tire is 7.50 inches thick and the 18 means the wheel itself is 18 inches in diameter. So the diameter of the wheel *with* the tire is 33 inches for the 7.50-18, and 35 inches for the ones we had on originally. We thought the two changes together might get the engine to level out."

"But it didn't?"

"No, it didn't," Reiners said. "Jimmy said she didn't go as well that way as she had before. So we changed her back."

"And *then* what happened?" I asked, explaining that I had been in Columbus and hadn't seen the last run.

"Well," Reiners said, looking slightly

embarrassed, "there seemed to be a failure of the power system. It's supposed to give 4,000 r.p.m., and we're even hoping for a little better, but Jimmy said he couldn't get more than 3,800. When we tore her down, we found the trouble was with the supercharger, so we got a new one and installed it."

"And that took from yesterday afternoon until one o'clock this morning?" I asked.

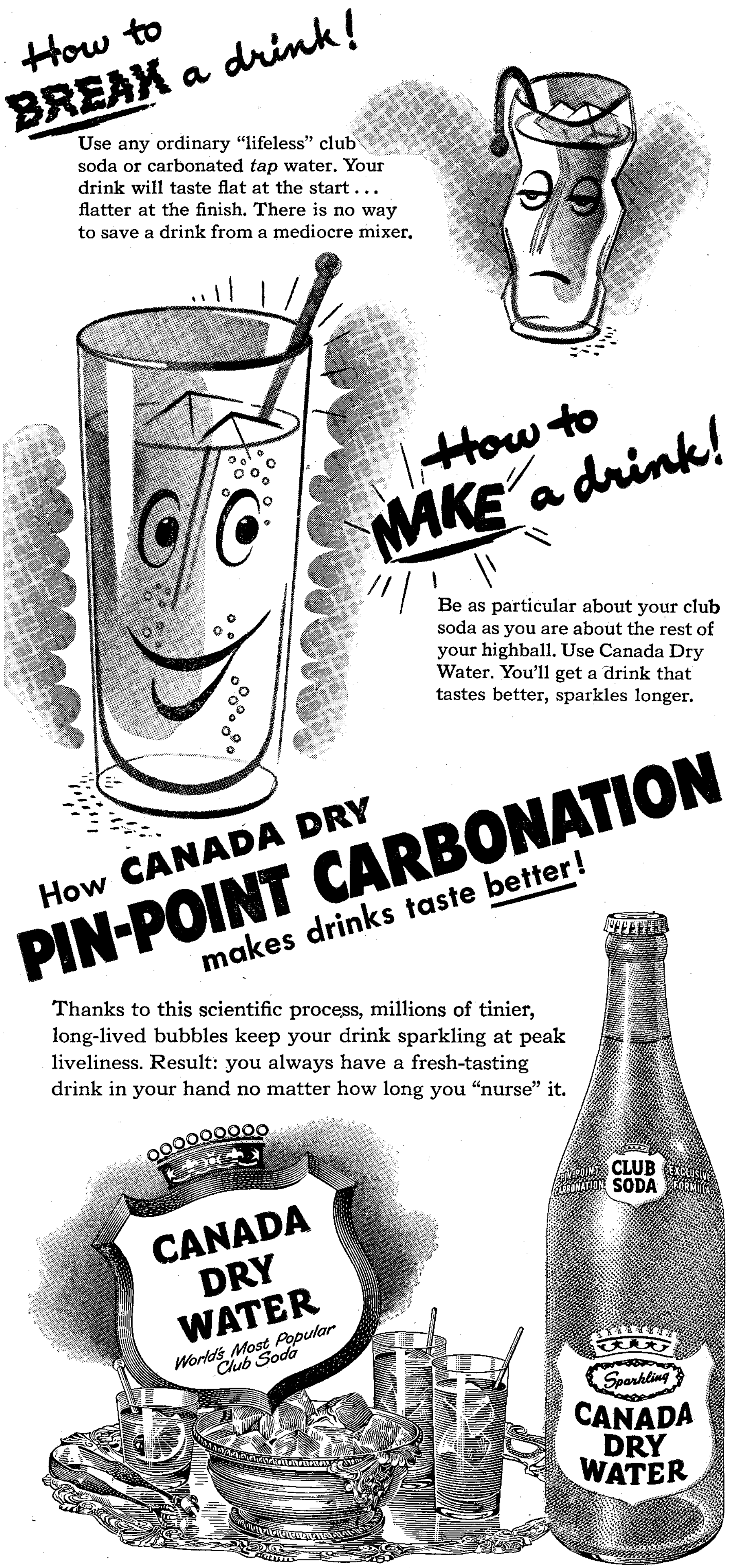
"As long as we had her down," Mr. Reiners said, "we decided to look at the bearings and the camshaft and the other auxiliaries."

"Did you find anything the matter?" I asked.

"No," Reiners said, "but it's always a good idea to make sure."

THIS first day for qualifying was the first day the track had drawn a crowd. Every year, during the weeks before the qualifications begin, the Indianapolis papers are full of speculation about what drivers will get in. The driver who makes the fastest time on the first qualifying day wins the pole position for the great race itself, as well as a cash prize of five hundred dollars and a lot of subsidiary prizes, such as a seven-day trip to Havana and a watch. (The driver of the best qualifying run on any day gets an added thousand dollars.) The fastest cars on the grounds therefore usually try to qualify on the first day, and this particular day had brought at least thirty thousand amateur automotive experts out to the course. While Reiners and I had been sitting in the cafeteria, Freddie Agabashian, the polite Californian, had presumably qualified, driving his official four laps at a rate of 132.7. Reiners and I walked out to the pit to watch some of the other cars and found Cummins sitting on the wall talking to Agabashian. "That was a nice run, Freddie," he said, and the driver said, "Yes, a nice comfortable run. I like to always keep half a mile or a mile an hour up my sleeve, so if I feel her going I can give her more power and pull out." There were other fast rides that day, but as it wore on, it seemed that Agabashian's 132.7 had the pole position and the trip to Havana safe.

I drifted back and forth between the pit and the garage through the morning and early afternoon. Making qualifying runs is a desultory procedure. A driver tries whenever he feels like it, between eleven-thirty in the morning, when the track opens, and six in the evening, when it closes. Some of the racing men in the pit said they thought a number of



How to BREAK a drink!

Use any ordinary "lifeless" club soda or carbonated *tap* water. Your drink will taste flat at the start... flatter at the finish. There is no way to save a drink from a mediocre mixer.

How to MAKE a drink!

Be as particular about your club soda as you are about the rest of your highball. Use Canada Dry Water. You'll get a drink that tastes better, sparkles longer.

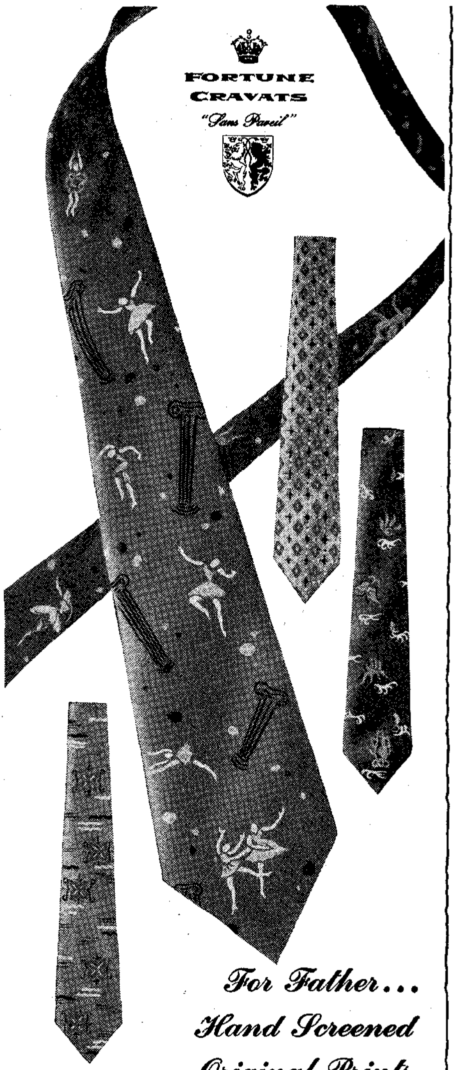
How CANADA DRY PIN-POINT CARBONATION makes drinks taste better!

Thanks to this scientific process, millions of tinier, long-lived bubbles keep your drink sparkling at peak liveliness. Result: you always have a fresh-tasting drink in your hand no matter how long you "nurse" it.

CANADA DRY WATER
World's Most Popular Club Soda

PIN-POINT CARBONATION
CLUB SODA
EXCLUSIVE FORMULA
Sparkling
CANADA DRY WATER

Remember—⅘ of your drink is club soda... ask for the best—Canada Dry Water



For Father...
Hand Screened
Original Prints,
Luxurious Silk Crepe.

There are *abstracts* of a gay flair for the man whose individuality chooses a "dashing" action of design. *Neats* for the conservative gentleman. And we believe everyone will be charmed with Fortune's classic cravats of *fable* and *myth* design. 6.50 to 15.00.

In ATLANTIC CITY	*Arthur-Leonard, Ltd.*
BIRMINGHAM	*Henry Porter, Inc.*
BOSTON	*R. H. Stearns Co.*
CINCINNATI	*The Burkhardt Bros. Co.*
DALLAS	*A. Harris & Co.*
DALLAS	*Irby-Mayes*
DETROIT	*Kilgore and Hurd*
DETROIT	*Hessing's—Hotel Statler*
INDIANAPOLIS	*The Squire Shop*
KANSAS CITY	*D. & J. Wilkinson Co.*
LONGVIEW	*Hurwitz Man's Shop*
MEMPHIS	*Julius Lewis, Inc.*
NEW ORLEANS	*Keller-Zander*
NEW YORK	*Leighton's, Inc.*
PHILADELPHIA	*John Wanamaker (Men's Store)*
PHILADELPHIA	*Witlin and Gallagher*
PROVIDENCE	*Hillhouse, Ltd.*
ST. LOUIS	*D. & J. Wilkinson Co.*
SHREVEPORT	*Rosenblath's*
TAMPA	*Wolf Brothers*
WICHITA FALLS	*Montgomery's*
YOUNGSTOWN	*Powers & Flaugher Co.*

Write for illustrated brochure and name of store in your locality.

FORTUNE CRAVATS Inc.
118 Lexington Avenue, N. Y. 16. Dept. N

drivers were waiting for the wind to die down. It didn't seem much of a wind to me, but when you figure speed to three decimal points, even a breeze counts. Others thought the fast drivers were playing possum, not caring to make their runs until they knew what they had to beat, and that the less fast drivers, knowing they couldn't beat Agabashian's time, were holding off for another qualifying day. The fastest official run on each qualifying day is worth five hundred dollars, and there are few drivers to whom five hundred dollars is small money. There were plenty of drivers on the track, flying around at high speeds, but it is up to the driver to signal to the stewards that he is going to make his official trial, and most of these didn't. At irregular intervals during the afternoon, a total of ten drivers did call for the flag and run their four laps. The slowest among these, a red-haired youth named Flaherty, did 129.6, but none beat Agabashian's 132.7.

Over at the garage, meanwhile, there was a kind of cautious animation, as when a critically ill patient begins to show signs of having passed the crisis. "Maybe we can put a couple of laps on the bastard to give the crowd a look," Houser said. The doors had been kept closed most of the day, but now they were opened and curious members of the public peered into the convalescent's chamber. Hardly any of them seemed to know it was a diesel engine they were looking at. When, by inquiry, they found it was, they developed a lot of specialized knowledge about diesels. "There's the fellow that will win the race," one old boy said. "A diesel gets off slow, but it never stops. That son of a bitch can run on butter." A radio in the garage brought us the announcer's patter from the press stand, as he followed each qualifier through his career. When they heard the fast times announced, the Cummins crew looked solemn. Flaherty's 129.6 miles an hour was five faster than the Special's best so far. The mechanics performed their miracle of resuscitation. They had assembled No. 61 so often that they had learned to economize motion. At about five o'clock, the car rolled into the pit, and Jackson breezed her around the track a couple of times. It was clear that he was not trying for any speed, and a few spectators, who had apparently expected something sensational from the Special's strange appearance, booed. There were more cheers than boos, however—possibly from the Columbus delegation. When Jackson came in, Houser wore a wide, twisted smile. "She sounds a hundred per cent better, Jimmy!" he shouted. "She's good as in. All we have to do is put a few more laps on the bastard."

We were back in the garage when, almost precisely at six, the announcer began to talk excitedly about a driver none of the fellows had heard much of, named Walt Faulkner, who had called for the flag only three seconds before closing time. (A run counts as long as the driver starts before six.) Faulkner, who was driving Agajanian's Grant Piston Ring Special, made his four laps at an average speed of 134.343, nipping Agabashian, who apparently should have taken that extra half mile or so out of his sleeve and added another to it.

As I was saying goodbye to Cummins and Reiners before going back to Chicago, I overheard the end of a conversation between them. "We'd better tear that head down right away, Nev," Cummins said. No. 61 was going to come apart again.

THE Special, I noted from the newspaper reports, did not qualify on the next day, or on the next weekend. McArthur told me over the telephone on the evening of May 26th that after I left them the boys took her down and put her together a couple of times more and got her up to 126, which would have qualified last year, and then, after they made what they thought were a few minor improvements, she dropped back to 124. Then, on about the sixteenth of May, Jackson got a fellow-driver named Cantrell to put a couple of laps on her, so he could study in a detached way how she rode on the curves. All the while they had been worrying about the engine, Reiners had told me, they had also been trying to fit the car to Jackson and the track. A racing car, for example, has shock absorbers that can be set "loose," so that the car "floats" and gives a more comfortable ride, or "tight," in which case it steers better. Every driver has to make his own compromise between the two aims; it's the gear-ratio problem again. There are also torsion bars, which are the equivalent of steel springs exerting an action on each wheel to distribute the wear on the tires, and the driver has to decide by feel how they should be set. And there are three mysterious factors known as camber, caster, and toe-in, having to do with the angles at which the individual wheels are set on the car; the angles are not uniform. These three factors have to be computed in order to be sure that the wheels will stay on the track when the car itself is at an angle, and to compensate for the deflection caused by friction. Each presents its own special dilemma. Cantrell came back and said that he thought the car would ride better with a full fuel tank—more weight in the rear. The forty-six-gallon tank was filled, and that time out No. 61 did 127.5, which made everybody extremely happy. The car wasn't even touched until the next qualifying day, but when she was taken out then, she would do only 126. Eleven more drivers qualified on the second weekend, and none did less than 129.

After the second Sunday, the Cummins crew sent No. 61 down to Columbus to the test bench at the laboratory, but McArthur said it didn't seem to have done any good. I said I would call him again on the night of the twenty-eighth, to keep in touch, and when I did I learned that the engineers at Columbus had decided to put in a new crankshaft. On Saturday afternoon, May 27th, the boys rolled No. 61 out onto the track again, and Jackson, signalling to the starter that he was about to make his official try, drove her four laps at an average speed of 129.208 miles an hour, which was 1.208 miles an hour more than Cummins had thought would be needed. Troy Ruttman, the driver who had smashed up fifteen days earlier, reappeared in a practically rebuilt car and ran off a trial at 131.912. At the end of the day, as the tentative list of qualifiers then stood, a driver named Cliff Griffith had the slowest time—129.014. No. 61 was next slowest. But one day—Sunday—remained for qualifying, and entries at the bottom of the tentative list were in danger of being pushed out of the field by any cars that might post higher official speeds. There were twenty cars at the track that had not yet made their runs, and several of them were reputed to be fast. The diesel boys' joy at finding themselves in—and at an unlooked-for speed—was tempered by the fear they would soon find themselves out. They hoped and sweated. The Cummins company was about to hold a national convention of salesmen in Indianapolis, which the vice-president in charge of sales had timed to coincide with the race, and it still seemed quite possible that they would have no entry to root for. McArthur told me that amid the gloom he had been encouraged by an "engine doctor" at the track, who was staying at the Harrison. This fellow, a consultant, informed him that the crews of most of the untested entries were having the same kind of

Lucius Beebe
well-known writer,
lecturer and epicure,
SAYS

..."I like good Scotch and today's Old Angus is as fine as anyone could hope to taste"

PRODUCE OF SCOTLAND
OLD ANGUS
BRAND
SCOTCH WHISKY
A Blend
100% SCOTCH WHISKY
DISTILLED AND BLENDED IN SCOTLAND UNDER GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION
Train & McIntyre, Ltd.
GLASGOW, SCOTLAND

A real treat
awaits you when you try today's finer
OLD ANGUS
A NOBLE SCOTCH
"Gentle as a Lamb"

Blended Scotch Whisky • 86.8 Proof • National Distillers Products Corp., New York

traumatic experience that the Cummins fellows had had. He predicted that No. 61 would stay in.

On Sunday, No. 61 got an assist from the weatherman. It rained hard all morning and until three o'clock in the afternoon, making the track unsafe for trials and cutting down the time available for experimental runs and final tinkering. Then the sun came out. The bricks of the track dry quickly, and between three-thirty and six almost all of the untried cars took their last-minute flings at qualification. Only one driver, Johnny McDowell, went over 129. He did 129.692, which displaced Griffith from the starting field. The diesel Special was left in, with the thirty-third-best qualifying time but with a chance to show what a car without a carburetor could do in the sweepstakes.

ACTUALLY, the car did nothing brilliant in the race, being forced out after fifty-two laps (a hundred and thirty miles) with a broken supercharger. It rained again on Memorial Day, and the race was stopped after three hundred and forty-five miles, the leader at that time—and therefore the winner—being Johnny Parsons, a Californian with a Hollywood profile who drove a car with a conventional four-cylinder racing engine, not suitable for use in trucks. I could not get to Indianapolis on Memorial Day, but I am sure that as soon as the race was over, Cummins and Reiners and Houser were planning another inquest on the green slug. —A. J. LIEBLING

•

Dear Friend:
I'll bet you are sitting around laughing at me, eh? Well, Sir, let me tell you there's nothing to laugh at....—*From a letter from Popular Science Monthly.*

That's what *you* think.

•

Lois trips around looking Oriental as all get-out in the torrid epic about love under the burning desert sun.

"I'm just a little old harem girl," she lisps. "Harem-scarem, that is."—*The World-Telegram & Sun.*

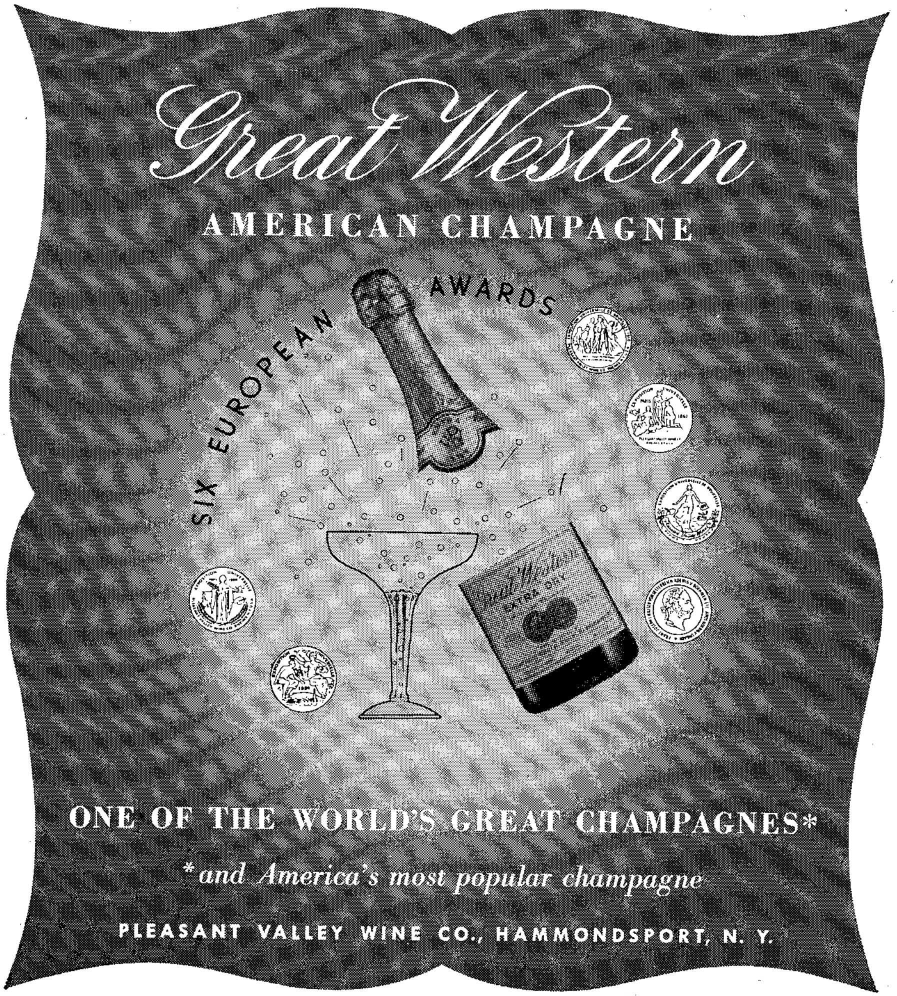
Thure had uth thcared.

•

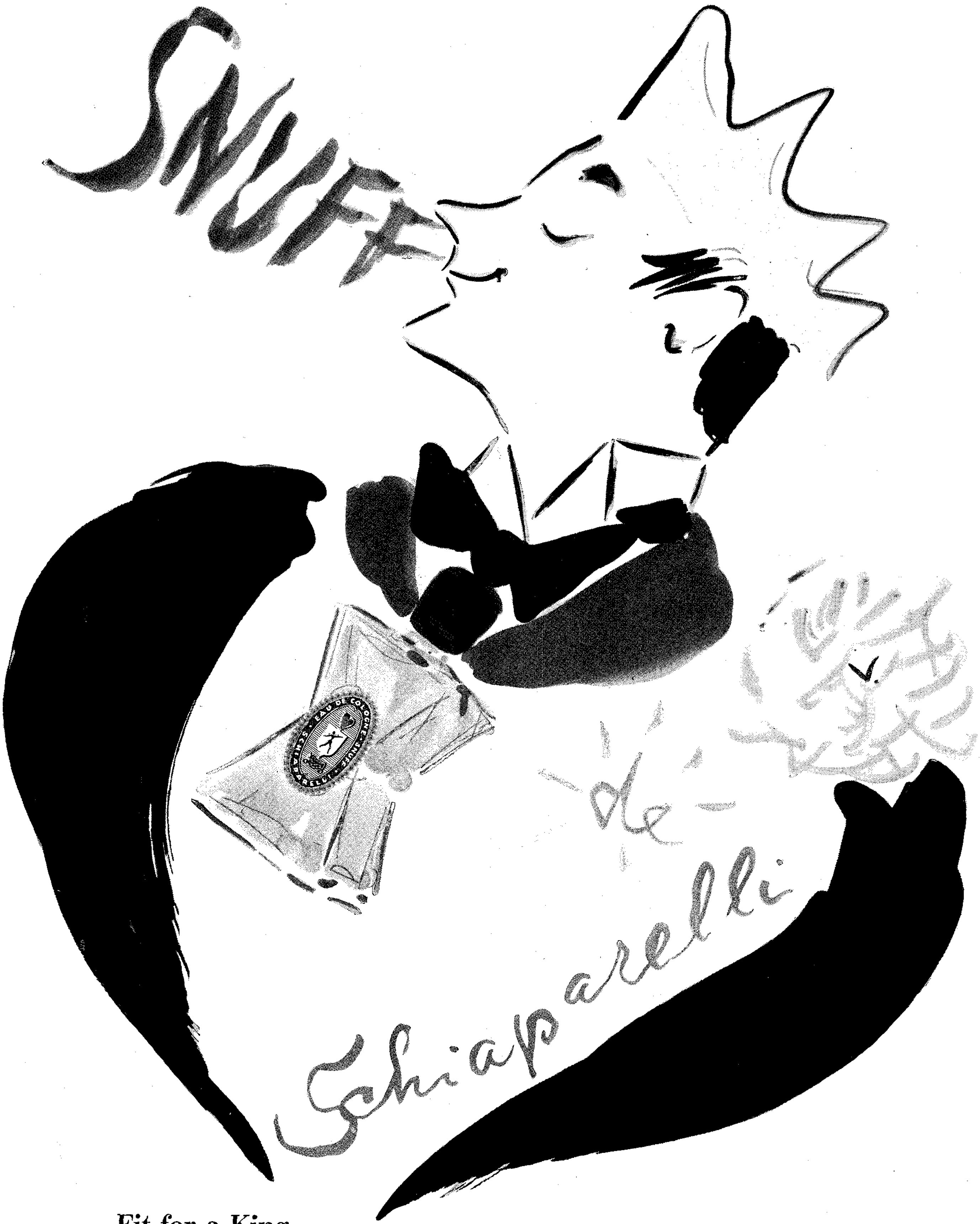
WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From a La Canada, California, church calendar*]

For four Sundays in July and August the Pastor will not be in his pulpit. And for these four Sundays the congregation is assured of a rich spiritual diet.


Great Western
AMERICAN CHAMPAGNE
SIX EUROPEAN AWARDS
ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREAT CHAMPAGNES*
*and America's most popular champagne
PLEASANT VALLEY WINE CO., HAMMONDSPORT, N. Y.

ANOTHER MOVADO ACHIEVEMENT
Self-winding '221'
Stainless steel, water resistant or 14K gold filled . . .
$71.50 Fed. Tax Incl.
14K gold—from $100.
In steel, with calendar feature $110.
Fed. Tax Incl.
tempomatic . . . 17 jewels
Greater self-winding efficiency in the new Movado Tempomatic "221." The propulsion unit, made of a new alloy nearly as heavy as Uranium, rocks into action with more power . . . winds on the slightest impulse.
MOVADO
WINNERS OF 168 OBSERVATORY AWARDS
SOLD AND SERVICED BY LEADING JEWELERS ALL OVER THE WORLD
Copr. 1950 Movado Watch Agency, Inc., 610 Fifth Ave., N. Y. • 36 Toronto St., Toronto, Can.

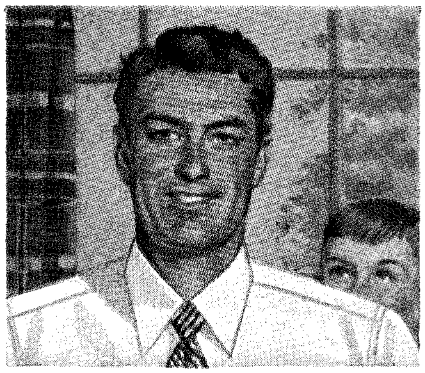

SNUFF
EAU DE COLOGNE · SNUFF · SCHIAPARELLI
de Schiaparelli

Fit for a King . . .

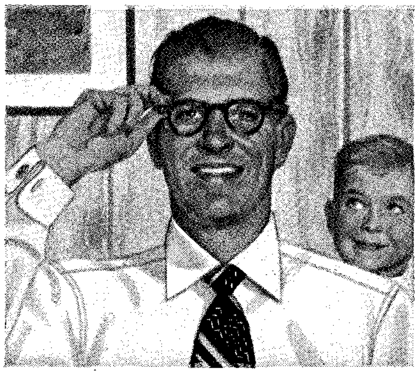
a hundred-and-ten-percent he-man cologne for father . . . 9.00 and 5.00 *prices plus tax*

also perfume, lotion, talc, soap, shave cream

Into these white shirts will go the WORLD'S LUCKIEST DADS!

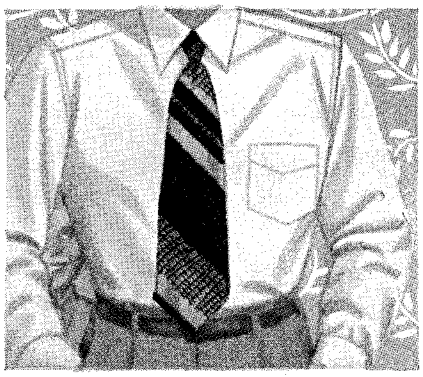


Allan's dad wants ARROW *Dart*—America's Most Popular White Shirt! The perfect-fitting collar is *non-wilt*—won't wrinkle—$3.65. (Same collar in a finer broadcloth is the MALL—$3.95.)

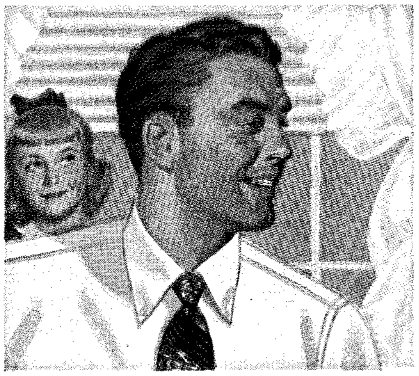


Jim's dad prefers the ARROW *Par*, with the smartest widespread soft collar made. (ARROW has been making smart collars for 99 years.) Available with either regular or French cuffs. $3.65

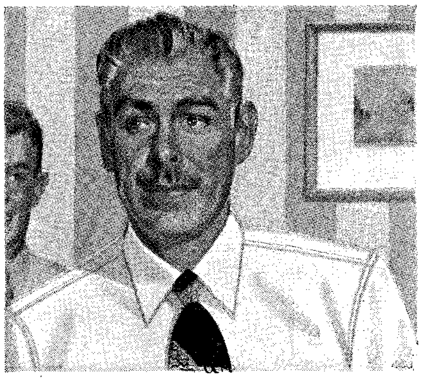
Nancy's dad will get ARROW *Hull*—the non-wilt collar! Its low neckband and longer points make it the favorite of men with larger necks. ARROW'S quality combed yarns deliver *long* wear! $3.65



Art's dad goes for ARROW *Drew! A non-wilt* collar with medium short points. See the perfect fit of that shirt? That's MITOGA—it curves to follow your body lines! $3.65



Mary's dad always expects the ARROW *Gordon Dover!* A button-down oxford with medium points. And it's "Sanforized"-labeled, *like ALL Arrows* (fabric shrinkage less than 1%). $3.95



Pete's dad likes ARROW *Dale!* It's just like *Dart*, but made of *de luxe white broadcloth!* Regular or French cuffs, non-wilt collar. ARROW has made BILLIONS of collars! They *can't be copied!* $4.50

FOR FATHER'S DAY—JUNE 18

ARROW WHITE SHIRTS

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

Makers of Shirts • Ties • Handkerchiefs • Underwear • Sports Shirts

A word to the wives of the World's Luckiest Dads: Arrow Shirts wash beautifully . . . iron in a jiffy . . . thanks to their fine-tailored construction! Those handsome ties are Arrow's "Stripe Story." $2.00. Look for the ARROW trade-mark!

THERE'S NO PLACE TO STOP

MY wife and I were standing at a window the other day, looking out at green things, and she said, a little absently, that it didn't make much sense, did it? Although this generalization can apply to a good many things in life, I knew at once what she meant and agreed that it didn't. She meant the perennial border we had together laid out a few weeks before, and I had dug, and we had then, for a beginning, planted phlox in.

"It almost looks like a fishhook," my wife said. "Only, of course, it stops too soon."

There is no better way to describe the perennial border, and I tried to find none. I did point out that we had both liked the idea at the time, and she agreed to this without hesitation, adding she hadn't meant to suggest that it was my fault. "All the same," she said, "it does look funny. I guess we should have waited for Mr. Fergus." She then asked whether he had given me any idea when he might come again, and I said he hadn't.

"He's got a lot to do right now," I said, and then one of the cats yelled from downstairs and my wife turned away from the window and went to feed them, since the cat had yelled that it was dinnertime. I continued for a few minutes to look at the border, curving there meaninglessly in a newly graded area which was just beginning to sprout grass. It was hard to remember how entirely sensible the curving border had seemed when we laid it out, on a day Mr. Fergus was too busy to come.

Mr. Fergus had, I suppose, been busy at the Pfeiffers', who came far ahead of us on his list by right of having lived for many years in that part of Lewisboro, which is in Westchester but next door to Ridgefield, Connecticut, and to which we had moved only months before. For a time, local delivery men located our house by reference to the Pfeiffer house, and the Pfeiffers, long before we met them, had sent people to us—the man who delivered milk, the men who collected refuse, on Halloween half a dozen masked but singularly sedate children. They had also sent us Mr. Fergus, who is an amiable and efficient giant, ready to do anything about a place and certainly up to it.

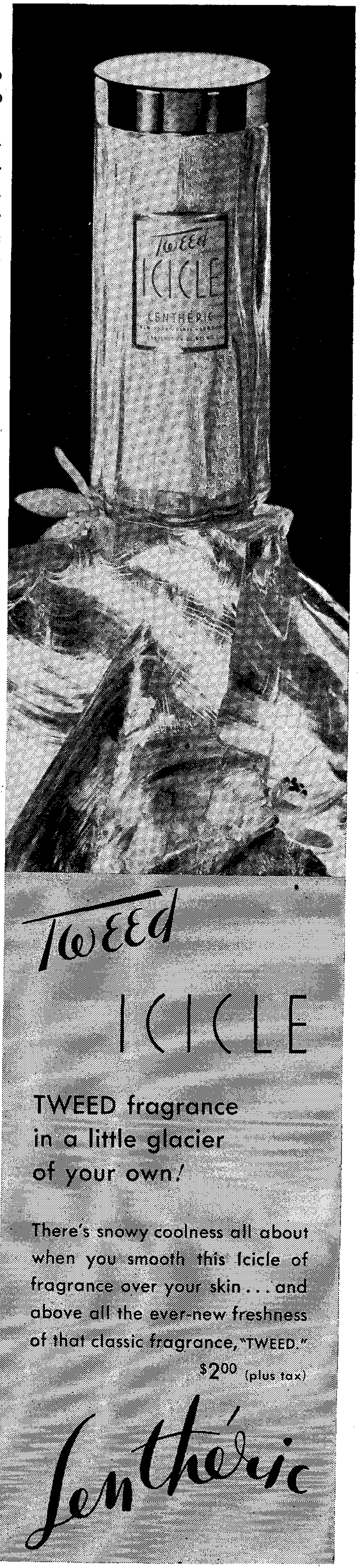
Mr. Fergus arrived first in late January, parked his jeep truck in the turnaround—out of which the bottom had not yet fallen—and said that Mr. Pfeiffer had sent him around to see if we needed anything done. "Grading," he said. "Seeding. Tree planting. Snowplowing. Pretty much anything."

Except for snowplowing, which we had arranged to have done by someone else, there obviously wasn't anything on Mr. Fergus's list we didn't need. He could tell that by looking around him, and already had. We have some fifteen acres, only about a third of it swamp; about three acres had then been roughly mowed and cleaned up—the poison sumac had been cut down and was waiting for spring to come up again; the poison ivy on the stone walls had been given chemical and wasn't yet, as it became later, thirsty for more—but for the rest the land was pretty much the way land is when nobody has lived on it, or done anything to it, for fifteen or twenty years.

About its reclamation, we planned to go slowly, and I told Mr. Fergus this and he said that was the right way.

"No use trying to do everything at once," he said. "A little here and a little there to start with. Whatever you say."

I said to come in March, and he agreed that March would be the time. In March he did come, and we talked terms, which turned out to be minimal—surprisingly minimal. Mr. Fergus would work himself, he would have one man, sometimes two, with him, and for each man we would pay only the going rate for labor—no overhead, no cost-plus. It was the same rate I had paid the year before to a weedy youth who had halfheartedly spaded up a corn patch for me at the summer place we used to frequent before we moved to the country to live. And for that I was now to have Mr. Fergus. It was hard to believe, but I did not say so. It remains hard to believe, and perhaps I am unwise to say so now, although our benefactor's name is not actually Fergus. One should be careful, especially


Tweed
ICICLE

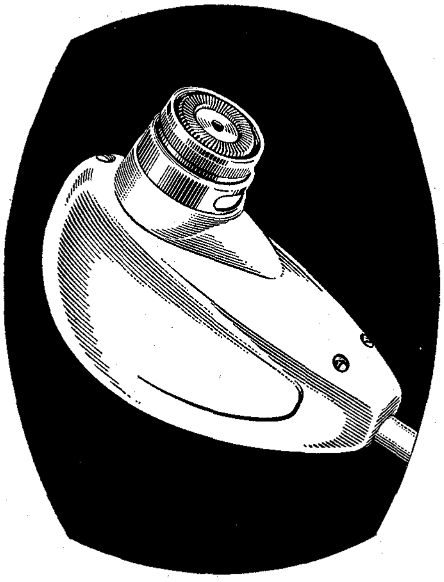
TWEED fragrance
in a little glacier
of your own!

There's snowy coolness all about when you smooth this Icicle of fragrance over your skin . . . and above all the ever-new freshness of that classic fragrance, "TWEED."

$2.00 (plus tax)

Lenthéric

Gift idea for Dads and Grads
NEW Imported NORELCO electric shaver



designed for a better shave

$16.50* AC-DC in fine leather traveling case

The NORELCO Electric Shaver is the "smooth" gift for every big occasion, for men of all ages. Secret of its "velvet touch," its quiet, smooth performance, is unique rotary shaving action.
Precision-made in Holland with true Dutch thoroughness by Philips, world-famous electronic manufacturers. Thousands sold at $22.50. Now, a real bargain at the devaluation price of $16.50.

features men want

- **self-sharpening** . . . gives smooth, close shaves every time
- **quiet, vibrationless** . . . simple in construction, easy to clean
- **fits the palm . . . lightweight** . . . lies naturally flat on the face
- **rotary action** . . . cuts whiskers no matter how they lie
- **no pull, no burn, no break-in**
- **real brush-type motor** . . . self-starting; warranted against defects; local service when necessary

Buy today from your favorite store. If inconvenient, order direct from NORTH AMERICAN PHILIPS COMPANY, INC., Dept. SF-6, 100 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. AC-DC, $16.50; AC only, $15.50. In Canada: PHILIPS INDUSTRIES, LTD., Leaside, Toronto.
For HER: Lady NORELCO Electric Razor, the new feminine way to neater underarm and leg grooming.

Norelco electric shaver

in a new neighborhood, not to spoil a good thing.

A GOOD thing Mr. Fergus was, from the first day. We decided—I think now it was he who decided, actually—to start on an area in front of the house that had been scraped lightly by a bulldozer and looked like a place for a lawn. A small lawn, for a start, I said; probably there was enough topsoil left on for a medium growth of grass. Mr. Fergus agreed.

"Only, what I think we better do," he said, "is to spread a little topsoil on it and work in a little fertilizer and then seed. That way we'll get something."

I hesitated momentarily. There was a kind of amplitude about this plan which startled me—a kind of thoroughness. At the summer place, which we had only rented—although we had rented it for some fifteen years—we had never tried to do things in a big way, or a thorough way. We got our grass, such as it was, by mowing the grass that was indigenous, gradually, over years, whittling it down into something a little like a lawn. We gardened, on the whole, in somewhat the same fashion—the essentially temporary, perhaps-we-won't-be-here-next-year fashion of people who still think of themselves as city people and so never actually achieve a sense of permanence. The idea of a real lawn seemed, when Mr. Fergus brought it up, an idea somehow too big for me. But I told him to go ahead and do it the way he thought best.

He and the two men with him went to work and did it that way and did it at a speed that still amazes me. Neither Mr. Fergus himself nor his helpers ever seemed to pause for breath, and, watching them from a window, I realized I was watching professionals at work. ("Ed Fergus," Mr. Pfeiffer afterward told me, "that man was born in a greenhouse.")

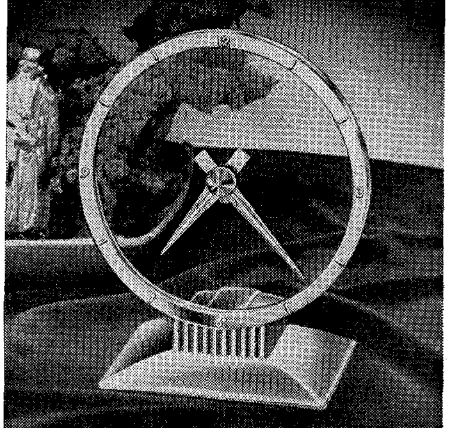
The place that was to be a lawn spread out in front of the house as if they were unrolling it. And—it would not seem to stop. On and on it unrolled toward the distant road, and now, in actuality as it had as a potential thing, the magnitude of the whole project frightened me. I went out and watched.

"I thought about down to there," Mr. Fergus said, straightening up for a moment and indicating a spot some fifty feet distant. "About right?"

"Well," I said, "I . . ." He waited politely. I remained lost in uneasiness.

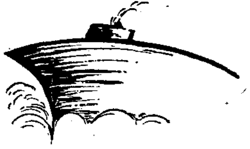
"You see," he said then, "when you come right down to it, there's no place

new for the Bride



a gift you'll want for yourself
Stunning, this all-new clock design! Amazing "see-thru" dial . . . hands are not visibly attached to mechanism, yet it keeps *perfect* time. 24 karat gold plated base and ring. An inspired gift! $19.95 at your jeweler's.
the clock you can *See Thru!*
Jefferson Golden Hour electric clock
JEFFERSON ELECTRIC CO., BELLWOOD, ILL.

"Bon Voyage!"
"The Perfect Send-off"
MAX SCHLING Flowers
Write or phone for Flowers that will last longer on the boat—and in memories!
765 FIFTH AVE.
New York 22
PLaza 3-1500



Illustrated Brochure of Bon Voyage Gifts available on request

to stop. That's the way it is when you come down to it."

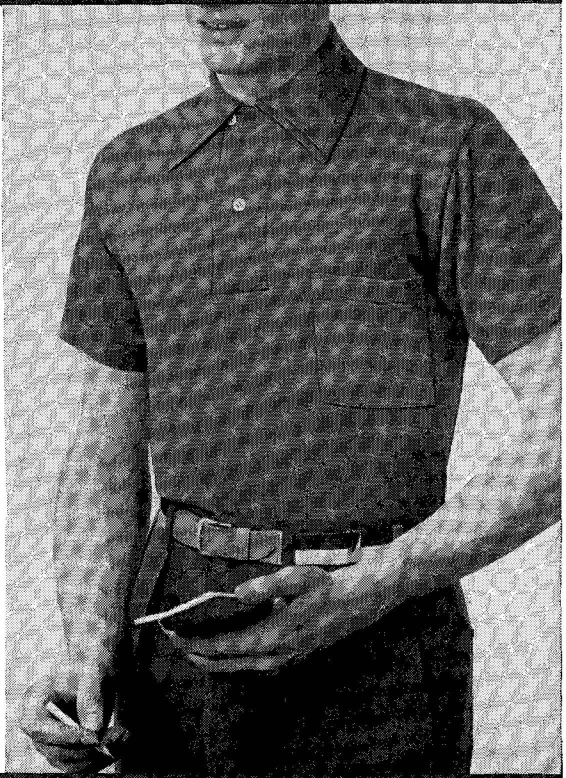
And that, I guess, is the way it is. The lawn went to where Mr. Fergus said it should, and then the lawn on the other side of the driveway went the same distance, and then Mr. Fergus put in an asparagus bed for me, working as if the roots he was burying—over a deep layer of bone meal and pulverized manure—might leap out of the ground and snap at him if he were not very, very quick. Then he said that the pear tree, left above grade when the house was built, would look like something if we edged it around with flat stones and planted myrtle where the poison ivy was, and this he did in a twinkling while, at what seemed the same time, repairing the winter ravages to the driveway. He got a man to harrow the vegetable patch and changed, for the better, the contour of a stone wall. He made a place in a bend of the wall for a laurel bush, and found the bush to put in it. Except for working in the vegetable garden, I spent most of my time just watching.

But then we had to get the phlox in if we were ever going to. Mr. Fergus was busy somewhere else and couldn't come, so my wife and I laid out the border in a place Mr. Fergus hadn't reached. The border followed the contour of the land, and I dug it up, and we were pleased with it. I scratched a little on both sides of it and worked in fertilizer lightly and pulled up a few blackberry bushes, and we put in the phlox. The next day, Mr. Fergus came. I was doing something else and my wife told him he might as well, until I was available, clear out some more of the blackberry bushes and, if it wasn't too much trouble, get rid of more of the old grapevine. Mr. Fergus and his men went at it.

He did what my wife had suggested, but then there wasn't any good place to stop. So he spread some more topsoil and, by the time I saw the new project, it was of the same magnitude as those that had gone before. The grass seed I had scattered in the area of my amateurish scratching was buried deep; the contour that had determined the shape of the perennial border had vanished; where it had been was now a gentle, graceful—and professional—slope. And the perennial border looked, on the whole, about as silly as any perennial border ever did. Mr. Fergus came across to look at it. He said it curved a good deal, didn't it?

I agreed it did.

"In the fall," he said, "we might—" He broke off and looked across the field toward the stone wall a hundred



INTERNATIONAL MEN'S SHOPS

THIS IS SAKS' OWN AIR-SIFTER AT 3.50

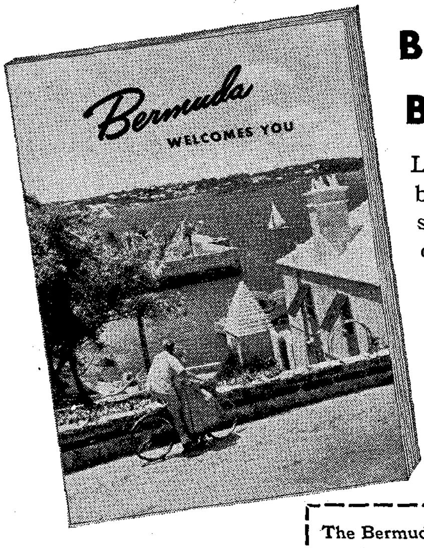
—our cotton mesh shirt that's such a fine gift for fathers who like to golf and fish in cool freedom, who take it easy in comfort. 2-button polo cut in navy, white, maize, maroon, silver, rust, copen blue. Small, medium, large, extra large. **3.50.** Mail and phone orders.

Saks Fifth Avenue

AT ROCKEFELLER CENTER, NEW YORK • DETROIT • BEVERLY HILLS

Write for your Free copy-

NEW...BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET ABOUT BERMUDA



Look through this exciting 16-page booklet before you decide where you'll spend your vacation. Here's the story of Bermuda...its sights, sports, shops, living... pictured in superb full-coloured photographs... together with a handsome map of the islands. Look through this booklet, and you, too, will fall under the spell of these delightful semi-tropical islands. Write for your copy today!

IT'S FUN to fly quickly by plane... or to enjoy a leisurely trip by steamer. Your Travel Agent will make complete arrangements for your Bermuda vacation—at no cost to you.

The Bermuda Trade Development Board, Dept. Y-6
620 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y.

Please send me, without charge, a copy of your new Bermuda booklet, "BERMUDA WELCOMES YOU."

*Name*________________

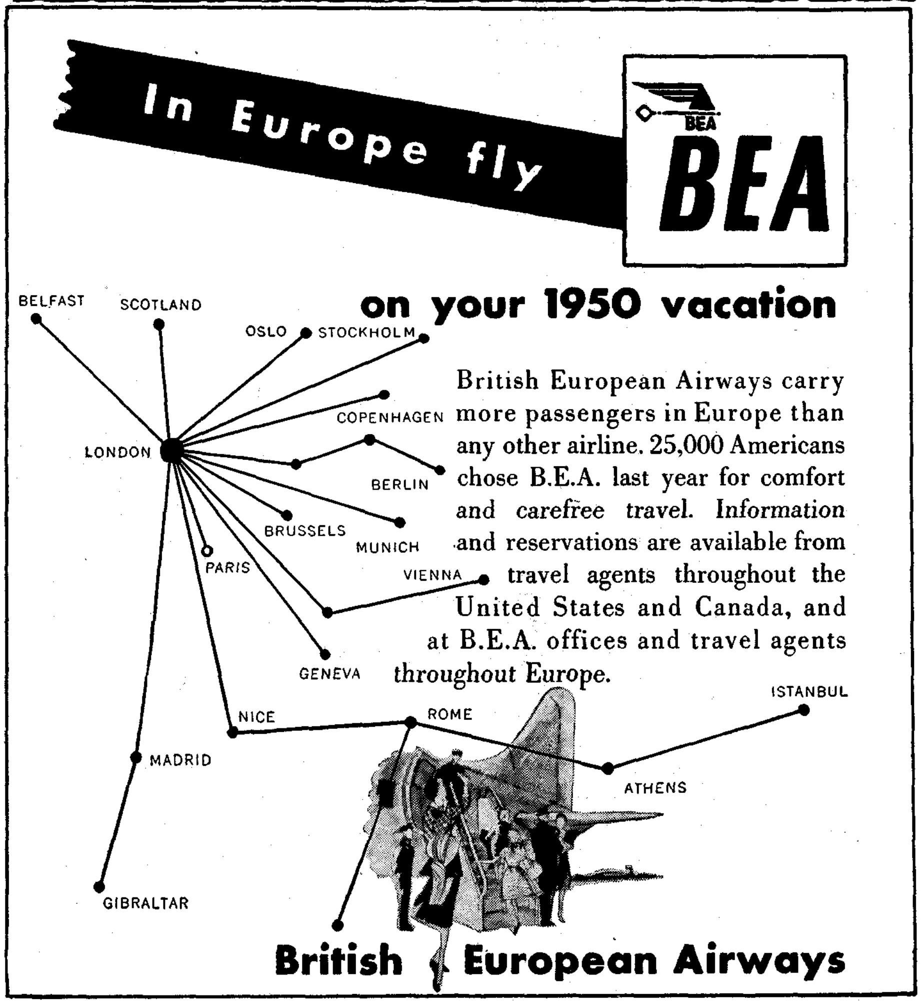
*Address*________________

*City*__________ *State*________

SOLID COLORS WITH BORDERS IN 12 MAGNIFICENT SHADES $6.50
PLACE DE LA CONCORDE, PARIS $15.00
THE MERMAID $5.50
MUSKATEERS BOOT $10.00
THE GOLFER, YOUR FAVORITE SPORT $6.50

PURE SILK TIES
Entirely Hand Tailored, silk lined in an elegant new modified shape created by DOMINIQUE FRANCE from 5.50 to 15.00

Dominique France INC.
53 EAST 51ST STREET, NEW YORK 22, N. Y. NEW YORK—PARIS



In Europe fly BEA

on your 1950 vacation

British European Airways carry more passengers in Europe than any other airline. 25,000 Americans chose B.E.A. last year for comfort and carefree travel. Information and reservations are available from travel agents throughout the United States and Canada, and at B.E.A. offices and travel agents throughout Europe.

BELFAST
SCOTLAND
OSLO
STOCKHOLM
COPENHAGEN
LONDON
BERLIN
BRUSSELS
MUNICH
PARIS
VIENNA
GENEVA
ISTANBUL
NICE
ROME
ATHENS
MADRID
GIBRALTAR

British European Airways

feet or so distant. He made a gesture with his big, efficient hand. "You know what it is?" he said. "There just isn't any place to stop." He turned, then, and looked toward the east—toward a field of four or five acres, as yet untouched. "Wherever you stop, it looks wrong," he said. "I found that out when I used to be an estate superintendent." He continued to look at the field. After a time, we both went over and looked at it.

It's certainly going to make a big lawn. —RICHARD LOCKRIDGE

•

ARGUMENT AT CAFFÈ GRECO

What color is Rome?
Terra cotta, they say.
Who's they? They're wrong.

What color is Rome?
Some of it's saffron,
And some of it's chrome.
Rome chrome? No!

What color is Rome?
Bois de rose, perhaps?
No, no, no!

Well, then, paprika?
Apricot? Grenadine?
Oh, those'll never do!

What color is Rome?
How about heliotrope,
Tinctured with dragon's blood?
Oh, that's too fancy!

What about Sir Jeremiah Colman
And his mustard—
With, I grant, a dash of custard?
Oh, you English!

What color is Rome?
Jeweller's rouge. Burnt Sienna.
Dead geranium. Lion's paw.
Cinnamon toast. Café-au-lait.
Pheasant's egg. Tio Pepe.
D'you want more?

The winners of the Prix de Rome
Gaze for a spell upon their bitter prize,
And hasten home.

—ROSALIND CONSTABLE

•

The invitation included my wife and a 4-year-old son . . . Just before lunch we were shown some of the invasion photos, which then were marked "Secret" . . . Suddenly, during lunch, my son disappeared. I rushed out, with Red Yeager, the executive officer, and began scouring the deck . . . —*Leonard Lyons in the Post.*

With a yo-ho-ho and a Rinso White?

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

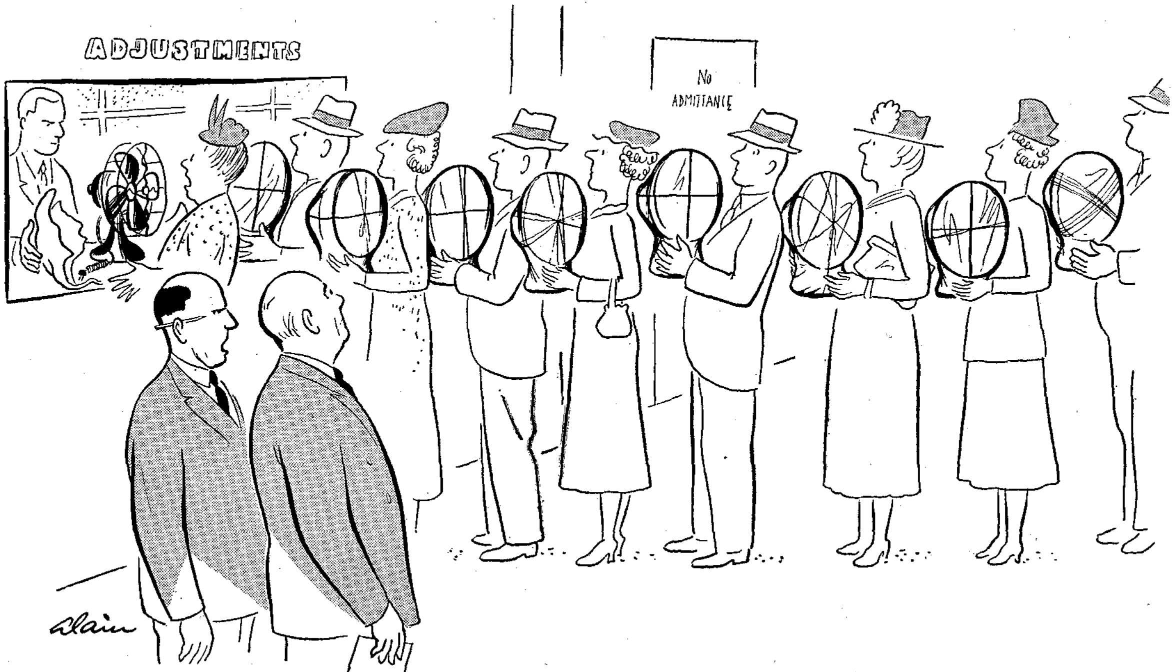
MARKETS AND MENUS

EVER since we all became high-toned connoisseurs of wine, able, if not to discover within a tulip-shaped glass the qualities we have been told are there, at least to prate about them, the social status of beer has been in a slump. The truth is there is very little to say about beer. If I announce that Montrachet is the greatest of all French white wines, I state an accepted fact, prove myself moderately knowledgeable, and create an occasion to toss off some impressive observations about *grands crus* in general. If, on the other hand, I contend that the Danish Tuborg beer is the finest bottled brew, I merely announce that its particular light, well-balanced flavor is what pleases me individually, and I offer one more proof that tastes in beer differ far more widely than tastes in wine. Perhaps for this reason, wine will always be what we talk about, but with an adequate supply of perfectly splendid European brews now coming over, beer may very well be what many of us will drink.

If men and women of discrimination—which we all are nowadays, of course—are to get the deepest enjoyment from this recently arrived Continental beer, they will have to overcome a certain embarrassment in its company and a tendency to look upon an affection for it as something incompatible with an appreciation of fine wines. I know no better way to induce this less condescending attitude than by urging drinkers to consider how many foods are actually more companionable with beer than with wine. There are, naturally, certain borderline dishes that won't give complete allegiance to any one drink. Beefsteak, for example, is fine with beer, but it's even finer with red wine; the same can be said of roast beef; and I have never been able to decide whether claret or beer does more for a bit of Cheddar (there is no question but that Brie and Camembert owe more to wine), or whether oysters are more truly married by the Book to Chablis than to stout. The more subtle French cooking calls urgently for wine, as, I think, do plain roast chicken and turkey, and veal and broiled shad and pompano. But there are many uncomplicated dishes, such as corned beef, all cuts of pork (especially ham), cold lobster and shrimp, lamb and beef stews, devilled kidneys, squabs, calf's liver, and, of course, salads—all of which are so unfriendly with wine—to which beer brings the perfect harmony of taste and aroma. A few highly seasoned foods, such as cassoulet and garlic-flavored Italian pasta, are helped along by beer, although they don't return the compliment by contributing much to the drink, and as far as I know, only beer, or perhaps milk, makes an even tolerable accompaniment to a curry.

IT should be understood that my plea for a consideration of the fine *taste* of European beer, as distinct from the social and economic standing of beer in general, is not addressed to those who are already on a friendly footing with these imported brews. To this sympathetic confraternity, it won't be necessary, either, to offer any information other than where the beers are to be obtained. As, however, European brewing methods differ in some respects from our own, maybe a few words about the process involved will be useful.

Even the inexperienced probably won't need to be told that the raw materials required for the manufacture of beer are water (pleasingly referred to as "liquor" from the moment it enters the brewery), barley, hops, and yeast. The natural quality of the water, which used to be of as much concern in the production of beer as it still is in the making of Scotch whiskey, is now of less importance, since water used by most breweries is generally filtered to the right chemical composition. The first use of the water, whether it is conditioned or drawn from artesian wells of great character, is to wet the barley, which is then spread on ventilated floors and carefully mixed at regular intervals until the grain begins to germinate. After germination has reached a certain stage, the grain is dried by warm air; thereafter, it is known as malt. It is then ground and mixed in a vat with the prescribed amount of water (liquor) to form the mash. At this point, when the starch in the malt has been converted into the sugar upon which the yeast will later feed, the liquid from the mash, referred to as wort (pronounced "wert"), is strained off into a brewing kettle. Then hops are added in whatever proportion is required to give the special flavor characteristic of the particular brew. The mixture is boiled, strained, pumped into cooling vessels, and pumped again into a fermentation vat, to be



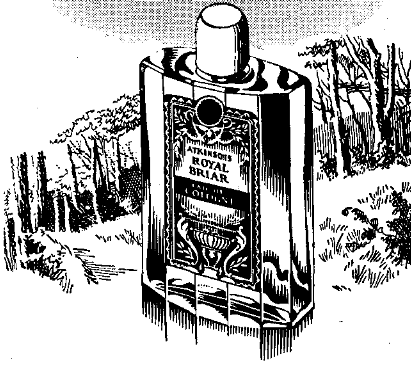
"Our Institute of Standards certainly seems to have slipped up on that one."

BY APPOINTMENT
PERFUMERS TO H. M. KING GEORGE VI
J. & E. ATKINSONS LTD.

INTRODUCING

Royal Briar Eau de Cologne

By the House of Atkinson



Atkinson of London, England, master cologne-maker for 151 years, offers eight varied fragrances in its new presentation.

For Father's Day, we recommend Royal Briar, a cologne that reminds you of the spring sun and the woodland's scents, especially liked by men who prefer a *rich* fragrance.

Bullock & Jones

Union Square San Francisco

thoroughly mixed with specially cultivated yeast, any change in the strain of which entirely alters the nature of the finished beer. As fermentation proceeds, the malt sugar is converted into carbon dioxide and alcohol. It is only when this process is completed that the liquid becomes beer. All European breweries of consequence put the brew through a secondary fermentation, and then store it in glass- or enamel-lined tanks from four to six months, after which it is ready to be drunk, although if it is to be bottled, it has still to be pasteurized.

Beer purists are given to saying that bottled beer is a sacrilege that has the same relation to beer drawn from the cask that canned raspberries have to the garden-fresh variety. After lingering over the admirable Würzburger that flows again from kegs at Luchow's and at the Blue Ribbon Restaurant, and then sampling the newly imported bottled Würzburger, I must conclude that this is just the purists' way of setting the seal on their purity. Unquestionably, the extra quantity of carbon dioxide present in bottled beer, as well as the pasteurization, does to a certain extent obscure the flavor and aroma of the beer as it comes from the cask, but—in the case of Würzburger, at least—there appear to be flavor and aroma to spare, so what is lost of these qualities in the bottling process is not greatly missed. Or so it seems to me. Anyway, as bottled beer is the only kind that can be enjoyed in the home, that is what we shall consider.

THE principal Würzburger Hofbräu import is the Edelquell brew, which is of medium-amber color, has a nutty sweetness, and is one of the most agreeably sturdy drinks imaginable. In spite of its full body, Edelquell is known as a light beer—the lightness or heaviness of a brew being dependent on a number of factors before fermentation (strength of the mash, boiling time of the wort, and so on) rather than on the alcoholic content, which in most European beers is between four and five per cent. All of which information is, perhaps, of less importance than the fact that Würzburger Hofbräu Edelquell can be bought at Charles & Co., 340 Madison Avenue (44th); the Commodore Delicatessen, 92 Park Avenue (40th); the Garden Market, 926 Madison Avenue (74th); and Joe Hug, 365 Third Avenue (26th), for around thirty-nine cents a bottle.

Another first-rate Bavarian beer, the light and dark Löwenbräu, of Munich,

Old King Cole

"I'd rather call for a Gimlet"

THE GIMLET COCKTAIL
3 parts Gin
1 part Rose's Lime Juice
1 barspoon sugar • Cracked ice
Chill well and serve in
large cocktail glass
(With Rose's *Sweetened* Lime Juice, omit sugar)

Use *genuine* Rose's Lime Juice. It's the natural whole juice of *tree-ripened* West Indies limes. At quality food shops.

ROSE'S LIME JUICE
Both Unsweetened (Dry) and Sweetened (Cordial)
Bottled in England by L. Rose & Co., Ltd.
Agents: McLeer & McLeer, Inc., 60 Hudson St., New York City (East and Midwest)
Mailliard & Schmiedell, San Francisco (West)

in Westchester
for Modern

SMART COMPLEMENT
FOR A MODERN DESK
free form ash base . . .
natural, twilight grey, silver fox, sea mist
adjustable fibre glass shade . . .
white, twilight, chartreuse, coralmist
SPECIALLY PRICED $22.50

furniture futures
three floors of modern furniture
154 Main Street White Plains 9-7500

REDUCE
Inches in three short weeks
FAY ALLEN
Scandia Massage Salon
for women only
MU 8-1450 44 E. 52nd St.

SWEET? NEAT!

Sundaettes
PINEAPPLE

Sundaettes Topping for Ice Cream Sundaes and Dessert Treats
6 Luscious Flavors Ready to Serve

is back in quantity. The light Löwenbräu seems fine to me, but, despite the fact that I have heard many men crow with delight over the heavy, dark brew—which is, indeed, almost black—it is to me less a drink than a food that all but requires knife and fork. Although there appears to be a persistent connection in most people's minds between darkness and strength, the alcoholic content of the dark Löwenbräu is very little more than that of the light. Both kinds are sold at the Carnegie Plaza Dairy, 873 Seventh Avenue (56th); the Gourmet Shop, 1302 Madison Avenue (92nd); and Joe Hug, for around thirty-nine cents a bottle.

The phrase "Pilsner type," which has come to indicate a special sort of beer that is light and has a slightly bitter taste of hops, can now be applied to any number of light European brews more accurately than it can to today's version of the once magnificent Pilsner Urquell, after which they were copied. Among the imports that fall into the true Pilsner category is Beck's, an excellent drink that is, as far as I know, the only one coming to us from North Germany. Beck's had a great following over here before the war, and if you like a light beer with a clean, hoppy taste, you will undoubtedly welcome it back. It is sold by William Poll, 1120 Lexington Avenue (78th), and the Hansa Delicatessen, 1543 Third Avenue (86th), among other places.

AS for Dutch beers, Heineken's lager is perhaps too well known in this country to need bringing to the attention of serious beer drinkers. The Dutch brewery was among the first in Europe to resume shipments to us after the war, and even the most critical of the beer's admirers have never suggested that the present-day brew is not in every way up to the prewar one in quality. It has, apparently, all the requirements of flavor necessary to make a beer popular among American drinkers; indeed, it is so like the best of our native brews—but perfected and even idealized—that more than one of Heineken's disgruntled European competitors have been heard to wonder sourly why we should bother to send three thousand miles for a beer that so closely resembles our own. Heineken's sells for just under forty cents a bottle, at many of the Gristede stores, L. J. Callanan, 41 Vesey Street, and the New Yorker Delicatessen stores.

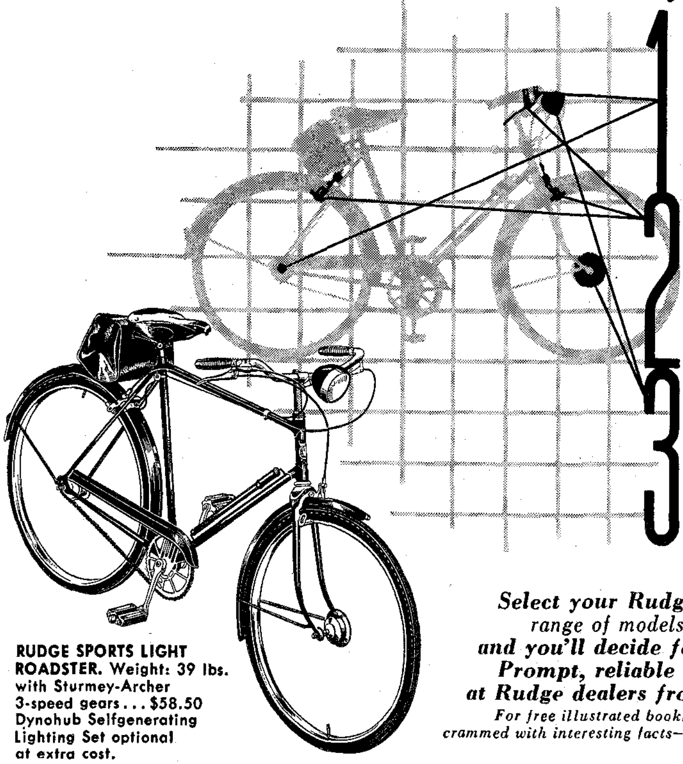
Another light Dutch import is Amstel, new to this country and already being publicized as Holland's largest-

Countess Mara
INCORPORATED
338 PARK AVENUE—NEW YORK 22, N. Y.

The one and only

RUDGE

"Britain's Best Bicycle"



STURMEY-ARCHER MULTI-SPEED GEARS Make "molehills out of mountains"—give your legs the kind of help the gear-shift gives to your car's motor.

RUDGE TWO-WHEEL SAFETY BRAKES stop your Rudge smoothly "on a dime"—in any terrain... whizzing downhill or riding amidst heavy traffic.

DYNOHUB SELF-GENERATING LIGHTING SET provides a piercing beam of electric light while your Rudge is in motion. It's sealed-in generator operates without causing loss of energy through friction.

RUDGE SPORTS LIGHT ROADSTER. Weight: 39 lbs. with Sturmey-Archer 3-speed gears... $58.50 Dynohub Selfgenerating Lighting Set optional at extra cost.

Select your Rudge from a full range of models; compare... and you'll decide for a Rudge. Prompt, reliable service is yours at Rudge dealers from coast to coast.

For free illustrated booklet—the new edition crammed with interesting facts—write to

RUDGE CYCLES • DEPT. N • 12 WARREN STREET • NEW YORK 7, NEW YORK

selling export beer. That may be true, but to my mind it does not have the color, the firm, creamy head, and, above all, the flavor that I like to think characteristic of light Dutch beers. Amstel sells for thirty-nine cents a bottle, at Charles & Co.

As I have already suggested, Tuborg, a very superior brew from Denmark, is so perfectly suited to my taste that perhaps my judgment on it should not be taken too seriously. Another Danish beer—Carlsberg, from Copenhagen—has such similar qualities that it would be pointless to dissociate one from the other in discussing them. Both are of the Pilsner type, are a beautifully opalescent pale greenish gold, and have a dense white foam and a taste that is light, slightly bitter, and full of character. If that's what you like in beers, then either of these, or both, is for you. Both cost around thirty-nine cents a bottle; Carlsberg is sold at the Fifty-Eighth Street Delicatessen, 969 Third Avenue; and the Waldorf Delicatessen, 772 Third Avenue (47th). Tuborg can be had at the Lexington Delicatessen, 651 Lexington Avenue (55th), Charles, and the Fifty-Eighth Street Delicatessen.

At the risk of appearing to make something pretentious out of a hearty and not highly complicated drink, I shall now pass on a few European suggestions for serving lager beer that seem, at least to European drinkers, of some importance. Bottles should be kept away from strong light. Never serve bottled beer in a jug; pretty as a jug of cold beer is on a table, the drink loses some of its quality and becomes quickly flat when poured from bottle to jug and then from jug to glass. Glasses should be immaculately clean—washed in hot water and soda and then rinsed in cold water. Never, never wash beer glasses in a pan of soapy water.

Whether these rules are really essential, I am not prepared to say. What I am sure of is that fine beer should not be drunk at a temperature lower than forty-eight degrees. The usual forty degrees at which American beer is drunk causes a partial insensitivity of the taste buds that simply won't do if the full flavor of these European brews is to be captured. —S. H.

•

Shortly after they built a roaring fire in the stove in the small home, a lusty squall announced the girth of a girl.
—*Seattle Times.*

Well, what was it?

Mr. Howard Mitchell...*Conductor of the National Symphony Orchestra of Washington, D. C.*

PORTRAIT BY FABIAN BACHRACH

Bachrach

PHOTOGRAPHER OF MEN
54 EAST 52ND ST., NEW YORK
PL 5-6233

HOW CAN I LEAVE THEE?

AFTER eleven years of marriage, Dietz would have liked his freedom. Not that he'd become newly infatuated; there *were* one or two women to whom he could imagine himself drawn had he been at liberty, but they were not behind his wish to be free. It was strong enough in itself. One thing stronger, however, kept him from revealing it: He shrank from the consequences of asking for a divorce—the emotional abrasions, hell and high water with in-laws, social complications in the New Jersey suburb in which he and his wife lived, and God only knew what all. So Dietz let it ride.

One evening at a party, though, he thought he saw the faintest glimmer of a solution. An old beau of his wife's was there, a man named Fred Ewart, who had taken up year-around residence in the city some years before and had now turned up again. He was a small withe of a man in a blue pin-stripe suit, with a tidy blond mustache. He had never married, having devoted himself singlemindedly and prosperously to business. Dietz thought he detected a mutual zest in the reunion of Ewart and his wife, and three weeks later, watchfully gulping punch on the sidelines of a dance at the local country club, he saw her dance several times with Ewart, laughing at his jokes and giving every evidence of enjoying herself immensely. Dietz's hopes rose. If his wife should cotton to Ewart, everything might be worked out with a minimum of ruction or none at all. Driving home with her after the dance, he said, "This Ewart seems to be a nice fellow. I never knew him very well."

MA
Eastwood

"He is nice," his wife said. "Well, you nosed him out." She wriggled comfortably down into her coat and laid her head on the back of the seat, closing her eyes. "Tired."

"Too much gaiety?" Dietz asked, cranking up his window. He whistled aimlessly for some minutes. "He going to be around all summer?" he inquired.

"Who?"

"Ewart."

She murmured out of a drowsy blur, "Probably here for good," and Dietz peered at her in the dark in an effort to assess her expression. An oozing rain had begun, and he switched on the windshield wipers, adjusting them to their minimum speed.

"I wish I could make my way around a dance floor like that boy," he said. "And had that social poise." He dismissed himself with a shake of his head. "Those two left feet of mine."

"You don't think he's a little on the cute side?" his wife asked, stirring.

"Oh, I don't know," Dietz said. "I wouldn't say that, unless you mean by cute—well, Roland Young." He laughed good-naturedly at himself. "If that's a drawback, I wish I had it against me."

"He made his money in a pickle-and-relish business," his wife observed with some amusement.

"Don't you think that's kind of a snobbish attitude?" Dietz asked. "In all fairness?" He stopped the car for a red light. The wipers swept the glass with a low, languishing rhythm. Dietz tapped his fingers on the steering wheel. The lights blinked and the car moved forward again. "You say he's going to live out here again?"

Dietz's wife slid herself up in the seat and tucked her feet under her. "He's toying with the idea of building," she said. "He's tired of the city. He's restless for something new."

It was with difficulty that Dietz contained his excitement. He sat far over on his own side and kept silent for some moments. "You must have had quite an intimate talk with him," he said at last. "To find all that out."

JUST where this left them, Dietz couldn't, in the next few days, decide. Whether the tepidity of his wife's responses was to be taken at face value or as concealing an interest in Ewart even deeper than he had hoped remained to be seen. Meanwhile, he gave thought to the corresponding downward manipulation of his own stock. If it was at least in part his wife's feeling for him that made the word "divorce" predictably explosive, then it would be to his advantage, so to speak, to lose ground—to be nosed out in turn. What he had in mind was to lose enough in the inevitable revival of comparison between himself and Ewart to reverse her judgment. As for Ewart's own affections, his hav-

Glamour-go-round
with ILKA CHASE
Starring for HARRIET HUBBARD AYER

SHEER WIZARDRY. One of the most enchanting fashions to find its way into feminine hearts is the sheer, peek-a-boo coat, to be worn over cottons, silks, or what you will. **Maureen Cannon,** sprightly musical comedy star has a perfect beauty. Black organdy, which she tosses over a fetching strapless cotton print. Georgette or chiffon is equally smart, but whichever fabric you favor, you'll find the sheer coat one of the coolest cover-ups this side of a heat-wave.

Ilka Chase

FACING THE FACTS. No two ways about it. Your skin doesn't just take care of itself. But you *can* have complexion perfection by following this simple rule: Use Luxuria Cleansing Cream every day. For this famous **Harriet Hubbard Ayer** formula keeps your skin super-clean, soft and sm-o-o-th—gives it a glow that everybody and his brother will go for. A summer "must" for a slim $1.00, plus tax.

ALL BOTTLED UP. Vacationers please note: Transfer your creams, lotions and magic potions to plastic jars and bottles. They're the answer to a traveling maiden's prayer. They pack perfectly, can't break no matter how you handle 'em. Best ones are those that come complete with vinylite case, which doubles nicely as a cosmetic or shower cap.

OPPORTUNITY UNLIMITED. Here's a buy you can't deny. Golden Chance Cologne, *with* atomizer, is now available for only $1.50, plus tax. (Ordinarily a $2.50 value.) Almost too good to be true. That airy, merry **Harriet Hubbard Ayer** fragrance (the one that splits hearts asunder and steals all the ladies' thunder) for a price you can't afford to overlook. Good idea to get several bottles . . . they make such thoughtful graduation and hostess gifts.

BACKSTAGE BULLETIN. *You won't want to miss this! I mean the "Glamour-go-round" TV show. It's ablaze with exciting guest stars and awfully gay goings-on. So check your paper for station and channel . . . pull up a chair and relax with us.*

See you on TV,

Ilka

(*Advertisement*)

Jensen's For Unusual Gifts

A practical lucky piece to carry in your pocket or handbag. A French, Swiss, or Italian coin that has been cleverly divided in two so that it conceals a tiny knife, nail file, and a workable pair of scissors. 15.00 including tax.

Please state first and second choice of coins when ordering.

MAIL AND PHONE ORDERS FILLED
ELDORADO 5-6630

GEORG JENSEN INC.
Fifth Avenue at 53rd St., New York 22

bra relief

Praxiteles' Aphrodite

for you, Berlé creates a DELINEATOR exactly fitted to your individual contours. You'll hardly know you're wearing it. Your figure-personality will be lovely! For 27 years, the DELINEATOR has remained a unique principle in comfort and beauty. From $16.50 in the finest materials. One-year guarantee. —Berlé Salon, 26 West 58th St., New York 19. Call Mlle. Audrey for appointment: PLaza 5-6250. Write for booklet N.

On the Coast—
I. MAGNIN. Dallas—
NEIMAN-MARCUS
Chicago—28 SHOP,
MARSHALL FIELD.

F. Berlé
Paris-New York

ing remained a bachelor lent at least some weight to the speculation that they had survived. This idea of losing ground occurred to Dietz only in a general way at first, but it blossomed suddenly one night under the inspiration of a movie involving a triangle that he and his wife had gone to see.

In the movie, the hero, sensing that he was detrimental to his sweetheart's happiness, sacrificed his own by deliberately putting himself in a bad light and destroying her love for him, thus driving her into the arms of the other man. By nightfall of the next day Dietz had mapped out a course of action that was roughly parallel, though somewhat less drastic in device. First, he ignored their twelfth anniversary, pretending to have forgotten it. Next, he decided to take snuff, or, rather, to resume the habit, which he knew his wife deplored from the vehemence with which she had made him relinquish it as a condition of their marriage. So, one evening when they were sitting in the living room, he pressed his thumb into a tin of Copenhagen and inhaled a dab pleasurably. "Ah," he said, "snuff."

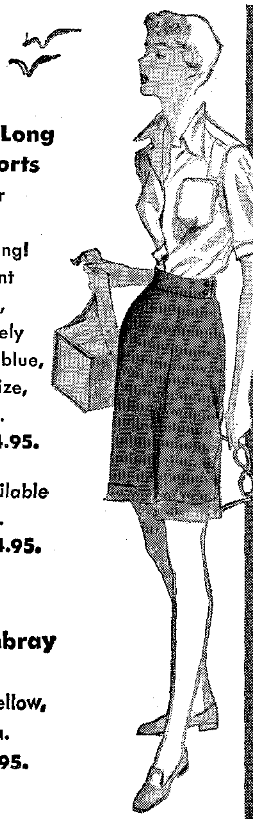
His wife looked up from the newspaper she was reading. "Snuff?" she inquired gingerly.

"Right," Dietz said, snapping the tin shut and pocketing it. He brushed off his vest and reached for the local weekly. Turning to the social page, he found a squib saying that Ewart had settled in an apartment hotel at the other end of town, preparatory to looking around for a building site. Having assimilated this, Dietz cautiously lowered his paper just enough to obtain a view of a wall mirror in which he could see his wife's reflection. In a few minutes she raised her head from her newspaper and glanced over at him. "By the way," he said casually, "I won't be home for lunch Saturday. I promised a couple of the boys I'd go to the races with them."

"But Saturday afternoon is the school bazaar," his wife said. "Everybody'll be there."

"Then I won't be missed!" he answered, attempting to inject some heat into the discussion. "I should think I could go to the races if I want." He turned to another page and scanned the headlines. "The horses have sort of been getting into my blood lately."

IN the following weeks, Dietz's removal of himself from grace was skillfully shaded. Crowning a fortnight of accelerated drinking, he refused to go to the annual family dinner that was an



Our Famous Long Bermuda Shorts
...so perfect for sailing, golfing, bicycling, lounging! In crease-resistant Moygashel linen, tailored exclusively for us. Bermuda blue, gray, green, maize, navy, rust, white. Sizes 12-20, $14.95.

Same colors available in "short" shorts. Sizes 10-16, $14.95.

Classic Chambray Shirt crisply styled in blue, yellow, rose, helio, aqua. Sizes 12-18, $8.95.

On your Bermuda holiday, visit The Bermuda Shop in Hamilton.

The Bermuda Shop
Madison Avenue at 55th Street
New York 22, N.Y.

BERMUDA SHOP BERMUDA SHOP

Imported from Holland!

Heineken's

PRODUCT OF MORE THAN 300 YEARS OF BREWING SKILL... IT'S SMOOTH AND MELLOW... Heineken's... THE WORLD'S FINEST LAGER

General U. S. Importers:
VAN MUNCHING & CO., INC.
N.Y. 19, N.Y.

extremely hallowed tradition among his wife's relatives. Again they were in the living room when he made his announcement. His wife let the copy of the *Woman's Home Companion* she had been reading fall shut in her lap.

"What in the world is the matter with you lately?" she asked.

"I didn't marry your whole family, that I know of," he answered.

"You don't act much as though you married me, either," she said. "It's as though we were . . ." She shook her head and gestured vaguely.

Dietz rose, patting his pockets and looking around for his cigarettes.

"Incompatible?" he asked.

"I didn't say that."

"No, but you implied it. In your every word, you implied that what we've got here is a papier-mâché thing. Well, if you've reached that point . . ." He flapped his arms resignedly, found his pack of cigarettes under a newspaper, and hung one in his mouth. "Any more complaints?" he asked, striking a match on his thumbnail.

"Quite a few," his wife said, and launched into a recital of grievances to date. Among them was his having kissed her on their anniversary, when goaded into noticing it at all, with one hand in his pants pocket, and holding a beer in the other.

After a series of such incidents, Dietz felt that he had managed some decline in his relations with his wife. An indication he took to be particularly auspicious was her going out by herself one evening, with no explanation. He also noticed that she was spending more time at the beauty parlor. That this was for Ewart's benefit, Dietz finally no longer doubted. One night, his wife asked for the car, saying she wanted to drop in at her mother's for a while. When she had gone, he sped by cab to the corner where Ewart's hotel was, saw him emerge, and followed him on foot three blocks up the street, where Ewart met Dietz's wife, who was waiting for him in the car. Dietz turned back with an affectionate laugh, leaving them to their little conspiracy.

He felt that now he was over the hump. On the first of the next month, there was a spate of bills for new clothes, at which he shrewdly did not boggle. He found that his wife was reading, instead of the large magazines aimed at the woman as homemaker, the pocket-size ones devoted to mating and bearing such names as *The Woman* and *Woman's Life.* She kept them, significantly, not in the parlor rack but in a drawer of the nightstand beside

Are you the girl who smells so nice?

■ You are . . . if you always make fragrance a lingering, memorable part of you. Wear it correctly, and see how much longer it lasts . . . how appealing it makes you. *Here's how:* Splash, splash yourself freely with eau de toilette; then highlight ears, throat and wrists with perfume in the same fragrance. ■ Which should you pick? You'll love Ciro's New Horizons—and so will the people you're close to. It's a fragrance admired in Paris, Rio and here, for its lilting, soaring freshness. The extract is really magnificent . . . the toilet water is perfume-drenched for lavish use. ■ Smart women consider this dual way to wear fragrance as necessary a part of good grooming as gloves and lipstick. Make it YOUR NICEST DAILY HABIT!

EAU DE TOILETTE
New Horizons
new horizons

PARFUMS
CIRO

- CIRO TOILET WATER (Eau de Toilette)
  New Horizons, Danger, Reflexions, Surrender, $2.75, 4.50, 7.50
  - *CIRO PERFUMES . . . from $4.50 to 35.00*
  - *And in PETI-PATS for your purse, at $2.00*

prices plus tax

Thrill to the
PAGEANT OF THE PACIFIC

. . . while you enjoy the fun, luxury, good company and marvelous cuisine of your

"*Country Club Afloat*"

S. S. President Wilson
S. S. President Cleveland

Restful, zestful 42-day Pacific Cruises, calling at Honolulu, Yokohama, Manila, Hong Kong, Kobe, Yokohama, Honolulu and return.

Other services:
ROUND-THE-WORLD . . .
New York to California • Mediterranean to New York, via sunny Southern route.

Consult your local travel agent, or

AMERICAN PRESIDENT LINES

Dept. N. Y.-1, 638 Fifth Avenue, Circle 5-5220
110 S. Dearborn St., Chicago 3, Andover 3-5909
General Offices: 311 California St., San Francisco 4

Bank of America

In frigid North
or South seas sunny,
These handy cheques
protect your money.

Always carry
BANK of AMERICA
TRAVELERS CHEQUES

Issued by the world's largest bank, acceptable throughout the world. 75¢ per $100 at banks and travel offices everywhere.

BANK OF AMERICA N. T. & S. A., CALIFORNIA
Member F. D. I. C.

her bed. Dietz furtively took one of them out one evening and looked at it. The cover had a picture of a mature, sprucely groomed woman and featured an article entitled "Romance *Is* Possible at Forty." Some concession to tenderness made him slip it back unopened.

Now Dietz began to think frankly of the two or three eligible women he knew, as though he were already at large. He imagined meetings, conversations, progresses; watched for the objects of these improvisations in public. There was a certain benefit dance coming up, in which Dietz had flatly expressed disinterest. "Then I don't suppose you'll mind if I go alone?" his wife had asked. "Not at all," Dietz had replied. When the night of the dance rolled around, however, he was in such a ferment over the women about whom he had been woolgathering that he scarcely knew whether to stay home and lubricate his wife's affair or go and try to lay the groundwork for one of his own. Common sense told him to do the former. When his wife came downstairs, dressed, Dietz was sitting in his shirtsleeves in the kitchen, drinking canned beer. A *Racing Form* was spread out on the table before him and he had a cigarette tucked behind one ear, like a pencil. Hearing her coming, he hunched over the table with the bill of a puncture opener poised on a fresh can. When she came into the kitchen, he pressed the opener down. "All set for a big evening?" he asked.

"I'm sure it'll be fun," she said. "I'll bet you'll be sorry you didn't go."

She gathered up two or three empties from the table and carried them to the sink with an equanimity that Dietz had by now come to regard as the clearest sign of guilt. Then she rustled away in a whisper of taffeta, leaving behind her a trail of perfume, which stirred Dietz as an earnest of the bright promise on the cover of the magazine.

WHEN Dietz's wife got home, at a quarter to two, she found him in bed playing solitaire on a reading board spread across his knees, and smoking a cigarette with a ripening length of ash. "How was it?" he asked.

"A great success," she said. "We cleared over fifteen hundred dollars."

Then he remembered that she had been serving as a committeewoman for the benefit, and that not all of the time since her departure could have been errantly spent. He suddenly felt that everything must be brought to a head that night. "Who all was there?" he

Some like 'em short
Some like 'em tall
Coates Plymouth Gin
is best in 'em all.

the Gin that made the Gibson Cocktail famous

COATES
PLYMOUTH GIN
89 PROOF

DISTILLED IN ENGLAND FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS
Sole U. S. Agents
MUNSON G. SHAW CO., INC., NEW YORK, N.Y.

WORLD'S LARGEST SUMMER HOTEL

Vacationing at world-famous Grand Hotel on beautiful Mackinac Island is pleasure perfect. The hotel's huge colonnaded porch, Esther Williams pool, championship golf courses, saddle horses, concerts, fun, will delight you on this carless carefree island. Write for folders—
Suite 5
Mackinac Island,
Michigan

Grand Hotel

"WE MEND ALL
BUT BROKEN HEARTS!"
GLASS, PORCELAINS, JADE, IVORIES, BELLOWS, WOOD, JEWELRY, SILVER, PEWTER, & ALL METALS, GADGETS, etc.
Replating—Lacquering
ARTISTIC LAMP MOUNTING
LITTLE GREY FIXIT SHOP
1300 Madison Ave. (92nd), N. Y. 28
AT 9-4020 2nd floor

SPICE? NICE!
TRY HENRI
SPAGHETTI SAUCE
with meat or mushrooms
An old Italian recipe *Ready to serve*

asked, punching out his cigarette in an ashtray on his nightstand.

"Everybody," she said from the clothes closet, where she had slipped off her dress and got into a robe. "Just everybody." She sat down in a chair and drew off her stockings.

Dietz probed a worrisome molar with his tongue. "Ewart still around?" he asked.

She started toward the bathroom, taking the stockings to wash them out. "Very much," she said. "He's building over there near Shattuck's Woods. Fred is a prince."

Dietz swept up the cards and put them and the board on the floor beside the bed. "I have a feeling you want to talk about—us," he said.

"Oh?" his wife said, entering the bathroom.

"I mean after the scene you made a while back. I get the idea there's more on your mind than you let on. That you think I'm bad medicine," he called impatiently. He sat on the bed with his eyes on the ceiling, listening alertly. "Well, if that's the viewpoint you've got around to . . ."

"Oh, I don't think I went that far," she called. He could hear the jingle of the chain as she put the stopper in the washbasin.

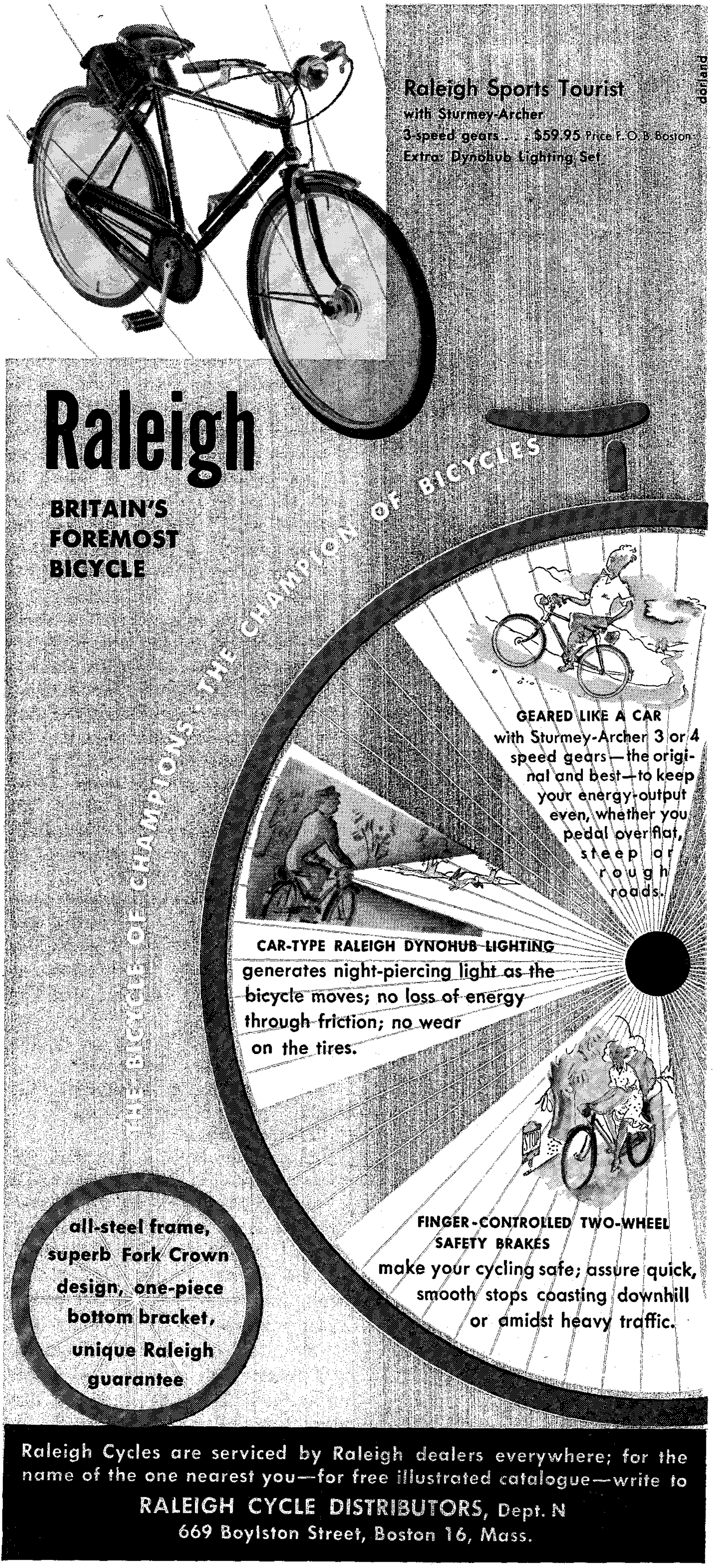
"No, but you *implied* it," he said. "That I'm anything *but* a prince—to use your word for Ewart." He felt that he had now squarely given her her cue.

"Well, he is," she said. "Everybody's so glad to have him back. And he seems to have found the woman for him at last. It's been a secret up to now, but it got out tonight."

Dietz braced himself as though for some exquisite and delightful danger, like a steep curve on a toboggan. "So?" he said. "Who?"

"Harriet Ballard." His wife went on chattily, "That good-looking widow, you know? He's been squiring her around, and now it looks like wedding bells. She and Fred are perfect for each other. I mean on age and all. They were there tonight. I wouldn't have to keep you up on all this gossip if you went out more," she chided equably.

Dietz sat listening to the sudden jet of water from the tap, as though that had dealt him the blow. Then the water stopped and he heard her muddling the suds with the stockings. Something—the momentary impossibility of beginning anywhere else perhaps—made him get out of bed and look in the drawer of her nightstand to see if the magazine was still there. It was and he took it out. It fell open readily, not to the article



Raleigh Sports Tourist
with Sturmey-Archer
3-speed gears . . . $59.95 Price F.O.B. Boston
Extra: Dynohub Lighting Set

dorland

Raleigh

BRITAIN'S FOREMOST BICYCLE

THE BICYCLE OF CHAMPIONS · THE CHAMPION OF BICYCLES

GEARED LIKE A CAR with Sturmey-Archer 3 or 4 speed gears—the original and best—to keep your energy-output even, whether you pedal over flat, steep or rough roads.

CAR-TYPE RALEIGH DYNOHUB LIGHTING generates night-piercing light as the bicycle moves; no loss of energy through friction; no wear on the tires.

FINGER-CONTROLLED TWO-WHEEL SAFETY BRAKES make your cycling safe; assure quick, smooth stops coasting downhill or amidst heavy traffic.

all-steel frame, superb Fork Crown design, one-piece bottom bracket, unique Raleigh guarantee

Raleigh Cycles are serviced by Raleigh dealers everywhere; for the name of the one nearest you—for free illustrated catalogue—write to

RALEIGH CYCLE DISTRIBUTORS, Dept. N
669 Boylston Street, Boston 16, Mass.

featured on the cover but to one on a dog-eared page midway through, entitled "How to Fight for Your Marriage," and bearing the subtitle "A Sensible Seven-Point Plan for Keeping Romance Alive." His eye skipped over the paragraphs like a stone over water. "That hazards can be turned into adventures on that obstacle-strewn path for two . . ." the article began, and, just below, was the first of the numbered points: "The most important thing to remember in fighting for your man is to appear not to be. Be subtle. Don't let him feel for a minute that . . ." The second ran, "Make sure you aren't failing to make *your* share of the concessions in the give-and-take that is matrimony. Take inventory. Are you, for instance, putting your foot down on certain masculine habits to which he after all has his right, as women often foolishly will?" Furious, he read on. "Keep yourself as attractive as when you were being courted. Marriage is a perpetual courtship. At breakfast . . ."

He heard the suds go down the drain in the bathroom and the fresh water being run for rinsing. Presently she was finished, and he knew she was hanging the hose on the rod of the shower curtain. He clapped the magazine into the drawer and walked to the window just as she came back into the room. There was nowhere to go but ahead. He swung round and faced her deliberately.

"Do you deny you're still sweet on Ewart?" he asked keenly.

She had picked up her hairbrush from the dresser, and now she turned and answered him as levelly. "I won't hide anything," she said. "I think he's one of the nicest, most adorable men I've ever known."

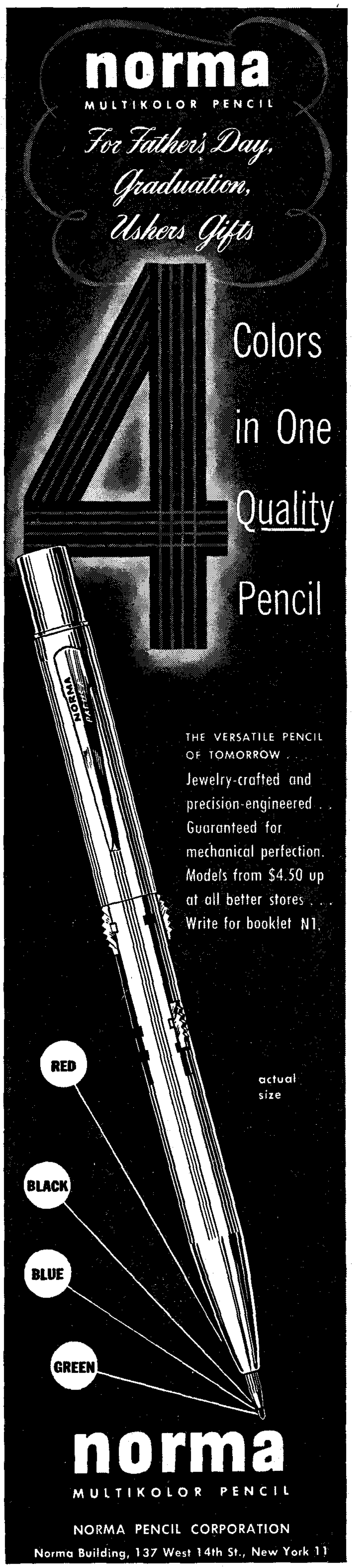
"Then for God's sake go to him while there is time!" Dietz said.

She looked at him in surprise. "Go to him? Me, a married woman?"

"It's been done."

Tapping the brush in her palm, she contemplated him. "What in the world is getting into you, anyway?" she said. "I don't mean it that way. I'm only saying I see virtues in him that—well, yes, that you haven't got. On the other hand, you've got your strong points. I'm ready to admit I've probably been too strict with you in some things, the way women can be, but that's water under the bridge. Let's look at it that way. I'm glad we're clearing the air like this."

"Who are you trying to make a fool of?" he demanded. "Do you mean to say you haven't been deceiving me? Like the time you told me you were


norma
MULTIKOLOR PENCIL
For Father's Day, Graduation, Ushers Gifts
4 Colors in One Quality Pencil
THE VERSATILE PENCIL OF TOMORROW . . .
Jewelry-crafted and precision-engineered . . Guaranteed for mechanical perfection. Models from $4.50 up at all better stores . . . Write for booklet N1.
RED BLACK BLUE GREEN
actual size
norma
MULTIKOLOR PENCIL
NORMA PENCIL CORPORATION
Norma Building, 137 West 14th St., New York 11

24-Glass Week-End Pack
A convenient way to buy a complete assortment of necessary glasses for the week-end trip or for your summer home in the country or at the shore. Nice utility glasses with a star cut decoration. Pack consists of 6 hiballs, 6 old fashioneds, 6 cocktails and 6 whiskies. Packed securely, but with no fancy trimmings—the value's all in the contents. A splendid hostess gift—she won't mind the casual packing either. Multiply your saving by buying more than one pack. Pack of 24 pieces, as above, $10.00.
Mail Orders Filled
Plummer LTD
734 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.
New York City

ARPEGE
LANVIN
Extract and Toilet Water

MY SIN
LANVIN
Extract and Toilet Water

going to your mother's and then went somewhere else?"

"I saw Fred," she admitted. "I was at a point with you where I felt I just had to have the advice of some really sympathetic person. Fred is that person—solid, dependable, understanding. A real friend. He's always been that to me, though he's never been anything more. He told me to be patient with you and ride it out. He says it happens lots of times to men at fifty, or at forty, like with you. What they call the threshold years." She paused. "Well, that's what *that* fib was all about," she said.

Dietz's flesh bristled at the word "fib." Something in its innocuousness brought his anger to its peak. Unable to stem it, he drove on. "Can't you see all this just shows you don't think it's panning out, that you want your freedom, deep down? Can't you see *that?* If Ewart is what you want, why, we'll work it out in a civilized way."

"Civilized! Are you completely out of your head?"

"Can't you see I'm greasing it for you?" he rushed along, like a man compelled to double his pace to keep afoot on an icy declivity. "That I'm practically handing it to you on a platter? What more do you want me to do for you—follow you around with a violin?"

He knew he had said too much. Trying to control his heat, he turned aside. But he could sense, behind him, her electric silence, then the flash of speculation. "Of course," she said gently. "What a fool I've been that I couldn't see."

He gave her an oblique glance over his shoulder. "See what?" he asked queasily.

"That it's all been put on," she said. "You put it on because you thought I had really fallen for Fred Ewart this time, and you were trying to make it easy for my sake, figuring the cruel way was the kind."

"Don't be ridiculous," he said.

But now she was on fire with the cliché. "The cruel way was the kind" rang a bell in Dietz's mind as a line in the very movie from which he had derived his program.

He wet his lips and raked his fingers through his hair, thinking that now was the time for the coup de grâce. He wheeled around. "You might as well have it straight, and realize what you're up against," he said. "You know that seven hundred dollars your aunt left us when she died? I blew it all on the horses."

"You!" She gave a little laugh and regarded him with an expression of in-

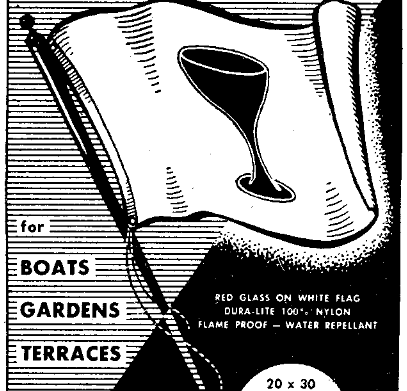
Ring for
BELL'S
BELL'S
Blended Scotch Whisky
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
SPECIAL RESERVE
BELL'S
ROYAL VAT
LIQUEUR BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
TWELVE YEARS OLD
YEARS 12 OLD
86 PROOF

This is BELL'S *125th year*—a year we celebrate with extra allotments of our Special Reserve for distribution in the United States. It's delicately light—and magnificently right!

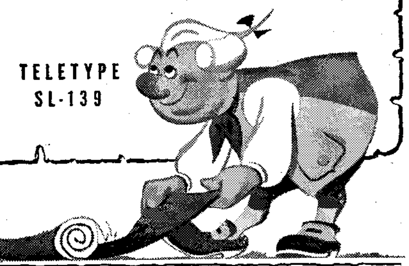
86 PROOF. Product of Arthur Bell & Sons Ltd., Perth, Scotland. Est. in 1825. Proprietors of the Dufftown-Glenlivet, Blair-Athol and Inchgower distilleries . . . G. F. Heublein & Bro., Inc., Hartford, Conn. Sole Distributors for the U.S.A.

125*th Anniversary Celebration Scotch*

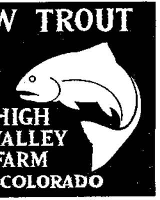
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



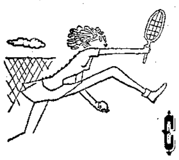
For Your Gayest Parties!
LUNCHEONS • COCKTAILS • DINNERS
Run-up this
COCKTAIL FLAG
for
BOATS
GARDENS
TERRACES
RED GLASS ON WHITE FLAG
DURA-LITE 100% NYLON
FLAME PROOF — WATER REPELLANT
20 x 30
$7.50
POST PAID
12 x 18 $4.50 POST PAID
AND YOU CITY FOLKS
SCOTCH TAPE IT ON YOUR DOOR!
● An Ideal Hostess Gift ●
LURGEN'S 509 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK 17, N. Y.



Your Pleasure
in St. Louis
HOTEL
Mayfair
Finger-tip Air Conditioning
in every room!
TELETYPE
SL-139



SMOKED RAINBOW TROUT
A GOURMET'S PATÉ
ready for that unexpected guest.
Unique and Exciting. A "Must" in any Pantry. $11.00 a dozen tins. $5.75 for 6 $1.00 each.
At Fine Stores or direct POSTPAID
HIGH
VALLEY
FARM
COLORADO SPRINGS, COLORADO



Get in a set of tennis before
dinner, enjoy cocktail hour,
wonderful cuisine Kotschoubey.
Stay the night, the week.
Croton Heights Inn
ROUTE 118, YORKTOWN HEIGHTS, N. Y. TEL 2-4090

finite esteem. "You'd go as far as that! When all the while your heart was bleeding."

"Bleeding! Good God, woman, go to Ewart. Believe me, *I'd* like nothing better!"

"I tell you it's no use," she went unquenchably on. "And to think"—she shook her head with a self-reproachful laugh—"to think there were times when I did find myself comparing you with Fred. Well, with a new understanding like this to bring two people together, why, they can go on for the rest of their lives."

"No . . ." he began, casting about on all sides for some direction in which to move, but it was too late, for already she was bearing down on him with extended arms. —PETER DE VRIES

•

A FURTIVE LULLABY

Wake up, my little one, wake up and listen
(I hear Mummy and Grandma returning).
It's not just the polish that makes silver glisten.
There's more to the fire than the burning.
What is a schoolgirl without her hair ribbons?
What good is a movie without any screen?
Where would be Metro without Cedric Gibbons?
Merrill Lynch, Pierce without Fenner and Beane?
What good is Macdougal without the Alley?
Who knows of Trilby without Svengali?
Were it not for Romulus, where would be Rome?
Without second base, of what good is home?

It may be, my cub, that your dear mother *is*
The source of this fuss and this bother,
But somebody else is important; *viz.*,
Your sire, child. Your pater. Your father.

—WILLIAM LAWTON MANER

•

The Women's Society of Christian Service of the Methodist Church entertained the senior girls and teachers of Yale schools with a tea Tuesday afternoon. Guests were revived from 4 o'clock P.M. to 5 P.M. in the home of Mrs. John Dennis.
—*Cushing (Okla.) Daily Citizen.*

Tea, eh?

Good Taste
Anno 1575
Lucas Bols
BOLS LIQUEURS & GINS Produced in U.S.A. by Erven Lucas Bols, Inc., Englewood, N. J. U.S. Sales Agent: Van Munching & Co., Inc., N.Y. 19. Blackberry Liqueur 60 Proof—30 Other Varieties

Luchow's
RESTAURANT
THE GOURMET'S RENDEZVOUS
Since 1882
HAS THE
GLAMOUR • ROMANCE
TRADITION
OF OLD NEW YORK
110-112 EAST 14th STREET

SERVING
SMOKED FISH
Delicious Lake Sturgeon—White Fish
Nova Scotia Salmon
DAIRY FOOD AT ITS BEST FOR 30 YEARS
Steinberg's
DAIRY RESTAURANT
BROADWAY & 81st ST., N.Y.C.
ENDICOTT 2-2030
OPEN EVERY DAY

SELL'S LIVER PÂTÉ
YOUR GROCER HAS IT!
IT'S SIMPLY DELICIOUS!

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Small Handicapper

"THE ROCKING HORSE WINNER," an English picture, stems from a story by D. H. Lawrence and ranks in excellence with that other worthy British importation, "The Fallen Idol." The films are similar in that both of them have as protagonists small boys recklessly determined to shape the destinies of the adults who surround them. But the methods of the lad in "The Rocking Horse Winner" are far more involved than those of the youth in "The Fallen Idol." The child in the Lawrence tale is the product of the union of a shiftless gambler and an extravagant lady who fancies herself an ornament of bourgeois society. Everlastingly beset by debt, this pair bickers so much about money that the tiny hero of the piece presently imagines that the very house where the family lives keeps shrilling to him from every corner about the lack of cash. While in this overwrought state, he is given a rocking horse for Christmas, and soon he is discussing with the family handyman not only the fine points of riding but the art of picking winners at the track. After demonstrating an uncanny aptitude for selecting corporeal horses, the boy sets up in the handicapping business, sponsored by a rich uncle and with the handyman as a partner. His system of choosing horses has one alarming aspect, though: He cannot decide which animal in a given race is the right one to bet on until he has mounted his rocking horse and run through an imaginary contest, invariably winding up exhausted but inspired. The shots of the tortured, fanatical child endlessly rocking on his enamelled steed are fascinating and unsettling, and the picture makes the most of the sharp, ironic contrast between his furious efforts to pile up resources for his parents and their incapacity to pursue any goal worthy of his sacrifice.

There is nothing quaint or frivolous about "The Rocking Horse Winner," though its ingredients might indicate something of the sort. Lawrence set the piece down in deadly earnest, and that's the way it is rendered here. In the person of the wealthy uncle, played by Ronald Squire, the film does have a character who carries his cynicism with a very jaunty air, but by the time the windup has been reached, he appears to be just as appalling as the other adults Lawrence pictures. In the role of the selfish mother, who is constantly slithering around to the hock shop to pawn her valuables while her boy is secretly killing himself to earn money enough to keep her in style, Valerie Hobson is eminently satisfactory, and Hugh Sinclair, as her weak-kneed husband, conducts himself with the nervous defiance of a male spider. It is John Howard Davies, as the boy, however, who does most to keep "The Rocking Horse Winner" moving implacably along its grim path. In a part that would tax the talents of an actor with ten times his experience, he comes through with a portrayal of a doomed and desperate child that Lawrence himself might have applauded.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

O DEATH, WHERE IS THY ADVERTISING APPROPRIATION?

[*Letter in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch*]

To the Editor of the Post-Dispatch:

We wish to express our objection to the reporting of an article concerning the death of [a prominent St. Louisan] as it appeared in a recent issue of your paper.

At the close of this article you reported, "The family has asked that flowers be omitted and any tribute be given to the Red Cross or to the Mary Institute Endowment Fund." We feel it is not clean business or necessary in reporting a situation, for one business to express the opinion that another business can afford to be penalized in the light of charity. We do not believe in doing a good job of reporting it was necessary to include this paragraph, and the omission of this request would not have changed your ability of reporting his passing.

As a member of the Allied Florists of St. Louis publicity committee, I know the Post-Dispatch has had a generous share of our advertising funds, and the encouragement by your paper to "kindly omit flowers" can hasten the day when the funds available for advertising can be so restricted that the newspapers of this community can lose that source of revenue they have been receiving.

It is not of my mind to question the wishes of any person or family. I naturally am puzzled as to why we florists have been selected as a business which can afford to do without a portion of their business at the expense of charity. I have yet to see a newspaper article or a paid obituary notice suggesting the omission of candy, liquor, cosmetics or tobacco, with funds to be forwarded to charity. It is only in the light of what I consider good business that I draw this to your attention.

D. S. GEDDIS, JR.

Alligator
RAINWEAR

around the clock
around the calendar

Alligator... the coat you'll LIVE IN!

See these versatile all-weather coats in a wide range of styles, colors, water repellent and waterproof fabrics.

$\$7^{50}$ to $\$53^{50}$

BETTER DEALERS FEATURE:
ALLIGATOR
Rainwear
because . . . IT'S SURE TO RAIN!

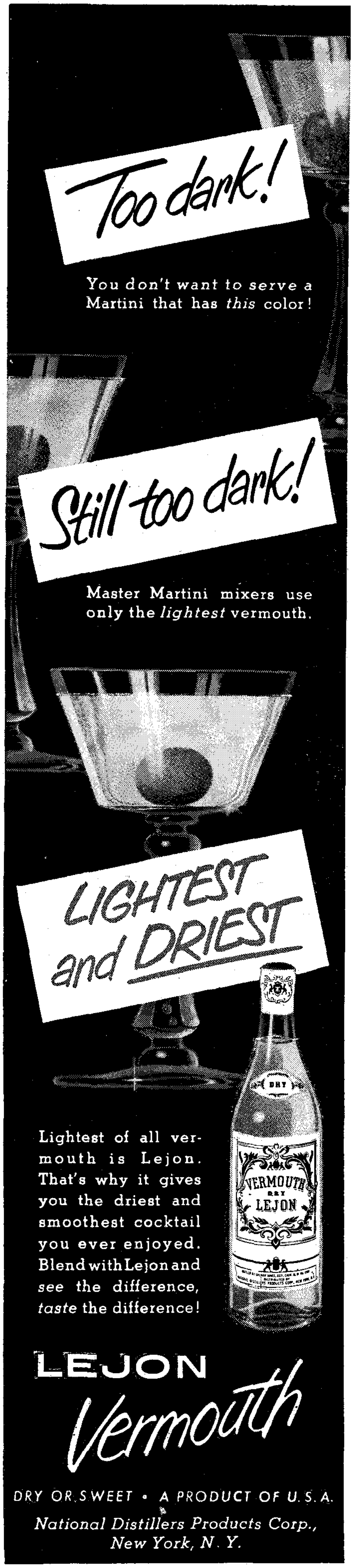
THE ALLIGATOR CO. • ST. LOUIS • NEW YORK • LOS ANGELES

KEY LOOP
with
HANDY KNIFE

Made in 10K or 14K Gold,
Gold Filled or Sterling Silver.

Look For This Star
at Fine Jewelers

MADE BY
BALLOU
B. A. Ballou & Co., Inc.
Providence, R. I.



You don't want to serve a Martini that has *this* color!

Master Martini mixers use only the *lightest* vermouth.

Lightest of all vermouth is Lejon. That's why it gives you the driest and smoothest cocktail you ever enjoyed. Blend with Lejon and *see* the difference, *taste* the difference!

LEJON
Vermouth

DRY OR SWEET • A PRODUCT OF U.S.A.
National Distillers Products Corp., New York, N. Y.

LETTER FROM PARIS

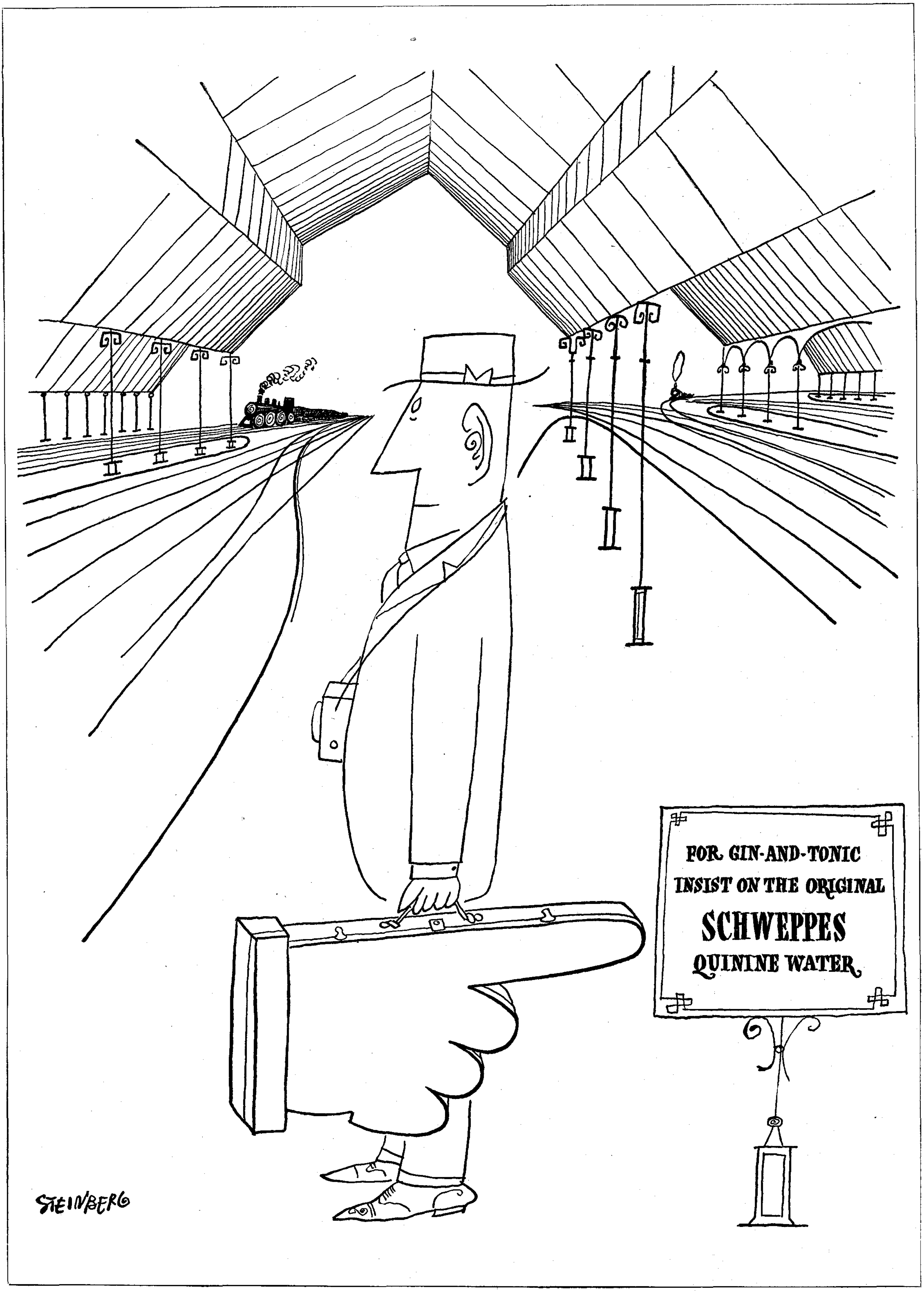
JUNE 1

THE four-day visit of Queen Juliana of Holland caused the greatest outbreak of pomp yet seen during the French Fourth Republic. On city buildings and city buses fluttered the similarly tricolored Dutch and French flags, often in tempestuous wind and under hail and lightning as well as under sun, in a melodramatic mixture of spring weather that was even harder on outlying farmers than on the Queen here in town. In the windows of the luxury shops of the Faubourg Saint-Honoré, near the President's Palace, in which she was a guest, were massed colorful decorations complimenting her House of Orange—orange pansies and calendulas, orange silks, and the orange gleam of massive gold dishes. Each night after the receptions, her cortege was detoured across the illuminated neighboring Place de la Concorde, its playing fountains shining like crystal in her honor, and there, in the radiance, crowds waited for her. Few women cried "Vive la Reine!" and few men raised their hats. Her pleasant person aroused interest but not demonstrativeness. There was nothing like the cheers and curiosity stirred up by the last major royal visitors, the King and Queen of England, a year before the war. It was as if the French had since gone through too much modern history to react with spirit to a European dynastic ruler. The bon-ton journals whooped up their Queen coverage in a delicate way. The Communist *Humanité* mostly growled about her visit's frame of "sumptuous luxury, of which the French taxpayer will be the victim."

At an Ile Saint-Louis luncheon given for the Queen in the old de Lauzun mansion by Mayor Pierre de Gaulle (brother of the General), a Château d'Yquem '44 was served with the sole, a Château la Tour '34 with the lamb, a worthy Chambolle Musigny '32 with the cheeses, and jeroboams of champagne—Lanson, *brut* but undated—with dessert. France's state warehouses being great treasure chests of fine furniture inherited, through the Revolution, from the guillotined King, resplendent items were brought out to honor Holland's Queen. At a Hôtel de Ville morning reception, the salon was hung with sixteenth-century Gobelin tapestries of hunting scenes, and a gigantic Savonnerie carpet was laid down. The lackeys at the door were liveried in strictly Republican tricolor—red breeches, blue tailcoat, and white stockings. When the Queen was to be accompanied through the streets by the mounted, white-breeched Garde Républicaine, their brass helmets glimmering and their horses curvetting, their trumpeters blew "Aux Champs" as the cavalcade started off. Government ladies were relieved when the *chef de protocole* advised them that there would be no curtsying at the parties. The Queen abolished curtsies at her court in January. Dixiecrats should be interested to know that at the culminating Quai d'Orsay dinner, one of the high-ranking guests placed near the Queen was the French Negro Gaston Monnerville, President of the Conseil de la République.

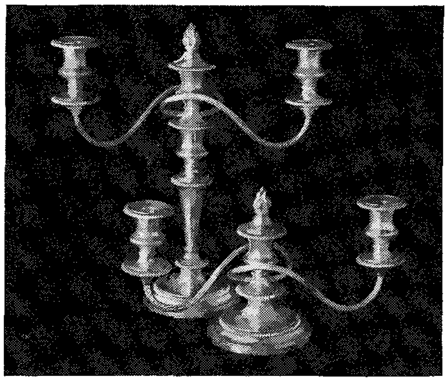
Obviously, the visit of the Queen, with its fatigue, with its aigrettes on her best hat, and with its diamond stars looped in her rather affectingly untidy hair at dinner parties, was a carefully planned personal touch to two important West Europe diplomatic moves, which without her might have been less noticeable to the Dutch, the French, and even the American peoples. The day she left Paris, her government, back home, announced that Holland had accepted for study a plan to coöperate with France on its proposed Franco-German steel-and-coal pool and that the first two United States warships transferred to any North Atlantic Treaty nation for mutual defense would soon reach Holland's shores. These two things are what the visit was about. The Queen made her only public speech to some thousands of students at the Cité Universitaire. What she said to them was intelligent, maternal, and very worried. She told them not to "study the past too much—it is a bad dream," that only their generation, not hers, could save the future, and that the present-day peril to civilization is the greatest the world has ever seen.

RIGHT now, Paris is a refined boom town. For its natives, there is too much to see and hear—a blend of intellectual entertainment and honky-tonk. Hotels are jammed to the bathtubs with tourists from all latitudes, with cash for everything, from Furtwängler's magnificent and high-priced con-


FOR GIN-AND-TONIC
INSIST ON THE ORIGINAL
SCHWEPPES
QUININE WATER
STEINBERG

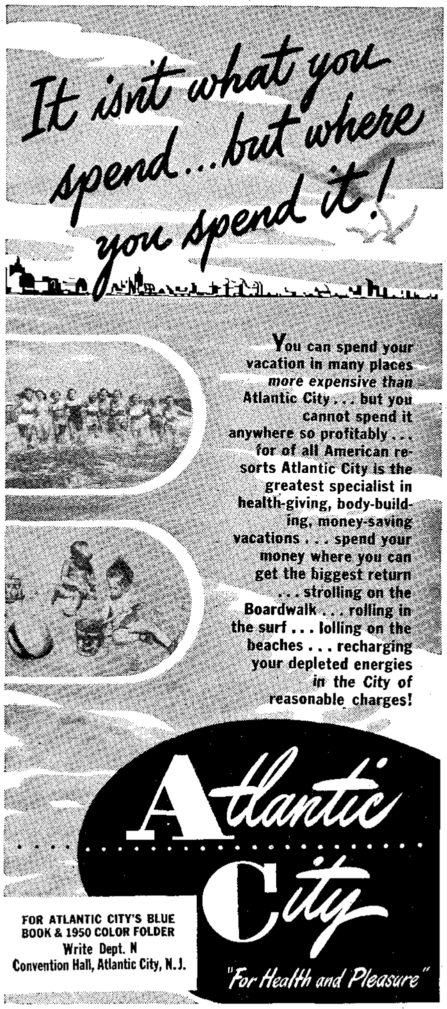
(Advertisement)

Versatile Candelabra



Cleverly designed to adjust to four heights — 6½", 9", 10½", and 13" —or to use as single candlesticks. Removable flame finial. Modeled in English plate after George III originals. $160 pair.

James Robinson INC.
716 FIFTH AVE., AT 56TH ST., N. Y. 19
Antique English Silver and China Reproductions


It isn't what you spend...but where you spend it!
Atlantic City
"For Health and Pleasure"

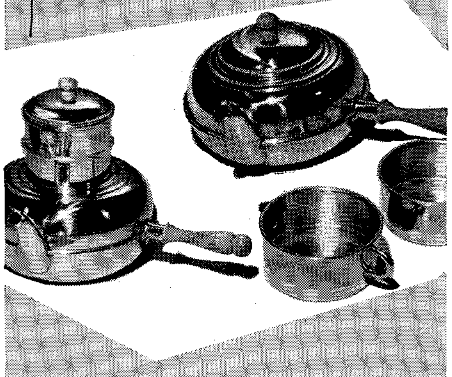
You can spend your vacation in many places more expensive than Atlantic City . . . but you cannot spend it anywhere so profitably . . . for of all American resorts Atlantic City is the greatest specialist in health-giving, body-building, money-saving vacations . . . spend your money where you can get the biggest return . . . strolling on the Boardwalk . . . rolling in the surf . . . lolling on the beaches . . . recharging your depleted energies in the City of reasonable charges!

FOR ATLANTIC CITY'S BLUE BOOK & 1950 COLOR FOLDER
Write Dept. N
Convention Hall, Atlantic City, N.J.

certs (Berlin conductors and orchestras are ever the dearest in Paris: *aber warum?*) to the Folies-Bergère and its chocolate-tinted American Peters Sisters. In the latest European version of themselves, they descend through the theatre's ceiling as crooning, overweight parachutists. At the Opéra, also at extra-high prices, Flagstad has been heard in "Götterdämmerung," and Max Lorenz merely seen, except in the last act, for which he saves his voice. One modest item in this vast grab bag has been the exquisite performance, at the suburban Château de Sceaux, of Lully's "Idylle sur la Paix," with a libretto by Racine. This was only its third presentation since its première in 1685. Most of us went as far as we could by subway, then trekked a few hearty miles through Le Nôtre's lovely topiary gardens, with their pollarded linden trees imitating arches and walls. In their day, Louis XIV, for whom the idyll was written, and his guests arrived in greater comfort, in gilded coaches. He had momentarily licked all his Spanish, Austrian, and English royal neighbors, including his relatives, and had burned Heidelberg University, and France, in its apotheosis, was starting a short breather of peace within his fifty years of almost continuous war. So there, last week, sat a few hundred of us in the château's battered orangerie while singers chanted to us, as once to him, "Let him reign!," which has too often seemed the theme song of this Continent, now including Russia. The highly enjoyable Lully-Sceaux concert of ancient music was produced and broadcast by the national radio broadcasting outfit.

Paris is filled not only with foreigners but with foreign propaganda. The mildest example is from a country wielding one of the most powerful influences on France—the United States. Recently, our Embassy's cultural attaché rented a Faubourg Saint-Honoré palace for exhibits that might amplify this country's knowledge of us, too limited lately to Marshall Plan figures and Coca-Cola bottles. (At the Amar Circus, the ambulant Coca-Cola venders are regularly hissed, like unpopular clowns.) The Embassy's present offering is art, in the form of an exhibition of oils and sculptures by sixty-one American artists living in France and aged from nineteen to seventy-three. The show bravely illustrates democracy in its full scope, with its strength and weakness, being a composite of everybody's and anybody's artistic dialectic and style. The paintings and sculptures are easily as good as what sixty-one unfamous French artists might

GUMP'S
good taste costs no more



PREMEDITATED LUXURY
Our own brass Samovette . . . a beautiful little coffee pot with detachable creamer and sugar . . . distinctly implies breakfast in bed. Even the dreamiest little wife or sleep-headed husband can never once forget cream or sugar. In heavy brass with wood handle and knob. 3-cup size, 11.00 4-cup size, 13.50

Address: 250 POST STREET, SAN FRANCISCO 8
GUMP'S • SAN FRANCISCO
CARMEL HONOLULU

In Chicago...It's
The DRAKE
WHERE THE LOOP MEETS THE LAKE
Owner Management assures you of personalized service amid quiet, luxurious comfort . . . and it costs no more.

PEP? YEP!

MISSION GARDEN
TEA BAGS

MISSION GARDEN TEA BALLS
16

16 cups—choice selected tea

do but have had less space in the French papers than sixty-one unfamous French artists would have got. To single out any of the sixty-one would be invidious. It can be said that the most thoroughly American picture title was certainly "Schizoid Personality," offered by a homesick Bucks County artist.

Tito's land, which used to be those quarrelsome little Balkan provinces of Herzegovina, Bosnia, etc., has had its plainly diplomatic innings at the French government's showing, at the Palais de Chaillot, of "L'Art Médiéval Yougoslave." The show is the admiration of Paris, though it consists merely of reproductions of church frescoes and carvings dated between the ninth and fifteenth centuries. The place names, where the originals are still extant, are tongue twisters like the Island of Krk or the Monastery of Sopočani, whose tomb frescoes are superb. Here is a Byzantine art new to Western eyes—replete with humanity, strength, and ease rather than the ritual distortions that usually marked Europe's Byzantine mosaics.

The unofficial German propaganda is a comic and morbid German-language film, "Berliner Ballade," playing on the Champs-Elysées. It is absolute *Kitsch,* a corny, intelligent, whining, humorous, and heartless complaint, some of it done, with music, in dream sequences (nightmares based on hunger) showing how awful life is today in Berlin, that city of ruins with hot and cold running water. It was excellently directed, and it stars the gaunt, ridiculous actor Gert Fröbe. Its sentimental song hit is "My Heart Is a Waiting Room." In the finale, the hero dies and is buried in an angel's robes of paper but leaps up alive again, symbolically. "Berliner Ballade" is perfect *süss-sauer*—the sweetness of self-pity and the sour neo-realism of defeat.

THIS is the season for France's political parties to clean house in the privacy of their annual caucuses, to discover what they think about their rivals and themselves, as well as about what they have done during the Parliamentary winter and what they had best hustle and do about pending bills before the summer vacation. The Anarchists' Federation (which is apparently merely Trotskyite), Bidault's M.R.P., and the Socialists have already held their official huddles. The forty-second annual Socialist Congress, which met at the dingy Left Bank Palais de la Mutualité, was the most important, because, as the entire Paris press commented, it was the

MUMM'S
Cordon Rouge
G.H.MUMM & Co
REIMS
CORDON ROUGE
CHAMPAGNE BRUT
Very much at home on Great Occasions

Those whose tastes accept no compromise with the finest, naturally serve Cordon Rouge. For this magnificent CHAMPAGNE is a distinguishing mark of the connoisseur . . . at home or abroad.

SOLE AGENTS FOR U.S.A.—BROWNE-VINTNERS CO., INC., NEW YORK, N. Y.

MARTINI & ROSSI

For Matchless Manhattans!

ITALY
TORINO VERMOUTH
MARTINI & ROSSI
PRODUCT OF ITALY
VINO VERMOUTH
MARTINI & ROSSI
TORINO
RENFIELD IMPORTERS LTD.
BLUE CHIPS

IMPORTED VERMOUTH

Made in Italy from the Original 100 Year Old secret formula!

"It's great when you drink it straight" (served chilled with lemon peel)

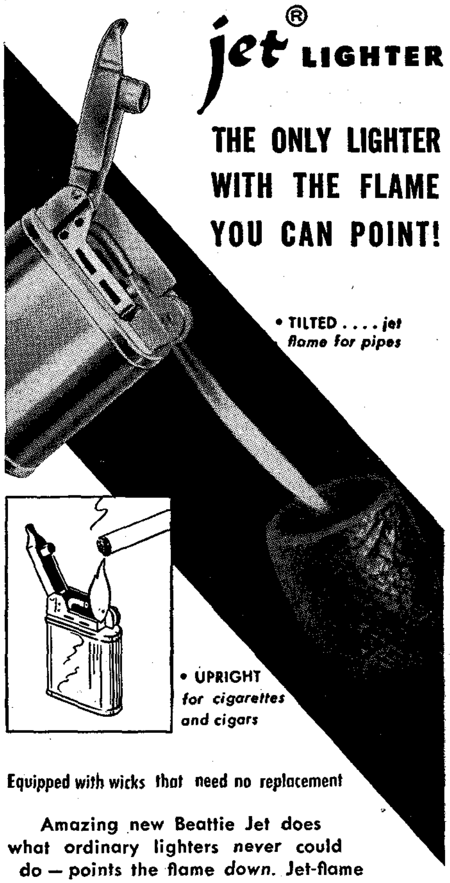
RENFIELD IMPORTERS LTD. • NEW YORK

first in fifty years without the guiding presence of its late perennial leader Léon Blum, and its duty was to find a new leader. "No one can succeed Blum except the entire party itself!" cried one zealous delegate on the opening day. "Everyone has confusedly felt this. It was good to have it so stated," gravely editorialized the Party's *Populaire* next morning. The Party, noted usually for its many noisy divisions of conscience, actually integrated itself to a rare degree. For one thing, though bitterly anti-Communist, it demanded, with what it regards as realism, a Chinese Communist delegate to the United Nations. It voted to uphold the Bidault government but to continue disdaining, as it has done since February, to take part in it. This was a sort of blow to the government, but one that it will probably weather. Anyhow, the real crisis this spring for the government, as well as the parties, is the approaching electoral-reform bill, which advocates a complex new proportional-representation method of voting. This reform, for reasons that are also complex, would hit Communist candidates the hardest but could also upset every party's calculations.

At the moment, Communist propaganda is enjoying the most extraordinary success, especially among non-Communists, that it has ever had in France. The Party's Partisans of Peace, whose first meeting was held here only a year ago, is now its most powerful official spearhead against the Atlantic Pact and its implementation, and it is also the greatest magnet for attracting international millions of men of all beliefs, all frightened of atomic war. The Partisans of Peace recently met in Stockholm, where it formulated the snowballing "Stockholm Appeal for the Absolute Interdiction of Atomic Weapons." Point No. 1 demands "the establishment of rigorous international control [or just what America long ago asked] to assure application of this interdiction." The third, and last, point is "We call on all men of good will in the world to sign this appeal." The appeal was widely reprinted here, with a coupon providing space for a signature and the signer's address, and gives a Party address to send it to. The Stockholm Communist appeal has already been signed by a hardly credible galaxy of prominent anti-Communist Frenchmen. This past week's signatures alone, received and headlined by *Les Lettres Françaises*, the Communist literary gazette, included such eminent public figures as André Mornet, former

BEATTIE

jet® LIGHTER



THE ONLY LIGHTER WITH THE FLAME YOU CAN POINT!

• TILTED .... jet flame for pipes

• UPRIGHT for cigarettes and cigars

Equipped with wicks that need no replacement

Amazing new Beattie Jet does what ordinary lighters never could do — points the flame down. Jet-flame action fully guaranteed. Nothing mechanical to get out of order. Extra large fuel tank with slip cover for easy fueling.

For best results use Beattie Flints

Ask to see the Beattie Jet at your dealer's or write us today.

$5 Heavy nickel plate • Moracco or pigskin covered or chrome, $6.50

BEATTIE JET PRODUCTS, INC.
17 E. 48th St., New York 17

of LAKE WARAMAUG, NEW PRESTON, Conn.

VACATIONER'S BIRD GUIDE #1

THE HAMMOND EGRET

Early-rising bird; found mostly in vicinity of breakfast tables; related to genus of birds noted for discriminating palates; natural habitat (of course) the exceptional dining room at Hopkins.

Open June 23rd

2½ hours from New York City. Restaurant. Bar. American Plan. Weekly rates. Reservations suggested. Write for Booklet.

Phone: Washington, Conn. 2198

NEW YORK'S CELEBRATED CHINESE RESTAURANT

Luncheon Dinner a la Carte

HOUSE of CHAN

7th AVENUE cor. 52nd STREET

Attorney General of the Republic; Paul Mongibeaux, president of what corresponds in France to our Supreme Court, who was the judge at Pétain's trial; the two presidents of Parliament; illustrious members of the Goncourt and French Academies; and a mass of university professors, popular writers, star actors, and famous artists, including Picasso, unique in the week's list of signers for being already known for his Leftist sympathies. Fifty per cent of the population of Calais have signed, some French towns signed en bloc, eight thousand signed in Casablanca, nine Swiss communal councils signed in a body, nearly five thousand British civil servants signed, forty thousand Chinese signatures came in in fifteen days (surprising only for the speed), and, still according to *Les Lettres Françaises*, sixteen thousand "*New-Yorkais*" signed in Madison Square Garden, as did "Tackerey, chief editor of the *Daily Compas*," though I am given to understand that Ted Thackrey, editor of the *Compass*, as a matter of fact did not.

As early as a month ago, the non-Communist newspapers of Paris began fighting back, rather unsuccessfully. *Combat* ran stale-tasting interviews with intellectuals like André Breton and Georges Ribemont-Dessaignes about where they stand vis-à-vis Communism. *Figaro* ran a series of anti-Communist confessions by Aslan Humbaraci, former Turkish Party member and former correspondent for the New York *Times*. It also hurried into print with a long series of analytical breakdowns on the size of the Party here and details of how it hierarchically functions. *Le Monde* stalked into line with a series trying to answer a question it posed itself: "What is the Soviet's actual military strength?" The new Stockholm appeal is really old; it was an American appeal when it was first launched—and refused by the Soviets. Now it is offered by the Soviet Communists everywhere, who thus brilliantly grab the credit. Masses of cautious Frenchmen evidently regard it as Russia's first offer to consider a commission of atomic control, and as men of good will they have eagerly signed it as a kind of contract. Or so they hope.

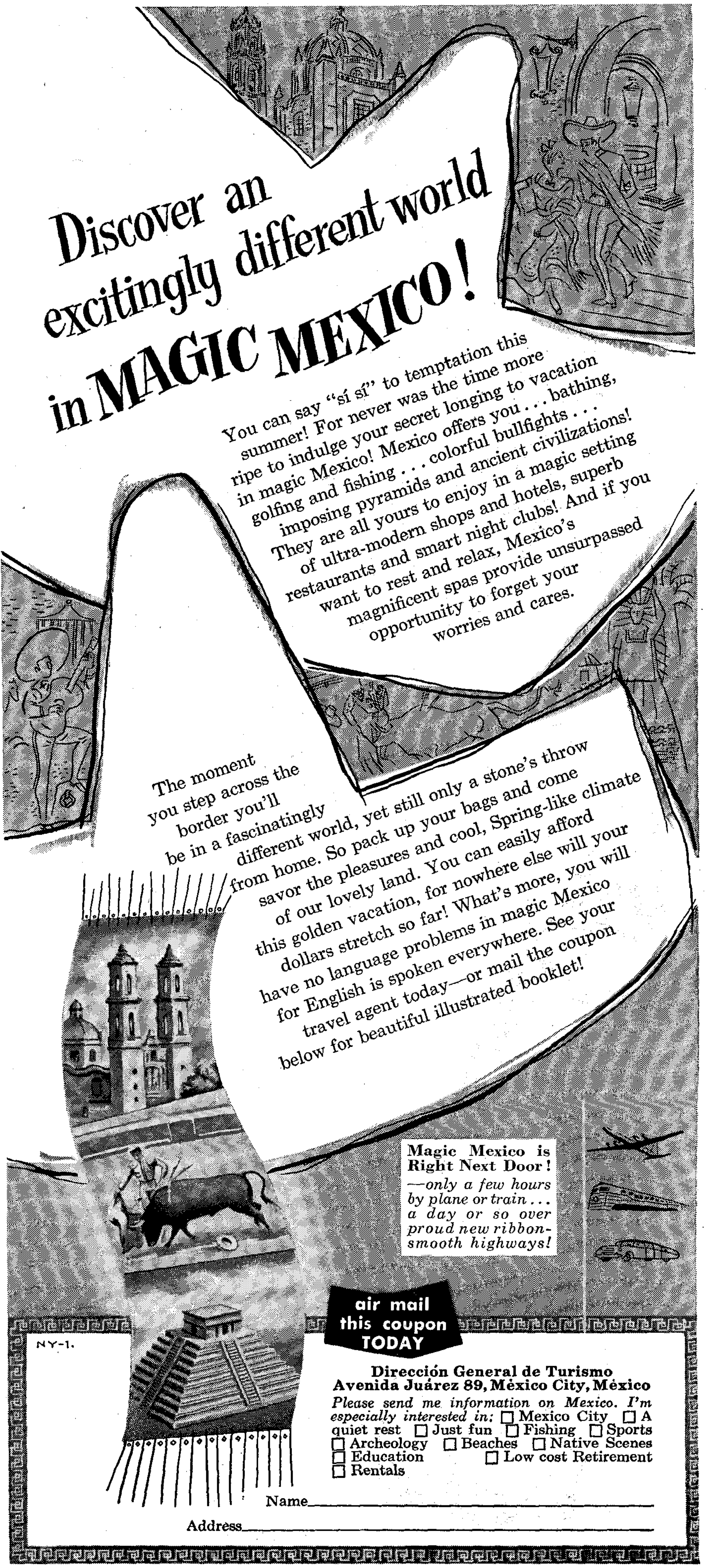
—GENÊT

•

WHAT PAGE OF THE "WORLD ALMANAC" D'YA READ?

The Pentagon, the world's largest office building ...—*World Almanac, 1949, page 372.*

... the RCA Building is the largest office structure in the world.—*Same issue, page 460.*



Discover an excitingly different world in MAGIC MEXICO!

You can say "sí sí" to temptation this summer! For never was the time more ripe to indulge your secret longing to vacation in magic Mexico! Mexico offers you ... bathing, golfing and fishing ... colorful bullfights ... imposing pyramids and ancient civilizations! They are all yours to enjoy in a magic setting of ultra-modern shops and hotels, superb restaurants and smart night clubs! And if you want to rest and relax, Mexico's magnificent spas provide unsurpassed opportunity to forget your worries and cares.

The moment you step across the border you'll be in a fascinatingly different world, yet still only a stone's throw from home. So pack up your bags and come savor the pleasures and cool, Spring-like climate of our lovely land. You can easily afford this golden vacation, for nowhere else will your dollars stretch so far! What's more, you will have no language problems in magic Mexico for English is spoken everywhere. See your travel agent today—or mail the coupon below for beautiful illustrated booklet!

Magic Mexico is Right Next Door!
—only a few hours by plane or train ... a day or so over proud new ribbon-smooth highways!

air mail this coupon TODAY

NY-1.

Dirección General de Turismo
Avenida Juárez 89, México City, México

Please send me information on Mexico. I'm especially interested in: ☐ Mexico City ☐ A quiet rest ☐ Just fun ☐ Fishing ☐ Sports ☐ Archeology ☐ Beaches ☐ Native Scenes ☐ Education ☐ Low cost Retirement ☐ Rentals

Name____________________

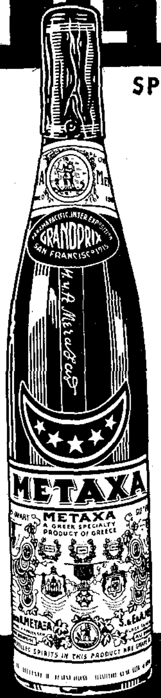
Address____________________

Bedlington Terrier wins 74 dog show awards

Handler Doug McClain poses International Champion *Just Jeremiah of Bo-Peep* after winning another ribbon for the Indiana owners. McClain says, "I've often seen dogs reach their peak condition quickly once they were put on a good, balanced diet — and kept on it. Trouble is, too many dog owners keep changing from one food to another so fast, their dogs never get a chance to do well. That's why I tell folks *to stay with* Dash Dog Food. I know Dash is dependable. It's a good, balanced food—fortified with liver!" Get Dash for *your* dog today!

Armour and Company

METAXA



SPECIALTY LIQUEUR

IMPORTED FROM GREECE

KNOWN ALL OVER THE WORLD

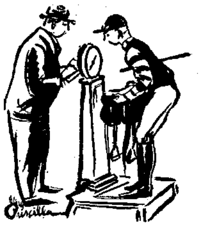
92 PROOF

SOLE U.S. DISTRIBUTORS

Austin Nichols & Co. Inc.
BROOKLYN—NEW YORK

THE RACE TRACK

Too Big a Load



PROBABLY the most astonishing thing about the Suburban Handicap on Memorial Day was not that Loser Weeper won but that Hill Prince lost—or perhaps I should say that he ran at all. Hill Prince carried a hundred and thirteen pounds, unusually high weight for a three-year-old in a race against older horses. (As a matter of fact, the last three-year-old to win the Suburban was Crusader, in 1926, and he carried a hundred and four.) Besides, Hill Prince had already had a lot of racing this spring, and looked it. And, to cap everything, there was a to-do about jockeys: Arcaro, who had always ridden Hill Prince, turned up on Flying Missel at the last moment. There may be room for argument—room enough to swing a small apprentice in, anyhow—as to whether Woodhouse, who had never been on Hill Prince before, rode the colt with the best judgment, for he sent him along at a breakneck pace with My Request for six furlongs of the mile and a quarter. But Arcaro's handling on some occasions—the Kentucky Derby, for a notable instance—has been nothing to cheer about, either. In any case, Arcaro had a good view of the race; his mount was last all the way.

After Hill Prince finished third, lengths behind My Request, it was discovered that he was bleeding slightly from the nostrils. This could have meant that something serious was wrong, but the next day his trainer, not at all perturbed, reported that the colt would go right on with his work for the Belmont.

AS for picking the Peter Pan Handicap last Saturday, one guess was just about as bad as another. Mr. Trouble looked as well as he did before the Kentucky Derby, in which he was third, and the track was more to his liking than it was for the Preakness, in which he was fourth. Ferd also was on his toes, and had plenty of friends, because he had carried off the Jersey Stakes at Garden State earlier in the week. But when it came to the running, Lights Up, who had an advantage in the weights because of his moderate form, beat them both in a lively finish. I daresay Lights Up will try for the Belmont, too, but I'll make no predictions about him.

Finally, to wind up a few belated observations on the horses at Belmont, it seems to me that there's no possible doubt that Next Move is the best three-year-old filly. I didn't see her win the Coaching Club American Oaks, but trusted observers assure me that she did it quite easily. I'm also told that she's a thoroughly disagreeable beast around the stable and that nobody loves her, but she goes on grumpily picking up purses. Her share of the Oaks was $44,500, which should make amends for a lot of bad manners.

NOT altogether unexpected, but still the best sort of news, was Citation's performance at Golden Gate Fields, in California, last weekend. In winning the Golden Gate Mile, he earned $14,550 in prize money and passed Stymie on the list of great money-winners. He's now top of the heap, with a total of $924,630. Incidentally—though perhaps in some eyes it's not so incidental—Citation ran that mile in 1:33⅗, the fastest time ever recorded for a runner on a circular track. I've often wondered what the racing strip out there is made of; whatever it is, horses go like the wind over it. Citation's is the fifth world's record held by the track, the others being for six furlongs, a mile and a sixteenth, a mile and a furlong, and a mile and a quarter. The fractional times by quarters for Citation's mile—hang on, now—were 0:22⅕, 0:44⅕, and 1:07⅗. An animal named Bolero, who a fortnight ago furnished the track with a world's record of 1:08⅕ for six furlongs, led to the stretch, where Citation overtook him.

SEEING the King's Plate at Toronto is already something of a tradition for this department. Frankly, I'm strong for the little formalities: His Excellency the Governor General riding down the stretch in his motorcar, the white top hats and morning coats in the Members' Stand, and the restrained enthusiasm of the crowd. It's all a bit old-fashioned, and nothing like Churchill Downs.

The ninety-first running of the King's Plate, won by McGill, was as good a race as anyone will see this season, for though the fourteen starters went full tilt for the mile and a furlong, there was no crowding or bumping, even on the turns. McGill, who won by a neck from Sir Strome, with Unionville third, is a bay colt by the King's

Plate winner Bunty Lawless and was bred by E. P. Taylor, who won the classic with Epic last year. Taylor sold McGill last summer to Frank Dougherty for $8,000, because the colt was his third-best two-year-old. (Later, Taylor's hope for this year's King's Plate went lame, and his second-best colt was claimed.) McGill won something like $17,000 for Dougherty last season, and about a month ago Dougherty sold him to Vincent Sheridan, a Toronto businessman, for $17,500. Sheridan's share of the purse was $14,040, plus fifty guineas, the gift of King George, while Taylor received a breeder's premium of $1,050, and was almost as pleased as if he had led in the winner. Few horse deals turn out so well all around.

I VENTURE to say that the keenest disappointment horsemen hereabouts have had in years was the defeat, by a head, of Prince Simon by Galcador in the Derby Stakes at Epsom. Now one can only hope that William Woodward will have as good a colt next year. One of my best roving observers cabled me that if the jockeys on the two horses had been reversed, Prince Simon would have won handily. Well, you can make what you like of the following coincidence: Two colts by the same sire, Princequillo, both finish second in the richest race for three-year-olds in their respective countries, and both are beaten because of poorly judged rides. The other colt, of course, is Hill Prince, and the other race the Kentucky Derby.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

BLEAT OF PROTEST

Thousands of New Yorkers gathered in the Sheep Meadow of Central Park yesterday afternoon to mark "I Am An American Day."—*The Times.*

Sheep!
Unhappy connotation;
Let us find
A new location.

—MILDRED WESTON

•

Joe Tamayo, whose 14-year-old daughter eloped with a young Mexican February 14, is making an effort to return the girl to her home here. It is thought that the youth with whom she left is from Mexico. It is also believed that the couple made their way across the Rio Grande River. The weather was very agreeable during the early days of the week.—*Port Isabel (Texas) Press.*

And it's simply lovely out today.

(*Advertisement*)

THE
Minneapolis Star *and* Tribune
COLUMN
by **CEDRIC ADAMS**
MINNEAPOLIS STAR AND TRIBUNE COLUMNIST

WITH VACATION TIME APPROACHING, have a few travel tips: Airline travelers should keep in mind the standard baggage weight allowance of 40 pounds on domestic trips, 66 pounds on overseas travel or Mexico. Clearance under the seats of Pullman cars is approximately nine inches, so select luggage not exceeding that dimension in width. Respect the capacity of your case and you'll prevent costly luggage repairs. Overloading damages the frame, locks or handles. Leather luggage should be saddle-soaped periodically to prevent cracking and drying out. The attic is one of the worst places for summer storage of luggage. Keep it at room temperature . . . Spring: When boys begin to feel gallant and girls begin to feel buoyant . . . Why doesn't some bright guy invent a hollow cake of soap? Then when the bar is used up there wouldn't be those annoying little pieces left.

★

OUR BRAVE NEW WORLD: One of the auto thrill shows this summer will feature an automobile shot from a cannon . . . Male staff members at the Mayo Clinic are atwitter. Rumors are that Ann Sheridan is scheduled for a check-up . . . Now they're calling them "clock-eyed" secretaries . . . Tip from a pro window washer: Use vertical strokes on the outside, horizontal strokes on the inside. You can see at a glance then which side must be wiped again . . .

★

NOW I'M GOING TO BRAG A LITTLE about our beautiful Minnesota. I can do this because a million people from all over the nation will back me up this summer. That's the number of tourists who will visit our glorious vacation state to relax, fish and sight-see these coming months. They'll spend more than 200 million dollars while they're visiting us and they'll find that, among residents of this great Upper Midwest area, the best-liked, best-read newspapers are the **Minneapolis Star and Tribune** (combined daily circulation: more than 475,000) and the **Minneapolis Sunday Tribune** (circulation; now more than 600,000).

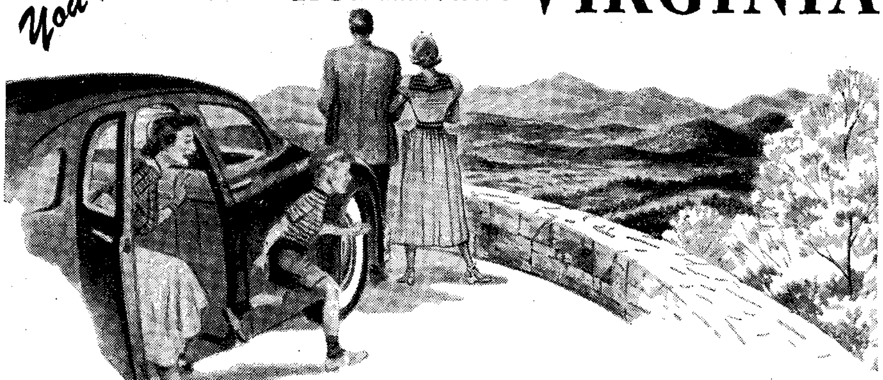
★

BETTER TAKE WARNING from an expert on dry ice. You know, certainly, the stuff can leave you a bad burn. And you probably know not to use it to chill drinking water. The real danger is in confining it to a bottle or fruit canning jar. The stuff gives off a gas while melting and you're asking for an explosion if the gas has no escape . . . Among the things that don't turn out quite the way we expect are women drivers . . . Arthur Godfrey has created a new department in his incoming mail division. All letters of squawks go to what he calls "the fang mail department" . . . Stenogs may think the touch system brings into equal play all the fingers on both hands. That isn't quite right. Three fingers still do 63 per cent of the work. First finger on the right hand and the first and second digits on the southpaw are the busiest.

★

MOTION SICKNESS SUFFERERS may find relief in these hints from American Airlines. Alcohol taken before a trip disposes one toward motion sickness in any of its forms. People who think they won't be sick if they have empty stomachs when embarking on a flight, a rail trip, an automobile jaunt or a steamship voyage are using false logic. A light meal of easily digestible food is much more preferable than no food at all. The cause of motion sickness has never been pinned down to an ultimate source. Some authorities believe motion sickness results from a confusion between the eyes and body's stabilization mechanism. Others believe that abnormal motion affects the organs of balance. Apprehension, though, plays an important part. . . . Biggest mystery to a married man is what a bachelor does with his money . . . Vacation: 2 weeks which are 2 short after which you are 2 tired 2 work and 2 broke not 2.

You'll always Remember ROMANTIC **VIRGINIA**



There's a lot of vacation fun ahead for your holiday budget in romantic Virginia. Come and enjoy golden Virginia beaches . . . cool, green mountains . . . great historical landmarks . . . breathtaking scenery. See Paul Green's "The Common Glory" at Williamsburg — the Barter Theatre at Abingdon — Skyline Drive on the roof of the world — famous, hospitable resorts. Come to romantic Virginia for a vacation you'll always remember.

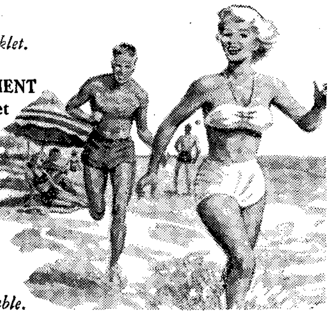
Historic shrines. Stratford, home of Robert E. Lee.

Active sports in full sway. Famous landmarks at Mount Vernon and Natural Tunnel.

Write For Free Copy Of Pictorial Booklet.
DEPARTMENT OF
CONSERVATION AND DEVELOPMENT
Room 817, 914 Capitol Street
RICHMOND 19, VA.

Vigorous, fun-filled hours. Swimming, sunning, boating and fishing on the Atlantic shore.

Motion Pictures on Virginia Available.



IN THE *Homestead Manner*

The Homestead way of doing things
comes from generations of practice
in serving the first families of America
at this 17,000-acre Resort and Spa,
high in the cool Virginia Alleghanies.
Come for the sports, the social life,
the relaxation — all distinctively
in the Homestead manner.

☆
Fay Ingalls, President
Frank H. Briggs, General Manager

The HOMESTEAD
HOT SPRINGS, VIRGINIA

Our New York office is in The Chatham, PLaza 8-2490

OF ALL THINGS

Senator Taft still maintains that it is a mistake for the United States to help arm European nations against Russian aggression. He seems to think that we could get along better with the Soviet Union if we got along without any friends.

•

The Democratic high command has decided that the best way to win the Congressional election is to get out a big vote. It has painful memories of the way the Eightieth Congress slipped through its fingers because so many voters stayed home to listen to the results.

•

Observers believe that Mr. Acheson's speech before Congress somewhat eased the tension between the State Department and the lawmakers. Optimists think we are moving toward an armistice, if not an actual treaty of peace.

•

Secretary of Commerce Sawyer's demand for the resignation of two men whose loyalty has been questioned has led to a new wave of jitters among government employees. There is an uneasy feeling among them that ousters are in season again.

•

From Harvard comes word that freshmen became so skillful at beating the pay phones in the dormitories that the Telephone Company had to take the things out. This is another example of the unhappy collision between culture and the practical side of life.

•

Brooklynites are worried about the way teen-age gangs meet in parks and shoot it out with lethal weapons. It is possible that the only solution to this problem is total disarmament.

•

Recent primaries in Alabama and North Carolina seem to indicate that the Dixiecrat movement is on the wane. By 1952, the Democrats may once more be one big, scrappy family.

•

Late reports from Washington indicate that the Treasury may be one billion four hundred million dollars better off at the end of this fiscal year than was expected. Who can doubt that the spenders will rise to the occasion?

—Howard Brubaker

HORSE SHOWS AND HUNTS

Fun in the Oval

PROBABLY few of the visitors to this year's Devon Horse Show and its accompanying Country Fair (at which charitable bucolics from New York finishing schools peddled the latest confections of Parisian couturiers for the benefit of the Bryn Mawr Hospital) could recall a gayer meeting, and certainly Mrs. Audrey K. Kennedy, of Southern Pines, North Carolina, whose Seven Stars Stable collected three hunter championships, one reserve title, and any number of blue, red, yellow, and white ribbons, must have thought the event totally delightful. Mrs. Kennedy, a trim little gray-haired woman, sat on the low-slung hood of a yellow Rolls-Royce, with her feet propped against the rail of the show ring, and applauded happily every time Bright Light, her grand-conformation hunter champion; Twentieth Wave, her green-hunter champion; Glider, her working-hunter champion; or any of her other stars topped a rival in one of the greatest collections of hunting horses ever seen in the old Wanamaker Oval.

The Kennedy horses were ridden by Mickey Walsh, a shy, smiling professional who speaks with a Limerick lilt, and his pretty daughter Kathleen, who can handle a horse as well as any man. Bright Light, who beat out Richard Mellon's old champion, Ermine Coat, in the conformation class, was bred in Oklahoma. An eight-year-old bay with a fine way of flying at his fences, he is hunted by Kathleen Walsh with the Moore County Hounds during the season in Southern Pines. Twentieth Wave is a very promising four-year-old Virginia-bred chestnut whose main quirk of personality is his refusal to eat his hay until he has dipped it in water. As for Glider, he's a six-year-old gray who was bred and raised on the farm next door to Mrs. Kennedy's Seven Stars farm. Incidentally, her place wasn't named for the residents of her barns and pastures. "I come from New England," she told me, "and the prettiest country lane I ever saw was at Concord, not far from 'the rude bridge that arched the flood,' and it was called Seven Stars Lane. I vowed that if I ever owned a farm when I grew up, it would be called Seven Stars." I was about to ask why she called her grand champion Bright Light, but then I remembered that he was sired by Big Blaze.

ONE owner for whom this year's Devon Show was *not* the gayest ever was seventeen-year-old Peggy Augustus, whose eight-year-old gray, Herodtie, won first prize—a thousand dollars—in the working-hunter stake. Some time ago, Peggy's mother, Mrs. Ellsworth Augustus, who won all those Madison Square Garden championships with Chatter Chat and Sandman a few years back, bought Herodtie from Mrs. Raymond Barbin for her daughter, and Peggy planned to ride him at Devon. But then Mr. and Mrs. Augustus, who live near Cleveland, decided to go to Florida this winter, and Peggy played hooky from Hathaway-Brown for five days to join them there—a misdemeanor that the school did not overlook. So while Herodtie, with Kenneth Wheeler up, was winning that thousand-dollar stake, his owner was back in study hall, hitting the books.

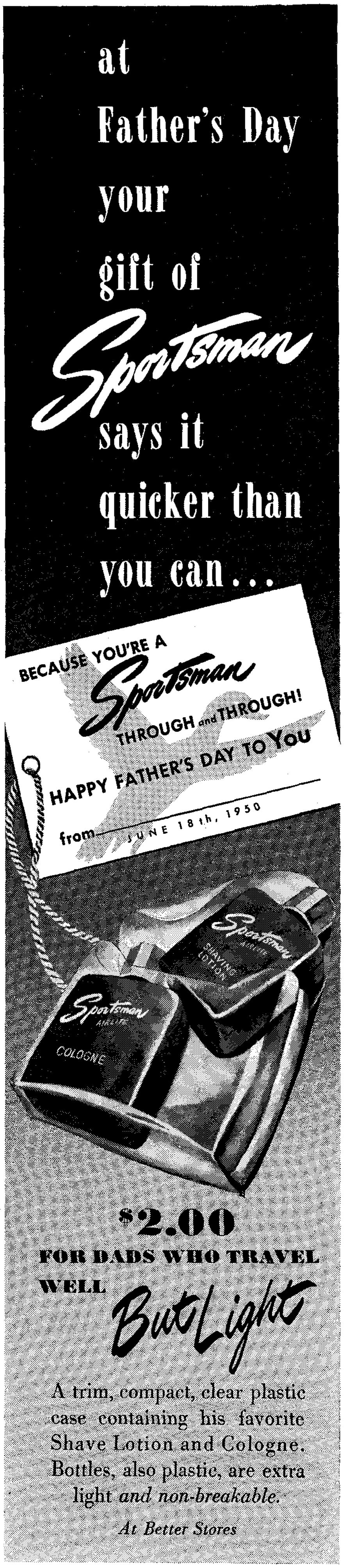
IT is hard to say whether watching the ponies King's Mello-Glo, Easter Melody, and American Masterpiece win their various harness championships was more edifying than watching the impeccable work of Mr. Bernard N. Mills, who was imported from London to judge the class. Mr. Mills' father, the late Bertram Mills, was the famous British circus owner who, whenever the whim overtook him, defied the inroads of progress and drove a pair of harness horses through the motor-infested streets of London to his office. Bertram Mills judged at Madison Square Garden before the war, and his deft manner of bowing and doffing his shiny topper before entering the phaeton of a lady contestant and taking the reins for a spin around the ring was one of the delights of the prewar National Horse Shows. Bernard Mills still operates the Bertram Mills Circus, along with his brother Cyril, who took the show on the road during Bernard's absence at Devon. Now that his officiating at Devon is behind him, Bernard hopes to catch the Ringling Brothers' circus before returning to England. "I might be able to pick up an act or two," he says.

—T. O'R.

•

Tactful use of the A-bomb to support ground and sea surface action is an often-mentioned goal of military planners. —*Tulsa Tribune.*

Tact is of the essence.



at Father's Day your gift of Sportsman says it quicker than you can...

BECAUSE YOU'RE A Sportsman THROUGH and THROUGH!
HAPPY FATHER'S DAY TO YOU
from— JUNE 18th, 1950

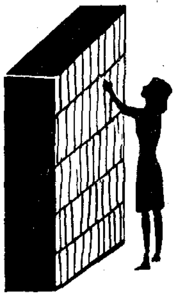
$2.00
FOR DADS WHO TRAVEL WELL
ButLight

A trim, compact, clear plastic case containing his favorite Shave Lotion and Cologne. Bottles, also plastic, are extra light *and non-breakable.*

At Better Stores

BOOKS

The Painfulness of D. H. Lawrence



RICHARD ALDINGTON'S "D. H. Lawrence: Portrait of a Genius But . . ." (Duell, Sloan & Pearce) is largely a personal biography that emphasizes the difficulties of being Lawrence's friend, is conventional in its thinking, and betrays a rather entertaining impatience with its subject. The petty and coyly equivocal subtitle is a fair introduction to the book. On the one hand, Mr. Aldington is scornful of those who hounded and maligned Lawrence during his lifetime; on the other, he certainly enjoys showing the man up.

Since anyone picking up the book will suppose from the qualifying "but" in the title that Mr. Aldington feels some reservations about Lawrence's genius, it is a little confusing to be told at the beginning of the preface that the title was so constructed because this is what *other* commentators have been saying about Lawrence; that they admit he had genius but imply that genius is not much to have, or that it cannot make up for his faults. At this point, I assumed that Mr. Aldington was going to expose the shallowness of this view, and that he had mimicked it in his title, especially since the epigraph of his book is Jonathan Swift's bitter but certainly well-justified complaint that "When a true Genius appears in the World, you may know him by this Sign, that the Dunces are all in Confederacy against him." I was mistaken again, for, as is made clear at the end of the preface, the "but" *is* Mr. Aldington's. Though he claims that he wishes merely to show "what sort of a genius" Lawrence was (why could he not simply have indicated this in his title?), the whole tone of the book reveals that he is quite antipathetic to Lawrence. I suspect that the slyness of the title serves both to hint of this and to conceal it. This is a roundabout way of doing things and makes me wonder how Mr. Aldington can be so lofty about the "dunces" who opposed Lawrence when he supplies them with so much ammunition.

Mr. Aldington knew Lawrence long and well; like all Lawrence's friends, he is obviously still fascinated by that violently intense, radiant, and often intolerably dictatorial personality—this is his second book on the subject. And he is naturally so amused and irritated by the reverent cults that have gathered around Lawrence's memory that it is easy enough to see why he should wish to write a detached and sensible book about the man. However, the rather over-demonstratively "normal" tone he takes on Lawrence's abnormalities does not get him into the depths of his thought. It leads him to say many shrewd and catty things, and is amusingly snobbish (in the fashion that is now affected more even by England's emigrant writers than by its Conservative Opposition) on Lawrence's lower-class secrecy about money and his "charwoman" mania for cleaning up every Italian villa and Mexican hut he ever lived in. But such personal notes do not really help us to understand what "sort" of genius Lawrence was; they only tell us that he was peculiar and complex, which we knew.

Of course, Lawrence must often have been poisonous to be with. Mr. Aldington's book shows all the signs of a long-endured exasperation. Those who never knew Lawrence can gather well enough from the nastiness and downright sadism in even his happiest books just how difficult he was—how wildly and juvenilely insistent on his own point of view he must have been with all comers (the point Mr. Aldington likes to stress), how remorselessly he could inflict his vision of himself as the intelligentsia's Führer on those who did not submit instantly to him (and on many who did submit). Yet, after all, Lawrence has been dead for twenty years; there is by now a sizable literature (much of it by Lawrence himself) on the whole racked story of his upbringing in a miner's cottage, his obsession with his mother, his marriage to Frieda von Richthofen, his compulsive travels, his quarrels with his friends, his cult of the sexual mystery, and all the rest. There can be very few facts in Mr. Aldington's account that have not appeared before. But Lawrence still bothers him; he ad-

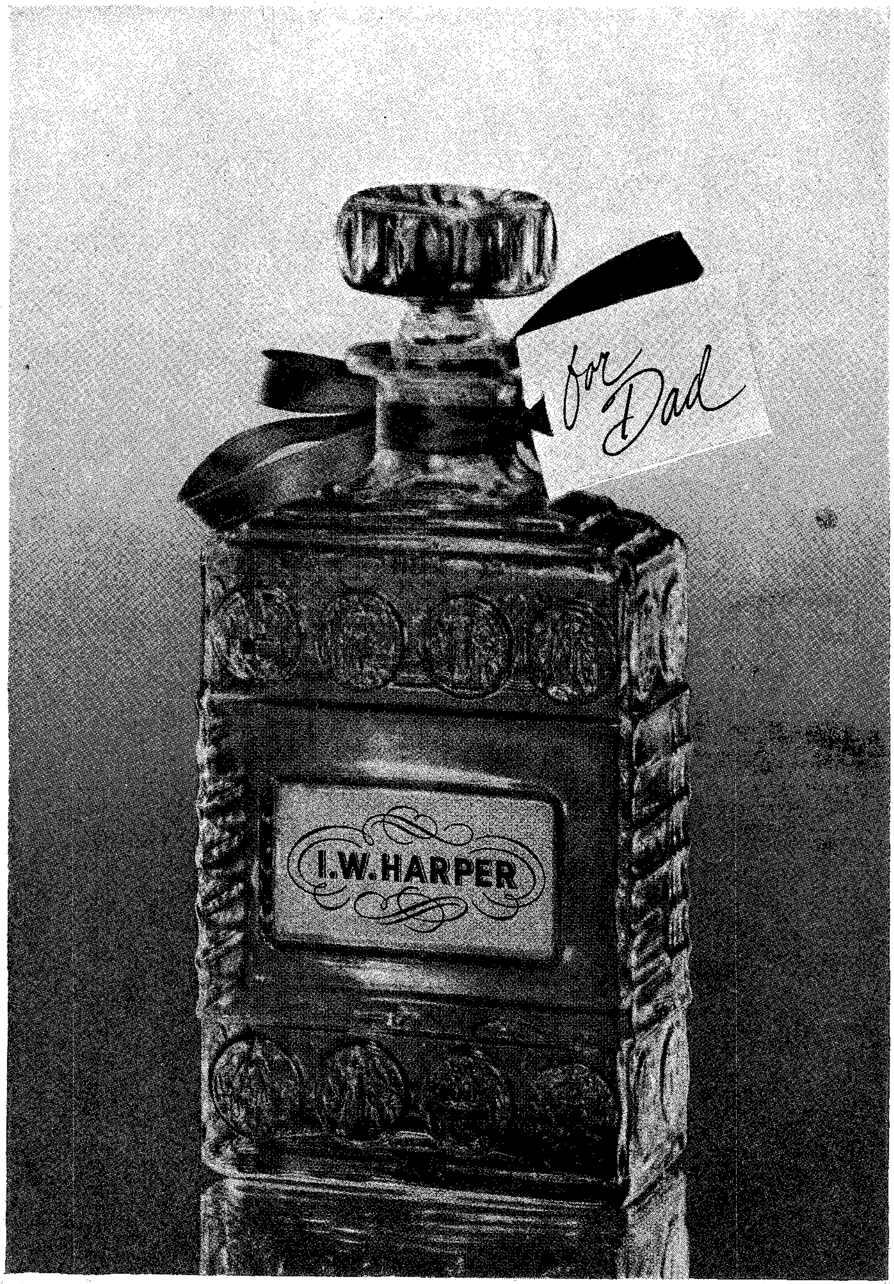
Dena Fradon

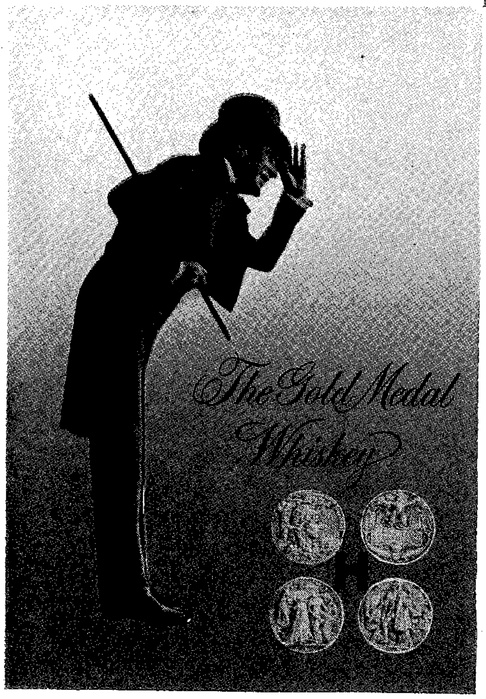
for

Father's Day

or any day

–it's always a pleasure!


for Dad
I.W.HARPER


The Gold Medal Whiskey

the *Magnificent* Whiskey

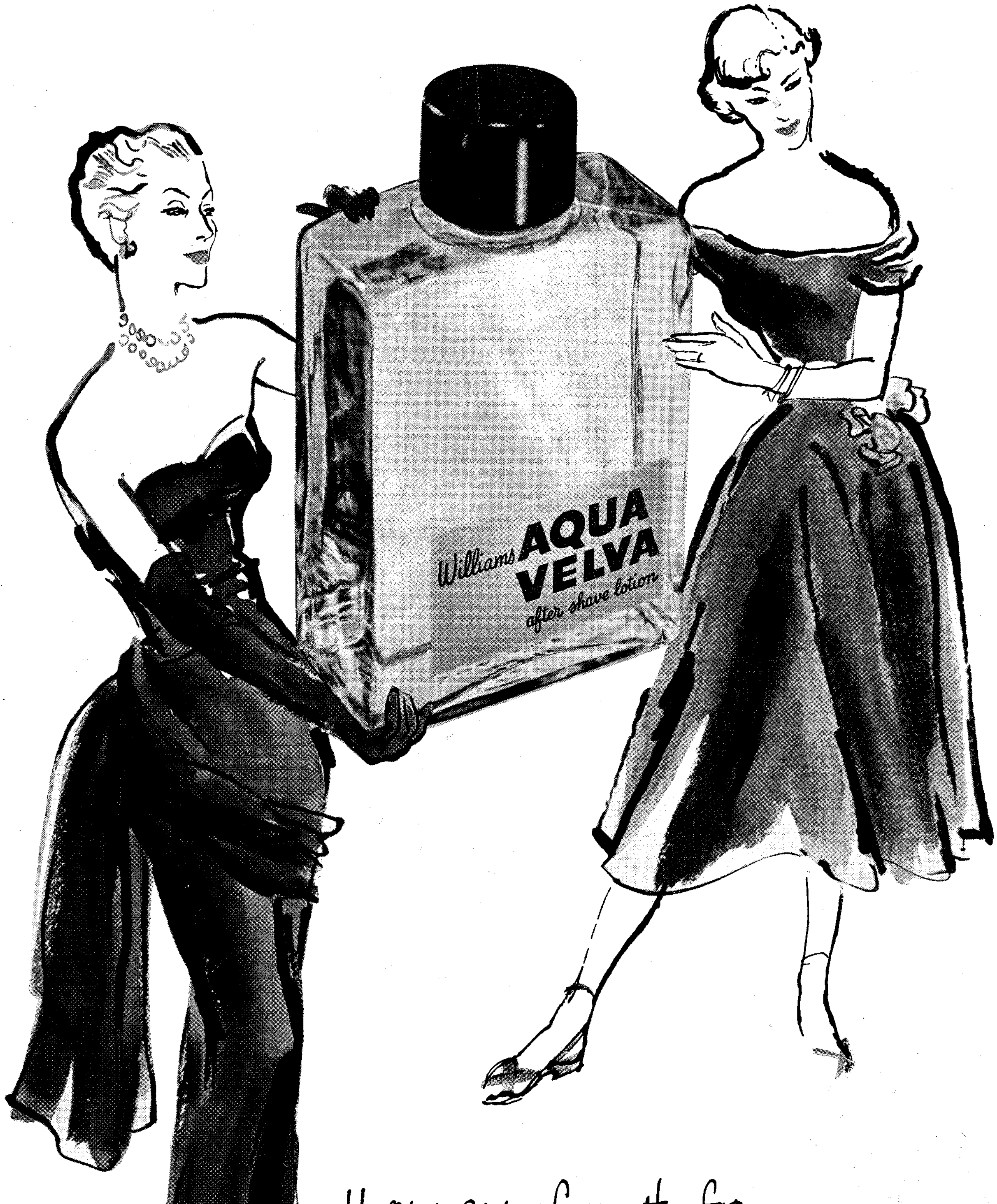
in the *Magnificent* Gift Decanter

I. W. HARPER

Bottled in Bond... Kentucky Straight Bourbon
in the DeLuxe Decanter

—at no extra cost!

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY • 100 PROOF • I. W. HARPER DISTILLING CO.,
KENTUCKY REGISTERED DISTILLERY NO. 1, LOUISVILLE, KY.



11 ounces of youth for Father's Day!

Give him what you KNOW he'll like! It's a fact that, year after year, more and more men who like to keep their weight down, their hair on, and their appearance up, take to using Williams' Aqua Velva—the world's most popular after-shave lotion. Here's eleven ounces of it, a bountiful six months' supply, in a quietly handsome gift bottle.

Ezio Pinza, greatest basso of all, though far from a juvenile, is the century's No. 1 matinee idol.

Lucius Beebe, *élégant extraordinaire,* whose private Pullman boasts crystal chandeliers, a famous *Cordon Bleu* cook, a winter's supply of the finest vintage champagne.

mires him but wants to take him down. And this is what gives the book its interest and—not always because of Mr. Aldington's own cleverness—its humor, for he goes to strange lengths to score a point off Lawrence whenever he finds the opportunity.

A particular example is Mr. Aldington's account of Lawrence's early controversies with John Middleton Murry and Bertrand Russell. Though he usually likes to sound a blunt, plain-spoken man with a healthy suspicion of intellectuals (he speaks in one place of "that quasi-philosophising which now passes as criticism" and in another of "self-appointed critics"), he is so glad to demonstrate Lawrence's emotionalism in argument that he honors Murry as a "philosopher"—because he had studied philosophy at Oxford—and then says in weak scorn of Lawrence's "mystical" position, in reporting Murry's inability to understand it, "And if a philosopher cannot understand a new philosophy, who can?" Similarly, in comparing a passage from Lawrence with Russell's work in general—for no ascertainable reason, except to take Lawrence down again—he describes the first as "detached sayings or paragraphs, usually though not always heavily charged with symbols; quite different from the beautifully formed abstract thought, rounded and complete, of his one-time friend, Russell." This means more than Mr. Aldington realizes, for it implies that any artist is always put in the shade by any philosopher and that Mr. Aldington himself has a predilection for "beautifully formed abstract thought," which I doubt.

It is by such pettinesses that Mr. Aldington reveals how much he is still irritated by Lawrence. Yet he is not unfair to Lawrence's work, for he pays many sincerely felt tributes to the man's marvellous creative spontaneity, his naturalness, his uncanny feeling for landscape. He does try to be objective, by methodically listing Lawrence's creative achievements and by stressing the blatant contradictions of his character. But Lawrence's general painfulness keeps erupting, and Mr. Aldington keeps trying to confine it to the man's discordant personality. His view is not long enough. For that painfulness is an unmistakable quality of twentieth-century genius, of genius as a force in itself—a genius that has learned to discomfort, to threaten, to shock, in order to assert the creative principle against the increasing unawareness of how much inner freedom contemporary man has lost. Lawrence's anxieties, obsessions, and rages do not explain this painfulness; it is found

OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, producer, and librettist of "South Pacific," "Show Boat," "Oklahoma," "Carousel," and other hits, says: "The Time-Master is by all odds the most convenient way of getting my thinking on paper, quickly and accurately. Dictating 'South Pacific' was just one job that went more easily and efficiently with it. I wouldn't be without my Time-Master!"

JOSHUA LOGAN, author, producer, and director of countless Broadway hit shows, says: "It's amazing how many big names in show business handle all their dictation with the Time-Master! My new play, 'The Wisteria Trees,' was dictated entirely on my Time-Master, much of it in a station wagon while traveling in Europe. I always use my Time-Master for dictation!"

"South Pacific"
was born on a Dictaphone
TIME-MASTER!

LELAND HAYWARD, producer of such Broadway successes as "South Pacific," "The Wisteria Trees," and "Mister Roberts," says: "For convenience, the Time-Master deserves top billing every time! In one hour, I can handle as much work as I could in a full day's dictation to a secretary! The Time-Master plays a big part in all my business affairs!"

Yes, business men, authors, professional people—busy people everywhere—are learning that the TIME-MASTER is literally the most successful dictating machine in history!

It's a whole new concept of dictation, made possible by the creation of a revolutionary new recording medium, the *Memobelt* record! Exclusive with Dictaphone, the *Memobelt* is a pliable, plastic belt so inexpensive, that after transcribing, you simply mail, file, or throw it away!

Send for your free copy of "Does Your Dictating Date You?" →

DICTAPHONE
GREATEST NAME IN DICTATION
CORPORATION

Only Dictaphone Corporation makes Dictaphone® Machines.

DICTAPHONE CORP.,
Dept. G-50
420 Lexington Ave., N. Y. 17, N. Y.

I would like to have a free copy of "Does Your Dictating Date You?"

Your Name________________
Company________________
Street Address________________
City & Zone________ **State**________

FOR 100 YEARS

America's Finest Champagne

COOK'S

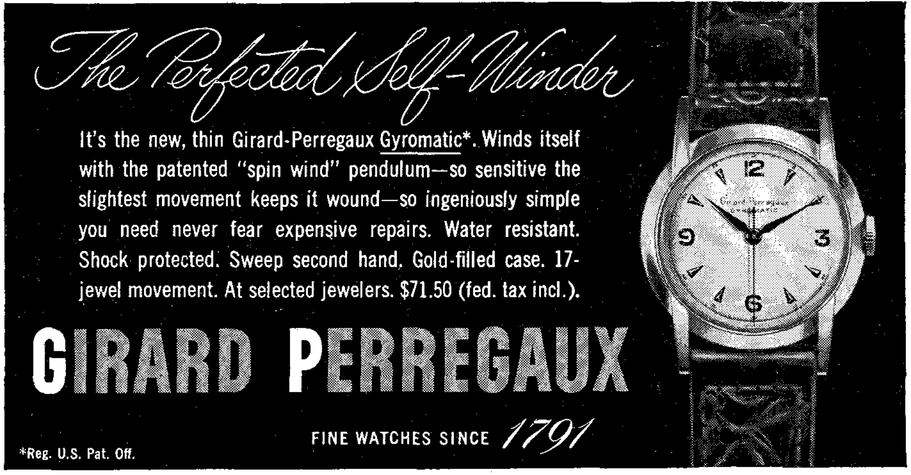
Imperial

RONALD COLMAN
currently starring in
Champagne for Caesar
the Harry M. Popkin Production
Produced by George Moskov
Distributed by United Artists

AMERICA'S OLDEST CHAMPAGNE MAKER
American Wine Company
ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

© 1950 American Wine Company, St. Louis, Mo.

CHAMPAGNE LOVE TOAST



The Perfected Self-Winder

It's the new, thin Girard-Perregaux Gyromatic*. Winds itself with the patented "spin wind" pendulum—so sensitive the slightest movement keeps it wound—so ingeniously simple you need never fear expensive repairs. Water resistant. Shock protected. Sweep second hand. Gold-filled case. 17-jewel movement. At selected jewelers. $71.50 (fed. tax incl.).

GIRARD PERREGAUX

FINE WATCHES SINCE 1791

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

30 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA, NEW YORK 20 • In Canada: Hamilton, Ontario

The COPACABANA presents
The funniest Duo that ever exploded on a nite club floor..
DEAN MARTIN & JERRY LEWIS
For Dinner at 8 • Then at 12 • Again at 2
COPACABANA
10 E. 60 • PL 8-0949
DINNER $2.50

MONT TREMBLANT LODGE and Cottages

Vacationers long remember gay times at this picturesque French-Canadian village in the Laurentian Mountains. New Bath and Tennis Club. Daily cruises on *Tremblant Islander*, sailing. Riding, golf. Excellent French cuisine. Free from black flies and mosquitoes. $8-$14 a day with meals. Special family rates. (U.S. dollar worth $1.10.) Early reservations suggested.

MONT TREMBLANT LODGE
Mont Tremblant, P.Q., Canada

90 miles north of Montreal. Easy drive on Route 11 through St. Jovite: train or Provincial Transport bus.

in many "healthier" talents, like Picasso, Bartók, and Faulkner. Even more pressingly in Lawrence's case, it is the painfulness of a writer who was always sounding the alarm against the self-suppressiveness in Western culture, who warned that people would finally bring the whole house down if they could not obey the truth of their own feelings, and who has been horribly vindicated by the anti-humanist temper in Europe today.

Mr. Aldington constantly invokes this prophetic and painful element in Lawrence but never comes to grips with it. In some part, of course, this is because he still identifies Lawrence's work with the avant-garde of thirty years ago and has not noticed that Lawrence's kind of creativity points directly to the passionate sense of outrage which so many Europeans feel about their lives now and which is the most haunting note in their postwar literature. But essentially it is because our popular literary biographers believe that "objectivity" means bringing a great subject down to their level. Lawrence once said that man "has his excess constantly *on* his hands." Mr. Aldington has had Lawrence's excess on his hands now for many years, and obviously it *is* painful—so painful that he never once works his way through Lawrence's principal ideas but remembers that the queer fellow once took red wine with bouillabaisse.

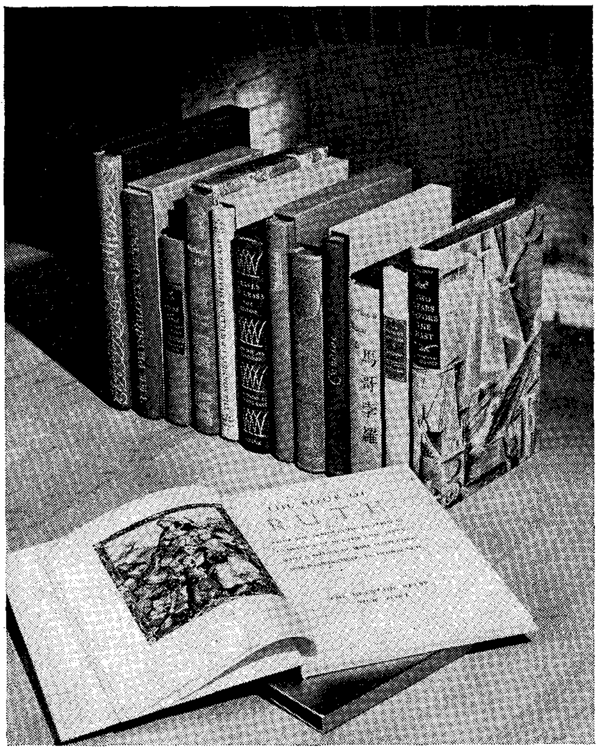
—ALFRED KAZIN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE MAN DORMANT, by John Lodwick (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). Adrian Dormant is a British spy, not by choice, working along the French Riviera in the year 1949, or thereabouts. For the job in hand at the moment, he is making his headquarters at the home of Fletcher Dow, a rich and eccentric American with a large and unclassifiable household. Dormant does the best he can to help the British Foreign Office outwit some Russian agents, and after a certain amount of excitement things simmer back to normal—at least for the time being. Mr. Lodwick's book is very entertaining. He has an unusual amount of power over the unsaid word, and this enables him to disclose a great deal of information about his characters very quickly and still leave his reader in a pleasant state of continuing curiosity at the end.

DEEPWOOD, by Blanche Chenery Perrin (Macmillan). The ladies of



When the membership rolls close again—as they must
in a few short weeks!—you will be glad indeed
that you seized upon this opportunity to obtain

BEAUTIFUL, *beautiful* BOOKS LIKE THESE—AT THE SAME PRICE AS AN ORDINARY NOVEL!

Now—but for a brief time only!—you can obtain a unique collection of the world's classics, especially illustrated by the world's great artists, well printed on permanent papers—for the same price as rental library books!

WHEN THE MEMBERSHIP rolls of The Heritage Club are publicly opened to new members—and you may know that this does not happen often—you are offered an opportunity which you should be alert to seize.

Now The Heritage Club is preparing the announcement of the Fifteenth Anniversary Series of its fine books, for distribution to its members during the coming twelve months; and the membership rolls are opened to new members for a brief time.

THE HERITAGE CLUB distributes to its members "the classics which are our heritage from the past, in editions which will be the heritage of the future." These books are not falsely *"deluxe,"* nor are they old editions dressed up for a new market. They are especially designed by the most famous typographers, illustrated by the greatest of the world's artists, carefully printed on papers which have been chemically tested to assure a life of at least two centuries, and then handsomely bound and boxed.

You may find this next statement hard to believe; but nevertheless it is true, and it seems a principal reason for the continuing success of this cooperative plan: *the members obtain these books for the same price that they are called upon to pay for ordinary rental library books!* Despite increases, during the past six years, of about one hundred percent in the costs of production, each member pays only $3.65 for each book—or *only $3.28* if he pays in advance!

Now the Prospectus for the Fifteenth Anniversary Series is being prepared, and in it are described all of the books which will be distributed to the members during the coming twelve months. To celebrate its Fifteenth Anniversary, the Club is making new editions of some of its most popular volumes which have for years been out of print—and fetching high prices in the resale market. Because the books have not yet been printed, it is possible for the directors of the Club to increase the number of copies; and, for that reason, the directors invite one thousand interested people to come into the membership at this time. If you apply for one of these new memberships (and in time to get one of them!), you will obtain books like these:

War & Peace, in a wonderful volume illustrated by Verestchagin and Eichenberg; *Ivanhoe,* with beautiful water-colors by Edward Wilson; *Madame Bovary,* illustrated in Paris by Pierre Brissaud; *The Pilgrim's Progress,* with the water-colors of William Blake; and *The Way of All Flesh,* and *The House of the Seven Gables,* and *Faust*...

Yet, if it should happen that you do not desire to have any of these books, you are given a list of dozens of Heritage books-in-print—from which you are permitted to select substitution titles. In short, you may obtain only the books you want, and yet you may obtain them at a bargain price.

THERE HAVE BEEN great book bargains before, of course, and there will be again. But it seems safe to say that *never* in the history of book publishing has a greater bargain than this been offered to wise buyers.

You are invited to put this statement to the test. If you will fill out the coupon printed herewith, and mail it to The Heritage Club, you will be sent a copy of the completely descriptive Prospectus. Also, one of the available memberships will be reserved for you until you have had time to study the Prospectus and decide whether to send in your formal application.

Reservation Coupon

To THE HERITAGE CLUB
595 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK 22

Please send me a copy of your new Prospectus, in which are described the books to be distributed to the *new* members of the Club during the coming twelve months. I understand that you will reserve one of the available memberships for me, until I have had time to study the prospectus carefully and send in my formal application.

NAME (PLEASE PRINT)

ADDRESS

CITY & STATE N-15

"A literary adventure which is as rare as it is satisfying."*

Shadow OF A Man

By MAY SARTON

THE story of the education of a heart—of love between a mature woman and a young, unknowing man who had to learn that love was not passion or possessiveness.

"Qualities, tones and overtones seldom met with in present day popular novel writing."—*Chicago Tribune**

$2.75 at all bookstores

RINEHART & COMPANY
New York 16

Going by car? you'll have more fun if you use THE American Guide

Edited by Henry Alsberg

YOU won't miss anything – the breathtaking sights, historical and present-day wonders – everything worthwhile along your route. The only complete travel guide to the U. S. 1376 pages, 46 pages of maps. $7.50 – order your copy today and get the most pleasure out of your vacation. HASTINGS HOUSE, Publishers, 41 E. 50th St., N. Y. 22
Dept. N

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE: Send us your check or money order for $7.50. If you are not completely satisfied with THE AMERICAN GUIDE, return it within 10 days for a full refund.

Shelby, Virginia, form an organization to restore the town's most historic house, Deepwood, which was designed by Thomas Jefferson. Mrs. Oliver, a widow in her forties with one marriageable daughter, is the most outstanding of the ladies, because she has the most energy. After some gentle ups and downs, she sees the house restored and gets her daughter married to a suitable young man. All in all, a bland little story, neatly told and certain to provide no one with food for either thought or complaint.

THE SUNLIT FIELD, by Lucy Kennedy (Crown). Pocahontas O'Reilly, an Irish heroine who is forward and outspoken without being bumptious, finds herself alone in America, in 1857, at the age of sixteen. She is given a temporary home by a Brooklyn cousin, and after a great many adventures, all of them starting disastrously and ending well, she marries the man of her choice. In the interest of being Irish, Miss Kennedy is guilty of ferocious mistreatment of the English language, but in spite of this her story is lively and human, with a good deal of interesting talk about games, taverns, and other amusements in Brooklyn nearly a century ago.

THE BITTERWEED PATH, by Thomas Hal Phillips (Rinehart). An intense, wordy story of a Virginian, Malcolm Pitt, his son Roger, and the young farm boy, Darrell Barclay, whom they befriend. Some of the early scenes of Darrell's home life are very real, but after a short time too much emotionalism, too faithfully recorded, puts an end to the story; from then on we just have a kind of mournful, pointless reminiscing. One finishes the book with the strong impression that Mr. Phillips has been unable to get a good grip on the problem that besets him, and that all this is a prelude to another book, yet to be written.

FIDDLER'S GREEN, by Ernest K. Gann (Sloane). A pleasant, sentimental adventure story about fishermen and underworld characters in San Francisco. Bruno Felkin, a good-looking young marijuana salesman who hates his job but needs the money, murders one of his colleagues and is forced into hiding on board the Taage, which belongs to a Norwegian-born fisherman named Hamil Linder. When Hamil's goodness of heart fails to bring about the reformation of Bruno, the Pacific Ocean takes over. Police inspectors, murderers, drunks, bartenders, and, of course, fishermen all have hearts of solid gold in this book, which is a disarmingly unpretentious piece of work and thoroughly fake from beginning to end.

TROY AND THE MAYPOLE, by Winston Clewes (Knopf). A wry, nostalgic, somewhat spiritless novel about the growing up and gradual separation of three boys who are friends, and about the girl who is also their friend and who marries one of them. A member of the group, Barney Douglas, tells the story, which deals with childhood, fortunate and unfortunate first love, young hopes and disillusionments, and the way life takes people by surprise and wears them down. Mr. Clewes' wan, pensive way of writing is well suited to the expression of his lesson, which is that as life goes on we become older and less inclined to jollity of spirit.

A LITTLE FIRE, by Elisabeth Kyle (Appleton-Century-Crofts). The sad, romantic story of a Victorian beauty, Douce Albany, who owned a large wine business in Glasgow and was tried and hanged for the murder of her husband. Miss Kyle makes no bones about the fact that her heroine's life and character are as like as possible to those of Mary Queen of Scots. This is a pity, because the trick spoils the impact of her book—the natural result of setting a merely pathetic figure alongside a tragic one.

GENERAL

THE PAPERS OF THOMAS JEFFERSON, edited by Julian P. Boyd (Princeton). The first of an estimated fifty-two-volume edition of Jefferson writings, sponsored by the Thomas Jefferson Bicentennial Commission. This installment covers the years 1760 through 1776, the period in which Jefferson wrote his "Summary View of the Rights of British America," the "Declaration of the Causes and Necessity of Taking Up Arms," and, of course, the Declaration of Independence, of which five (two of them fragmentary) drafts are reprinted here, including the one adopted by Congress. Jefferson was thirty-two in 1775 and was described by a friend as a "gentleman . . . who could calculate an eclipse, survey an estate, tie an artery, plan an edifice, try a cause, break a horse, dance a minuet, and play the violin." That, of course, was not the half of it; Jefferson lived in an age when inquiry into everything that made up the universe was still possible in the lifetime of one man, and he carried on investigations in every branch of natural science, and in religion, law, art, architecture, music, medicine, literature, government, education, and philosophy. No wonder the edition will call for more than half a hundred volumes.

THE MARX BROTHERS, by Kyle Crichton (Doubleday). A doggedly amiable description of the famous siblings' progress from the poverty-stricken reaches of Yorkville to the enervating but solvent acreage of Hollywood. Mr. Crichton's style is hardly a match for the phrenetic low-brow reality of the Marxes' humor, and perhaps his over-all theory that the brothers' success can be attributed entirely to a determined mother and a *gemütlich* family is faulty. Nevertheless, if you have a good memory—as Mr. Crichton must certainly have, since he quotes in detail the brothers' conversations of twenty, thirty, and even forty years ago—you may enjoy thinking back to the great days of the four comedians, when William Bolitho wrote in the *World* that although the quartet was "dead lame on two of its legs, a crib biter, windsucker, and roarer, this Marxian quadruped is authentically one of the sacred breed. Its sire is New York, its dam the Jewish race; but one of its ancestors is Pegasus." Photographs.

SCOTTSBORO BOY, by Haywood Patterson and Earl Conrad (Doubleday). A first-hand account of seventeen years of alternating suspense and misery by one of the nine defendants in the Alabama rape case of 1931, which became, shortly thereafter, an international cause célèbre. Mr. Patterson, who escaped from Kilby Prison, in Alabama, in 1948, is currently writing from an undisclosed hideout in the North. Of his co-defendants, four have been pardoned and three paroled, and one remains in Kilby. It is the author's intention not only to refresh the notoriously short memory of the general public on the details of the original accusations and the subsequent litigation but also to give an idea of the squalor and moral degradation he encountered in the prisons where he was detained. In helping to further these aims, his collaborator, Earl Conrad, has done an excellent job of translating into the simplest possible idiom the enormous tragic indignation that inevitably consumes a thirty-seven-year-old man who has been obliged, be-

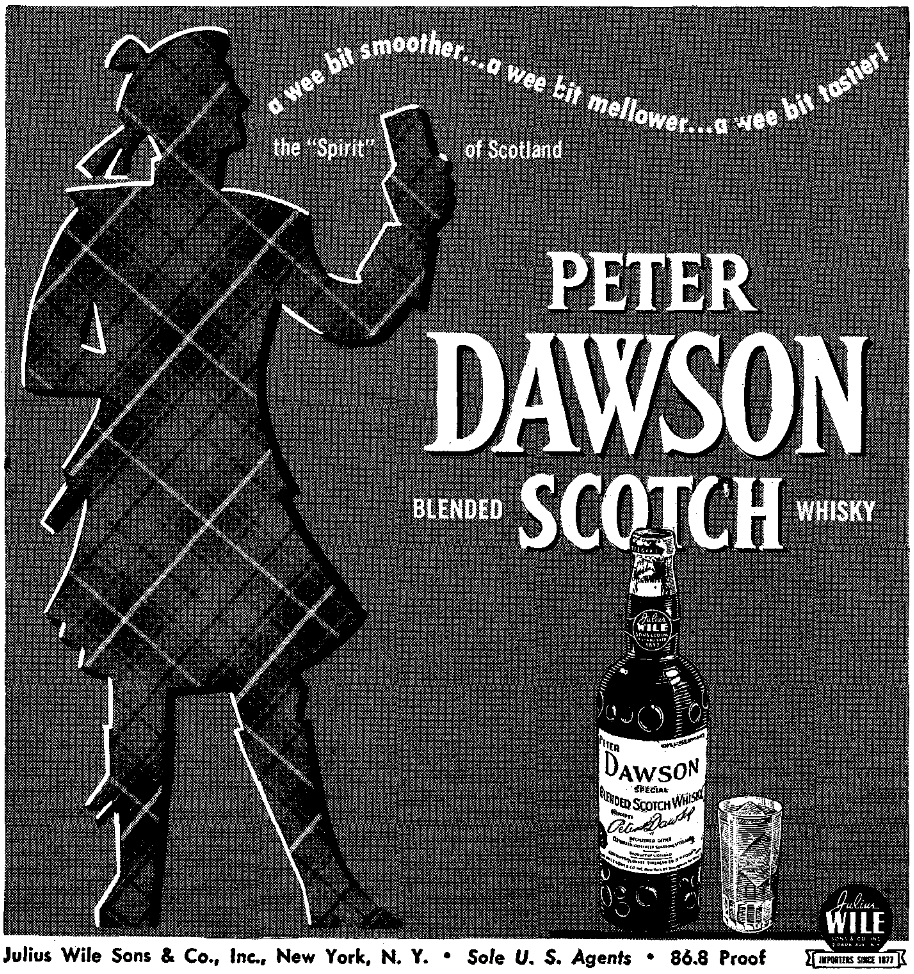
Kodak TRADE-MARK

Get the picture at its best

New field lens under the ground-glass finder makes picture image doubly bright and clear from edge to edge. You see just what you're getting... focus razor-sharp—even in dim light. Many other modern features make this *the* reflex camera... to give, to ask for, to own. $155 with case. Flasholder, $11.08. At your dealer's.
Eastman Kodak Company
Rochester 4, N. Y.

Kodak Reflex II Camera

Prices include Federal Tax


a wee bit smoother...a wee bit mellower...a wee bit tastier!

the "Spirit" of Scotland

PETER DAWSON BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc., New York, N. Y. • Sole U. S. Agents • 86.8 Proof

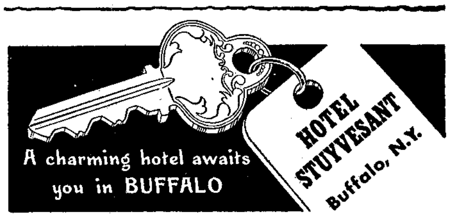
1*of sugar
2*of lime or lemon juice
3*of ice and water
4*of Myers's Jamaica Rum
Add a dash of bitters and a maraschino cherry. A Planters' Punch as it should be made. (*Equal parts)

Serve and sip delightedly

And, of course, the rum must be

MYERS'S
"Planters' Punch" Brand
JAMAICA RUM
97 Proof
R. U. Delapenha & Co., Inc.
Sole U.S. Distributor
57 Laight Street New York, N. Y.

CLASSIC POLO SHIRT
OF MESH KNIT LISLE
Knitted for man-size comfort, it will never cramp your style on golf course or tennis court. Fine mercerized lisle that takes to the tub with the greatest of ease. And don't bother ironing it.
White, Blue, Tan, Canary, Grey, Navy
Men's sizes S, M, L x XL ($3.50)
Also in crew neck $3.00
AMHO KNIT
At better stores or write Dept. N
AMERICAN HOSIERY CO.
Division of A. Kuehnert & Co., Inc.
150 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.


A charming hotel awaits you in BUFFALO
HOTEL STUYVESANT
Buffalo, N.Y.

cause of a crime of which he says he was unjustly accused, to live since the age of eighteen under conditions he feels closely approximate barbarism.

MEN WITHOUT FACES, by Louis Francis Budenz (Harper). A continuation and elaboration of the exposé of the Communist Party from within that the author, the former editor of the *Daily Worker*, began in "This Is My Story." Mr. Budenz believes that the Communists in this country are not a political party at all but an organized conspiracy working as a tool of Soviet Russia to overthrow the United States government—a proposition that a good many other Americans have worked out for themselves. He goes into conscientious detail in describing the activities of his former comrades-in-arms, writing with the same conviction and intensity that marked his editorial work and speechmaking during the ten years he was "working like a beaver," as he says, to subvert innocent minds. Presumably all Mr. Budenz's pertinent facts have long been in the hands of the F.B.I.; his purpose in writing the book, he claims, was to shock Americans out of their apathy. But however one may admire this purpose, one cannot very much admire the belatedness of Mr. Budenz's dedication to it.

LAST CHANCE IN AFRICA, by Negley Farson (Harcourt, Brace). Mr. Farson, who has not been heard from for some time, recently revisited the British Crown Colony of Kenya, in East Africa, and here reports on it in the most interesting book he has yet written. His first objective seems to be to disabuse Britons of the notion that Africa can bail them out of their austere troubles—that Africa, in Jan Smuts' hyperbole, is the "great reserve continent of the world." The author says that in Kenya, a territory roughly the size of Texas and three-quarters arid, there are about 30,000 white people, 100,000 migrants from India, and over 5,000,000 African natives, all of whom must live off the land; the land is overgrazed, the water table is falling, and the deserts are creeping southward. After getting these and other lugubrious pieces of information off his chest, Mr. Farson goes on to describe the place, its people and animals, its government, its warring racial factions, and the indigenous revolutionary movements that are beginning to threaten British rule, and he does so in a factual and, at the same time, graphic manner. The "last chance" of his title refers to his conviction that, even with the odds against it, Kenya affords a perfect laboratory for working out a democratic relationship between Europeans and Africans that could demonstrate to other parts of the world that the black man and the white man can live and work in peace and equality of opportunity.

HERMAN MELVILLE, by Newton Arvin (Sloane). This critical biography of Melville, in the American Men of Letters Series, seems, though flawed, to be easily the best full-length study of that cetaceous author we have yet had. Mr. Arvin sets up four levels of meaning—the literal, the oneiric or psychoanalytic, the moral, and the mythic—and he reads "Moby Dick" and "Billy Budd" magnificently in this pluralist fashion. He does an equally impressive job on "Moby Dick" in defining the book's formal structure, checking Melville's rewriting against the style of his source, noting imagery and characteristic words, and listing linguistic inventions and eccentricities. Mr. Arvin is less happy in dealing with Melville's later work, most of which he finds thoroughly unsympathetic: "The Confidence Man" is the "dreariest" of all Melville's books; "Pierre" is "four-fifths claptrap, and sickly claptrap to boot;" "Benito Cereno" is "an artistic miscarriage;" and so forth. The author has some claptrap of his own; he finds in Melville "the tormented psychology of the decayed patrician," makes him out to be a kind of aboriginal mythmaker left over from the Bronze Age, and insists that his imagination was "profoundly nondramatic." Nevertheless, Mr. Arvin's book is a noble and valiant try, and if he returns from the quest with his boat stove in, he is one of the few who have returned alive at all.

HARVEY CUSHING: SURGEON, AUTHOR, ARTIST, by Elizabeth H. Thomson (Henry Schuman). A short biography that supplements the more or less official one written seven years after Dr. Cushing's death, in 1939, by his literary executor, Dr. John F. Fulton. Miss Thomson, who worked on the manuscript of the previous book, has done a first-rate job. Her portrait reveals as much of Dr. Cushing's interesting, if contradictory, personality (as reflected in his diaries and letters) as it does of his pioneering work in the most difficult branches of surgery and of his career as a sort of medical statesman. Photographs, and many drawings by the Doctor, who was an indefatigable amateur sketcher.

The Colonial Craftsman, by Carl Bridenbaugh (New York University Press). A fascinating study not only of the work of the eighteenth-century American artisan but of his place in pre-Revolutionary society, written with appreciation of, but without an iota of sentimentality about, the universal superiority of the handmade to the factory product. Mr. Bridenbaugh explains the differences between the craft system of the South and that of the North, contrasts urban skilled workers with those of the country and the village, discusses the artisan's home life and the difficulties in the way of craft enterprises, and, altogether, gives a vivid picture of what was an extremely important part of the Colonial social structure. To readers whose knowledge of the subject begins and ends with Paul Revere and his silver porringers, the book should be as instructive as it is interesting.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

A Murder Is Announced, by Agatha Christie (Dodd, Mead). Well, there is an advertisement in the *Gazette* stating that somebody is about to be killed at Little Paddocks, old Letitia Blacklock's house in Chipping Cleghorn. Naturally, this arouses the neighbors, and quite a few of them are present in Miss Blacklock's parlor when the lights go out, the fatal shots are fired, and a dead man lies on the floor. Miss Marple, who is just as smart as Poirot in her own peculiar way, guides Inspector Craddock to the correct solution of this homicide, as well as that of another, which comes later. According to the publishers, this ingenious piece of work is Miss Christie's fiftieth. The mind staggers.

Double, Double, by Ellery Queen (Little, Brown). A rich man, a poor man, a beggarman, and a thief are dispatched in various interesting ways before Ellery Queen is inspired to guess that the scourge of Wrightsville is a nursery-rhyme addict, and a doctor, a lawyer, and a merchant follow them before he figures out who is responsible for this wholesale massacre. The author has provided quite a lot of unusual characters, including a superstitious doctor, a

take FUN
on your
vacation
MOTOROLA

take along a Motorola portable

A durable, rugged 3-power portable in matching tan and brown plastic case. Super sensitivity, smooth lines, compact construction. Take it wherever you go... it will be your favorite companion for travel, vacations or just relaxing. See, hear it today!

"MUSIC BOX" MODEL 5L1

$24.95 less batteries

Prices slightly higher in South & West—subject to change

20 YEARS OF ELECTRONIC ACHIEVEMENTS GUARANTEE MOTOROLA HIGH QUALITY

SUBSCRIPTION BLANK

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK CITY 18, N. Y.

Please enter my subscription to your magazine for ☐ 1 YEAR; ☐ 2 YEARS. My remittance is enclosed.

U. S. and Possessions	1 year—$7.00;	2 years—$11.00
Canada	1 year— 8.00;	2 years— 13.00
Latin America and Spain	1 year— 7.50;	2 years— 12.00
Other Foreign	1 year—10.00;	2 years— 17.00

Subscribers ordering a change of address are requested to notify us at least four weeks in advance and to give us their old address as well as the new.

NAME____

ADDRESS______________________________________
(Please include postal zone number)

Lisle Hose—Regular and Anklet Length

That comfortable light weight lisle—perfect for warm days. Full fashioned, reinforced toes and heels, beautifully hand embroidered clocks. In two-toned shades of blue, brown, grey—lighter colors for summer. Also black shot with grey.

Either regular, or anklet length with elastic top—sizes 10 to 12

$3.00 a pair

Assortment gladly sent for selection

A. Sulka & Company
661 Fifth Avenue—at 52 Street—New York 22
2 South Michigan Avenue at Madison, Chicago 3

Gold Seal
GOLD SEAL
NEW YORK STATE
CHAMPAGNE
BRUT
FERMENTED IN THE BOTTLE

A Birthday?

Celebrate with

Gold Seal

The *leading* New York State Champagne.
Special Dry or Brut.
Est. 1865

Urbana Wine Co., Inc., Hammondsport, New York

beautiful and unscrupulous female publisher, a drunken reporter masquerading as a Harvard man, and Rima the Bird Girl, who just can't get used to wearing shoes, but the plot is rather too intricate and preposterous to please a really exacting taste.

CALAMITY FAIR, by Wade Miller (Farrar, Straus). Max Thursday's well-known loyalty to his clients is severely shaken when, upon investigating a matter of blackmail, he finds that his latest customer doesn't exist (at least not under the name she's given him), that the house in which she interviews him belongs to someone else, and that even the blackmailer cannot be found. The trail leads to a fortune-teller who lives in an inverted ice-cream cone—it probably isn't necessary to say that the locale is southern California—and to the nude corpse of a gangster unsuccessfully planted on an alligator farm, and that's only the beginning. The authors (it appears that Mr. Miller is two men) have worked overtime to bring us a crowded and lively story of dope, blackmail, sadism, and masochism, not to mention a variety of adroit murder methods.

THE CASE OF THE MUSICAL COW, by Erle Stanley Gardner (Morrow). Mr. Gardner's style more than ever resembles that of Penrod busy with his great work called "Harold Ramorez, the Road Agent," and the plot is at least as innocent and complex. This one, for your information, has something to do with a gang of terrible old dope smugglers, many of whom bite the dust; a beautiful and cryptic young woman; and a hero who trains dogs for the Police Department. Nonsense but agreeable. Incidentally, neither Perry Mason nor Doug Selby appears this time, and on the whole it seems to be an improvement.

•

WRITERS CAN'T BE COWARDS—Neither can editors or critics, for that matter.

Winston Churchill never said a truer thing than, "We have nothing to fear except fear itself."—*Writers Newsletter*.

The thing writers can be is mistaken.

•

ALL THE RETICENCE THAT'S FIT TO SHOW DEPT.

[*From the Times*]

Miss Bergman is now living quietly in Rome with a film director, Roberto Rossellini, and their 2-month-old son.

MAKE YOUR HOTEL RESERVATIONS BEFORE you leave for BRITAIN!

★ **Gleneagles Hotel** in the foothills of the Scottish Highlands is a must for golf in its native setting. Britain's premier resort hotel features squash, tennis, an indoor swimming pool, cinema and dancing. Open Easter to October.

★ **Welcombe Hotel,** Stratford-upon-Avon, joins comfort with courteous service in an atmosphere of "Older England." Open year 'round.

Further information and reservations from
YOUR TRAVEL AGENT
or from
British Railways
NEW YORK 20, N. Y., 9 Rockefeller Pl.
CHICAGO 3, ILL., 39 So. La Salle St.
LOS ANGELES 14, CAL., 510 W. 6th St.
TORONTO, ONTARIO, 69 Yonge St.

★ 47 Hotels of high standard are operated by

THE HOTELS EXECUTIVE
BRITISH TRANSPORT

"Excellently written and full of suspense . . ."

Georges Simenon

THE SNOW WAS BLACK

"Celine's cynicism and Kafka's symbolism add just the right modern touch."
—*N. Y. Times Book Review*

$2.75
at all bookstores
PRENTICE-HALL

FREIGHTERS

If you don't quite run to the deluxe liners, go via passenger-carrying freighter, the lower-cost way as 10,000 Americans are going. "Travel Routes Around the World" names hundreds of lines, tells where they go—Mexico, West Indies, Europe, round the world—what they cost, how long they take, etc.

This is probably the most popular travel guide ever published. Get it, and you'll see why travelers all over the world swear by it.

Includes all passenger ships (now you can see which are the lowest priced, which take you on the most interesting itinerary). Also includes 250 airplanes (including the lower cost coach planes to many places you've always wanted to see).

Special bonus offer: $1 sends you this jam-packed 50,000 word guide plus "Freighter Life," which tells you what vagabond voyaging is all about, and "Where to Find the Best in U.S., Canada, Mexico."

Simply print name & address, write "Send Bonus Offer," and mail with $1 bill to HARIAN PUBLICATIONS, 18 Concourse, Greenlawn, New York.

"My beer is RHEINGOLD
—the DRY beer!"
says PAT BURRAGE,
MISS RHEINGOLD 1950

PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL HESSE

COSTUME DESIGNED FOR MISS RHEINGOLD BY SOPHIE OF SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

Rheingold

EXTRA DRY

Lager Beer

It's beer as beer should taste—
the one and only **EXTRA DRY!**

COMPARE RHEINGOLD EXTRA DRY with any other beer—domestic or imported. Compare its distinctive *extra dry* flavor, its bouquet, its pale crystal color. The beer itself will tell you why it's the *largest-selling* beer in town!

All over town, more than 25,000 friendly Rheingold dealers are ready to serve you.

Copr. 1950, Liebmann Breweries, Inc., New York, N. Y.

BREWED BY *Liebmann Breweries,* BREWERS FOR 113 YEARS. EST. 1837—IN NEW YORK 1854.

Scientific tests prove Lucky Strike milder than any other principal brand!

LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
L.S./M.F.T.
20

These scientific tests, confirmed by independent consulting laboratory, prove Lucky Strike mildest of 6 major brands tested!

MARLENE DIETRICH *says:*

"I smoke a smooth cigarette—Lucky Strike!"

Let your own taste and throat be the judge! For the rich taste of fine tobacco — for smoothness and mildness . . .

THERE'S NEVER A ROUGH PUFF IN A LUCKY!

COPR., THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

L.S./M.F.T. — Lucky Strike Means Fine Tobacco

So round, so firm, so fully packed——so free and easy on the draw